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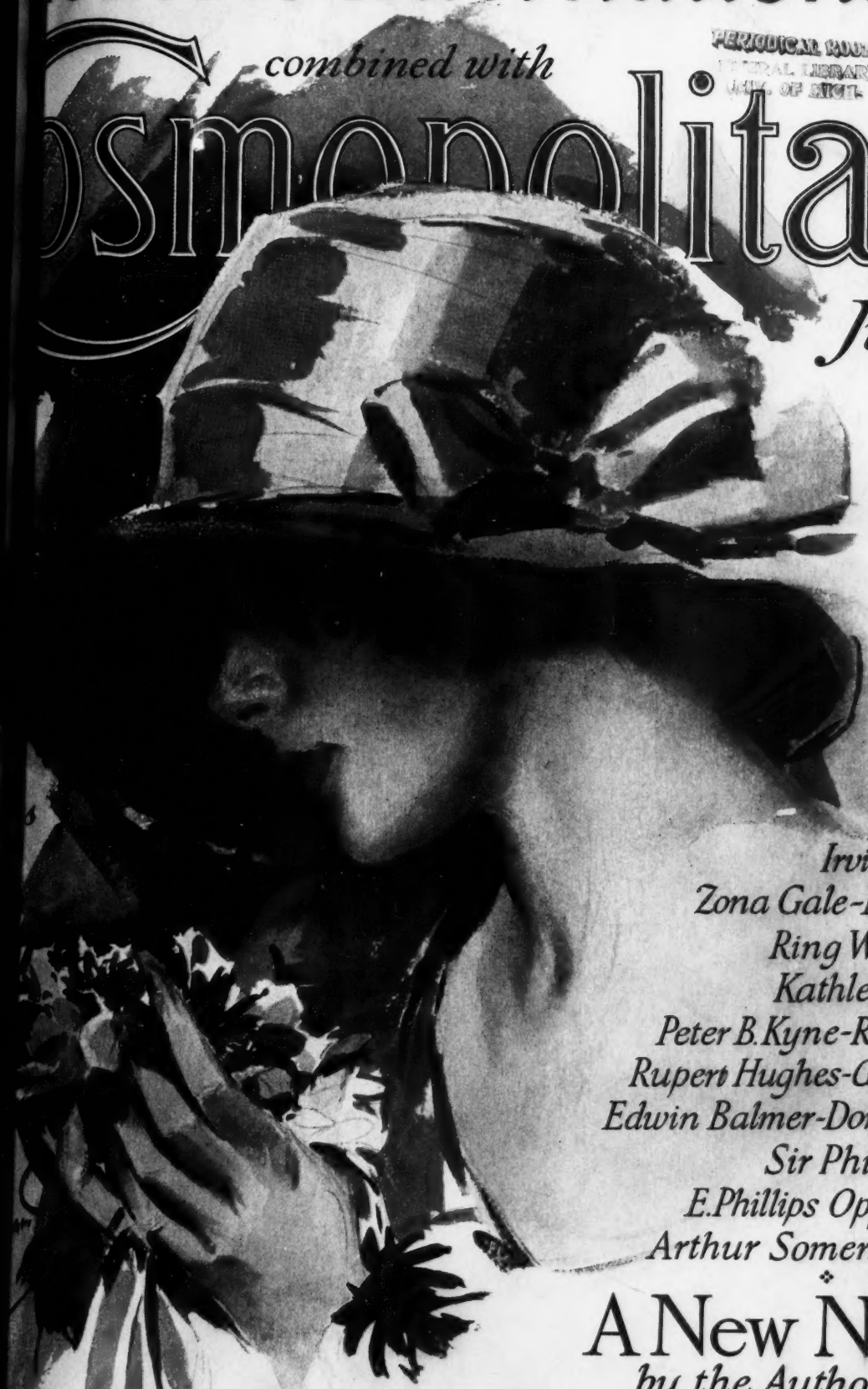
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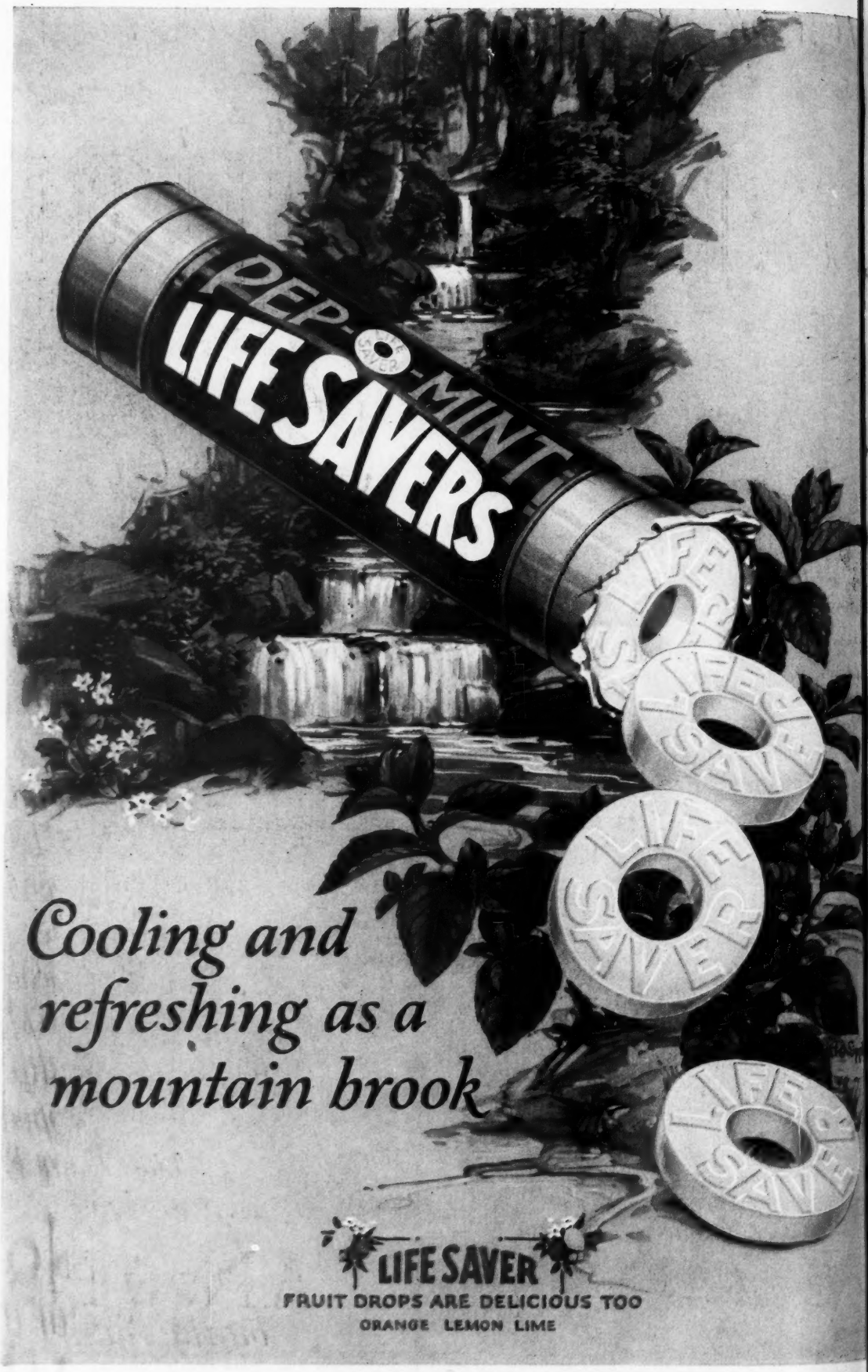
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VOL. LXXXII NO. 6

Hearst's INTERNATIONAL
Combined with
COSMOPOLITAN
for June, *1927*

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Cover Design *by* **Harrison Fisher**

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RAY LONG, President. C. H. HATHAWAY, Vice-President. ARTHUR MOORE, Treasurer. AUSTIN W. CLARK, Secretary.

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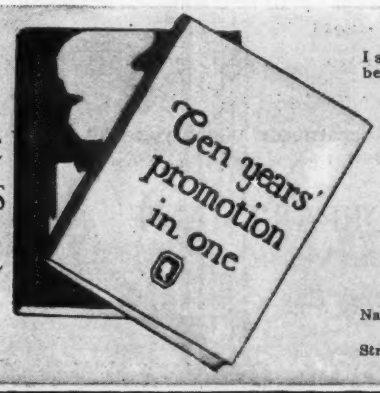
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To
THE 1927 CAMPERS

Cosmopolitan Announces a Third Essay Contest with Four Prizes of $100 Each in Camp Tuitions

Our subject this year will be:

"My Ideal Counselor"

YOU HAVE been looking forward to your summer at camp all year. You are picturing glorious days spent out in the open where you will learn to do so many things—to swim, to ride, to paddle a canoe, to shoot an arrow straight at the bull's-eye, to cook over a campfire, to weave colorful rugs, scarves and baskets, or perhaps to fashion pottery and quaint jewelry. All this activity will be guided by some camp counselor who will make it interesting and pleasurable. Then there is the traditional story-hour, made enchanting by firelight, stars, and the magic words of a counselor. This is to many of you the choicest and most valuable hour of the camp program—surely nothing could stimulate and kindle the imagination more!

COSMOPOLITAN wants honest, constructive opinions as to what makes a good camp leader—an ideal counselor. What elements of character, personality, training and ability are important. Here's your chance to say exactly what you think.

IF YOUR CAMP has a counselor whom you think is an ideal one, tell us why you think so. The best characteristics of two or three of your camp counselors combined in one might make an ideal counselor—or perhaps you can imagine one who typifies your idea of the best counselor. Anyway, tell in not more than 400 words just what qualifications this counselor should possess.

A winner will be chosen from each of the following groups:

Group A.	Junior Boys, 8-13
Group B.	Junior Girls, 8-13
Group C.	Senior Boys, 14-18
Group D.	Senior Girls, 14-18

Only boys and girls attending an organized summer camp in 1927 shall be eligible. The contest is not open to counselors.

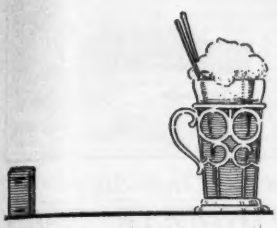
The closing date of the contest and the names of the judges will be announced in a later issue of COSMOPOLITAN Magazine.

All essays must be submitted on a blank furnished by this department, which you may obtain from your camp director, your teacher in school, or by writing

COSMOPOLITAN CAMP DEPARTMENT

MAY G. LINEHAN, DIRECTOR

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To understand exactly what we mean, imagine yourself living in the time of Hawthorne, and imagine that there was such a thing as the Literary Guild in existence then. In that day you would have gone into a bookstore and as the result of much talk bought a book by Mary Jane Holmes. You would have had something printed on paper, something of little real worth, something of no permanent power. But if the Guild had been in existence, you would have received instead a copy of "The Scarlet Letter," which your descendants would have been reading today.

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A Word About The Editors

—from the St. Paul News

Carl VanDoren—Editor-in-Chief, who, in the sanctums of the Guild offices and mayhap even in his chair at Columbia University, puffs at one of those cosmopolitan corncob and clay pipes.

Glenn Frank—Late Editor of Century, whose eyes, it is said, have not been sullied by reading a novel in these now five years, but whose taste in history, philosophy and such cannot be sneezed at without stirring the placid waters of Lake Minnetonka (Wis.)

Elinor Wylie—Perhaps the best of our lady poets, even when writing novels, and of whom James Branch Cabell said that she headed the national parade in feminine erudition.

Hendrik Willem van Loon—Who has reduced mankind, the Bible, et al., to words of one syllable, plus pictures.

Joseph Wood Krutch—Who writes in the Nation the most penetrating of dramatic reviews and who played the "Liebestraum" from Freud over the memory of the late Mr. Poe.

Zona Gale is the sixth editor. She is the author of Miss Lulu Bett, Preface to a Life, and other widely read novels.

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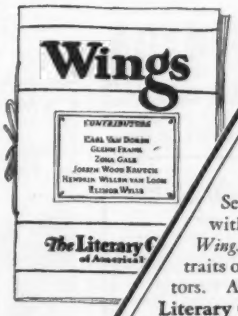
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NEW ENGLAND—GIRLS



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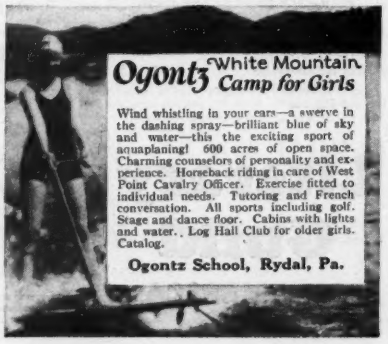
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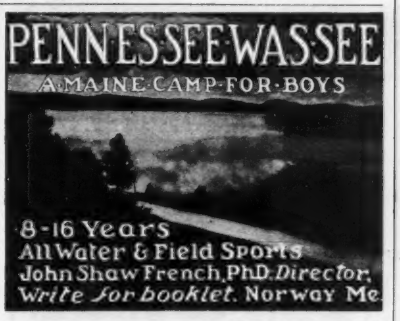
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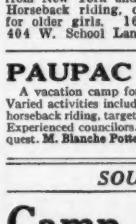
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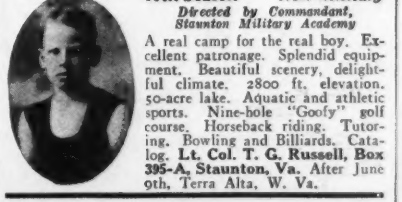
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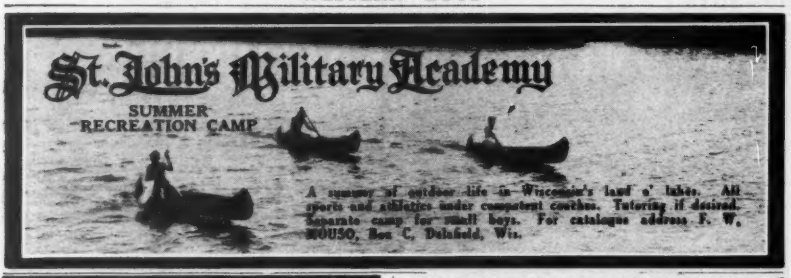
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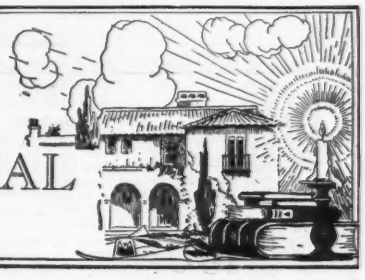
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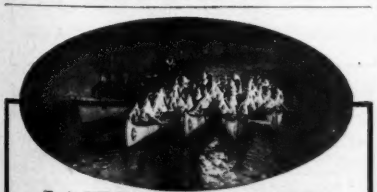
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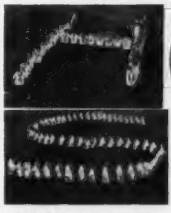


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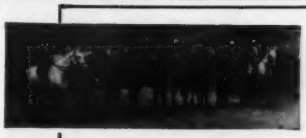
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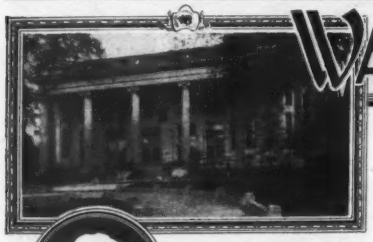
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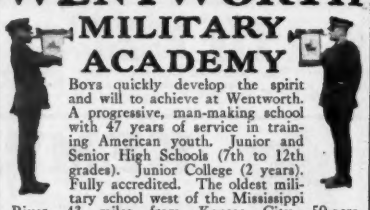
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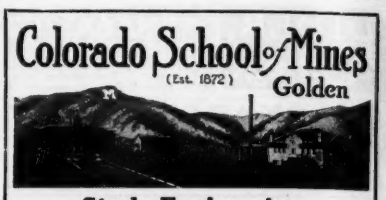
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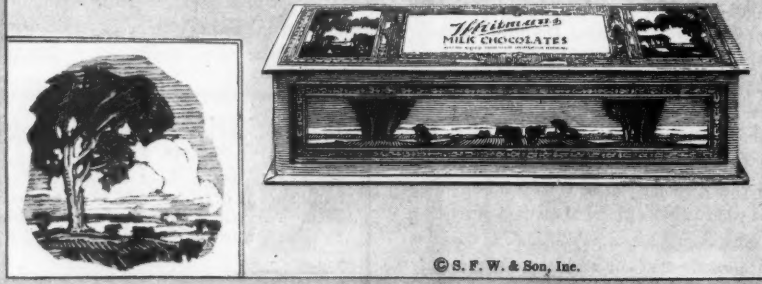
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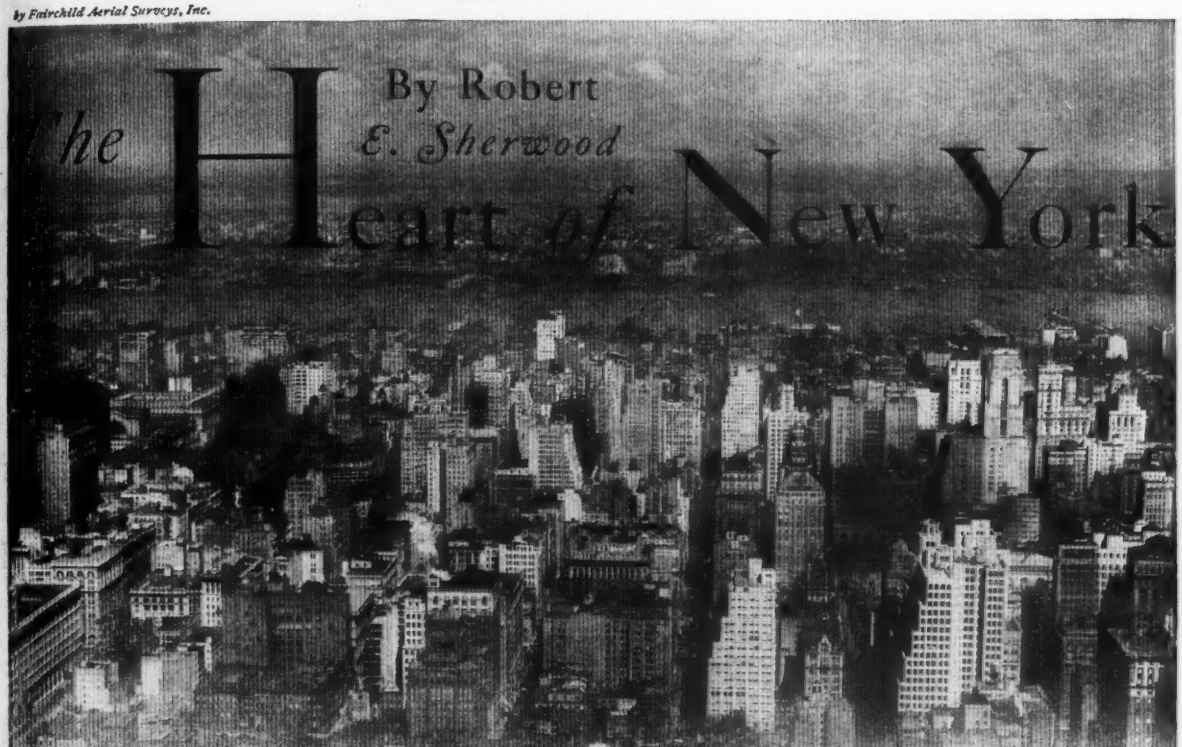
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JUNE, 1927

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The Heart of New York

By Robert E. Sherwood

I AM a member of that small and ridiculously select group which consists of those who were born in New York City and stayed there. Furthermore, I love my own home town—and I haven't the faintest desire to move away from it and settle in Capri, Mobile, Avalon (California) or Tahiti. Here, within the moist boundaries of Manhattan Island, I grew to comparative manhood. Here I hope to end my days.

J'y suis, j'y reste!

There is a tradition, fostered principally in the columns of this revered publication by O. O. McIntyre, that all native New Yorkers hail from some place else.

Well, I didn't. My earliest recollections center in a brown-stone-front house on Lexington Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, in the district that is known as Murray Hill. The Lexington Avenue street-cars used to roll ponderously past the doors of the old Sherwood home, and I can never forget the harsh clank-clank, clank-clank as they bounced over the cross-town tracks at Thirty-fourth Street.

In our American literature, boyhood is always pictured against a rural or small-town background, by Mark Twain, Judge Henry Shute, Booth Tarkington, Irvin Cobb and all the others. Grown men may come to the metropolis and make their marks, but real boys, in fiction, are all compelled to operate in the sticks. The city-bred boy, in such stories, is invariably pictured as a sissy with a velvet suit, lace collar and Fauntleroy curls.

I don't want to brag, but I think my own parents will sadly support me when I state that my own youth was productive of more terrible mischievousness, more inexcusable deviltry, than the combined careers of Huckleberry Finn and Penrod Schofield.

In those days I saw New York, not as a vast city, but as a small town composed of my school, my home, the Doepfner drug store on the corner, the dentist's office, the playground on Park Avenue, the Eden Musée on Twenty-third Street, and Madison Square Garden, where the Barnum & Bailey Circus and Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show were displayed annually. There was also my father's office, on Nassau Street, which I visited on various widely separated occasions, and from which I always emerged bearing treasures in the form of memo pads, pencil stubs and used ticker tape.

The fact that I had to play on hard pavements never bothered me at all. I always owned at least one roller-skate.

There are, at the present time, few of us left. New York has been snatched away from its native sons and turned over to an invading army of interlopers from Gallipolis, Ohio, and Paducah, Kentucky.

This class is personified by the aforementioned Odd McIntyre, who is known as "the typical New Yorker." One can easily identify a "typical New Yorker," as opposed to a real New Yorker, because he invariably dresses the part. He wears striped collars; he affects a soothing color scheme that is extended to his cravats (yes, he calls them cravats), his handkerchiefs and his socks; he wears spats and carries a cane; and his suits appear to be glued to his person like so much wall-paper.

I myself can wear none of these things, and I am able therefore to go about the country at will without being stigmatized as a New Yorker. When I step out to the supper clubs around Broadway I feel as lonely as a real Frenchman does in Paris. Obviously, in the midst of all this smartness, opulence and sophisticated hilarity, I am a sorry misfit. I don't belong.

New York is not interpreted to me in terms of vice, crime, chorus girls and lobster palaces. It is, purely and simply, a pleasant place in which to live; it is so for me, and it was so for my father, my grandfather and so on back through the family album. I can't think of New York as a great, forbidding mass of cold gray granite; I resent such thoughts as that which was expressed in a once popular ballad, "In the Heart of a City That Has No Heart."

O. Henry found on Manhattan Island beauty and warmth and the frail tissue of which humanity is made. He alone, of all the strangers who have sought shelter in our midst, managed to see us as we are. He pried beneath the skin and discovered flesh and blood.

I am content to string along with O. Henry. I love the old place.

Furthermore, I have one unmarried daughter who was born in New York and is destined to grow up there. I have no fears for her future, nor do I plan to get her away from this atmosphere of false gaiety and hypocrisy as soon as she has graduated from kindergarten.

No—she shall have the same opportunities that I had; what was good enough for her father is good enough for her.

I promise this, not because of callousness or disregard for parental responsibility, but because I know that my little girl will be as safe in New York City as she would be—say—in Herrin, Illinois.

By CHARLES



A Tender-

DANA GIBSON



Hearted Maid

The MAD



GHOSTS of centuries of sunlight crowded this August afternoon. Here was no single summer's day, dazzling the eyes, troubling the blood with its odors of drying, sweet and unexotic growth, but an æon of such days, spectral and lambent, in carnival upon this prairie, upon this flat and northern earth of Minnesota. Here eternity danced its static, vibrant dance of heat over the stubble, or floated in a gilded mote of dust down the ladder of sunlight thrust through the crack of a barn wall to the gloom and quiet within.

Elsa Bowers lay flat on her stomach in the doorway of the hay-mow, her eyes lost in the hot blue blur of the far horizon. Her bare legs waved fitfully in the air behind her, stretching out occasionally when the backs of her knees became hot and sticky. Yonder to the north—you could see the sharp steeple of the Methodist church and the shining tin roof of the big warehouse beside the railway—lay the little town of Sundower, sprawled out sleepily under the hot afternoon. Far to the southward—you could just see the new wing that was being built to the big white house shining among the cottonwoods—was the Carew place, a vast reach of fertile acres that yielded their harvests to Seth Carew and his kin.

Elsa had been to Sundower many times during the five summers since Steve Bowers, her easy-going father, had come north out of Iowa. She had been to the Carew place but once, when she had gone with her father, over a year ago now, because of some business dealings he had with Seth Carew and his younger brother, Peter. But then, it was only two years now since the Carews had come to Sundower.

Elsa had been to the Carew place once, only once—but she had never forgotten the day. Who can forget the clear singing of saws and the ring of hammers in building, and the sharp heady smell of new lumber, and the warm rose-pink of sunlight glowing through pine shavings, and the soft, smooth touch of a planed board when you lay your fingers along the grain, and man-talk and man-laughter coming to you over it all? The Carews had been strangers to her then; they were strangers still. They had never ceased to be a fabulous family escaped from between the covers of a story-book.

Sometimes her mother, looking from the window toward the roadway going down to Sundower, would mention one of them. "There's Hildreth Carew—going to town with money in her pocket, I'll warrant!" Or her father, at the supper-table: "Seth Carew bought a prize Hereford bull over to the Hurley fair today. Paid a price for him, too, I'll wager!" Or perhaps it was Uncle Fred, talking to himself over his pipe in a corner beside the stove: "I always said we're planted on the wrong side o' the Hollow. The Carews knew what they were doin' when they took land on the south side. Trust them!" The Carews—strange people out of another world.

Sundower to the north and the Carew place to the south—and between them all the world that Elsa Bowers knew save for the vague memories of a farm in Iowa, memories that might have died

"Look out, little girl, or you'll get your feet wet," Peter Carew had called; and then it seemed to Elsa that he had gone on a little way and floated up among the clouds.

Carews

A New Novel by MARTHA OSTENSO

who wrote "DARK DAWN"

long since had they not been kept alive by the fireside talk of her father, Steve Bowers, and her Uncle Fred. There, too, almost midway between the two remote but sunny limits of her own small world, lay Elder's Hollow and the Mountain.

Elsa might have seen both hollow and mountain had she climbed to where the hay was piled against the other end of the loft and where there was a wide gap made by the fierce prairie wind when it had torn a weathered board from the gable of the barn. But Elsa had long ago decided there was little to be seen in that direction—and that little was gloomy enough, in all conscience.

The Hollow was nothing more than a shallow depression that stretched eastward through their own land and through Nate Brazell's as well, a full two miles of sloughs girt with wild rice and brittle reeds and swaying cattails, where the mallards spent clamorous nights in autumn and where now, in mid-August, a lonely bittern stalked in the mud and dipped his long beak for snails and water-bugs. Lately, it seemed, Uncle Fred Bowers had discovered that misfortune waited upon all who lived north of Elder's Hollow—unless, of course, you went as far as Sundower where the tin roof shone at noonday and where the steeple caught the red light from the sun at evening. But that, to be sure, was another matter.

Elsa Bowers, her eyes searching the glamourous distance, was convinced that Uncle Fred was right. Sooner or later, ill luck befell everyone who lingered about the Hollow or sought a living on the side that lay toward Sundower. Had she not heard old Sarah Phillips declare to her mother that there was a "black curse" on the very ground itself?

It was old Sarah Phillips, too, who had told of the time when a girl's body had been found in a shallow grave among the reeds on Nate Brazell's place. Elsa had heard that much herself, though she had been sent out of the house when her mother had found her listening in the doorway. That, of course, had happened years before Elsa's father had come to the district.

It was within her own memory, however, that young Mortimer Lucas, the mayor's son, had been shot dead while hunting ducks in the hollow with a companion from town. They had spoken openly of that incident, even when they knew she was listening. "The top of his head blown right off," was the way they had described



Illustrations by Marshall Frantz



Elsa could not be sure whether the boy was serious or acting a part for his own

it. And hadn't two of their own heifers run blindly into the slough and sunk out of sight when they had tried to escape Nate Brazell's dogs?

Sometimes, too, she had come upon her father and mother speaking in whispers about Fanny Ipsmiller, who had come to live in the house of Nels Lundquist, but she had long since learned that there were things going on in the world concerning which one never asked, if one were wise.

Then there was the Mountain, of course, rising from the southern edge of the Hollow, as if the great hand that had scooped out the earth along those two miles of reeking bog had piled it in a neatly rounded dome where the sun was always brightest in summer, where a frail cloud of mist might be found clinging in the early mornings in autumn, where the thin wraiths of snow flung their shrouds about them in their winter dancing, and where the clean winds swept in the early spring when you went there to look for the first brave crocus-cups showing purple in their coats of fur.

When ill fortune threatened, Elsa's good spirit was wont to remind her that her father had had the wisdom to buy the land on which the Mountain stood when he had come to settle at



amusement. She wished the Carew women had not come to distress her mother with their fine clothes.

Sundower. He insisted that the richest soil in the district was to be found on the gentle slopes of the mound. The crest he had allowed to go fallow for the sake of the cows, he said, who always found new green grass there in the spring long before the snow had disappeared from among the willows that skirted the creek by the house.

When he had come to build, however, he chose the "wrong side" of the hollow. He argued with Uncle Fred that he would buy no land as long as he lived where there was not a bit of running water to cheer you in the evenings and a curtain of trees to bring the birds about in summer, to say nothing of checking the wind in winter.

But then, there was no telling what went on in his mind. Had he not told old Sarah Phillips that he had built the house in the Hollow "to flout the Devil"? And when she had asked him then why he had kept the Mountain and the land that lay south of the accursed spot—though it was well known that Seth Carew had tried to buy it—he had answered, "Why, to cheat the Devil, of course!"

Elsa had long ago begun to fear that this double-dealing with



Ma would say, "What's the use in living!" But Pa would say, "What's the use in dying!" and go whistling to his work . . . Elsa wanted to think there was nothing wrong in the whole world.

the Evil One would come to no good in the end. It was this thought, precisely, that stood uppermost in her mind as she lay flat on her stomach in the doorway of the haymow and sought the horizon half-hidden in the summer haze.

She was not thinking of the Carews and their fine white house with the new wing building or of Sundower, either, though her eyes watched curiously a gray drift of dust that approached slowly along the road leading southward from town. She was thinking of her brother Rutherford—"Reef," they called him—who was lying up there in the bed under the sloping eaves of the house. She shut her eyes tight and tried to imagine what he was feeling, but she was only ten years old and the one hurt she had ever felt was the hurt of a nail she had got in her heel once when she had gone wading in the slough in spring.

What puzzled Elsa now was that Reef should have been chosen to bear misfortune for the whole family while all the others had gone unharmed. Reef, who was so smart—Reef, who had helped his father shingle the very roof under which he now lay—Reef, who had carved his initials only yesterday on the sill of the haymow doorway, just where she could trace them with her finger! And he had put the date there, too—August 8, 1909. He had permitted her to start each one of the figures in the date and had laughed at her and taken his knife away when her hand had slipped on the difficult curves.

They had talked, too, about other things while Elsa watched

him guide his knife with infinite patience. Of how Reef would grow up and become a lawyer, perhaps, like the mayor of Sundower, and have money to spend, like the Carews, and of how he would keep the farm and grow lilac bushes and honeysuckle and more cottonwood, because their mother had wished for such things about the place and had often said so, and of how he would see to it that she would never have to move again as long as she lived.

Reef was so smart—he could do everything! But what would he do now? Doctor Olson from Sundower had given him something to make him sleep. What if he never woke up again? Besides, couldn't you dream a pain? You dreamed of other things, like being afraid of the dark when you had to go out before you went to bed and both Reef and young Leon were bored with accompanying you. Elsa was sure that he dreamed of the pain. She had crept up-stairs when her mother was out getting water, and she had heard a moan come from Reef's bed. Drawing nearer, she had seen his face. It was the color of skimmed milk. She had run out of the house and had climbed to her place in the haymow where she could be alone to fight it out with herself.

It was easier, somehow, to fight such things here where the quivering turquoise sky was a thing of beauty above you and where you could look out over the burnished spaces of ripe grain that spread to the horizon. There was something reassuring even in the sound of busy scratching



that came from the farmyard below, where the hens were industriously searching the pebbly ground beside the barn. The very farm buildings seemed striving to tell her that life was a steady, a settled thing, its grimmest misfortune only a ripple on the surface of the stream.

From where she lay she could see all of the buildings save the shed where the hogs were housed and the pen where they slept like dead shapes in the sunlight, the flies standing on their scaly, purplish bellies. The buildings were as yet few, only those which could not be done without. There was the chicken-coop, which would have to be built tighter against the winter; the corn-crib, the granary, and the house, all of cheap material and unenduring. No silo and no wagon shed just yet. But the windmill—ah! The white silver of its fan which had but yesterday cleaved the wind and mirrored the sun on every high facet, hung now in twisted, piteous shreds of worthless metal.

A sudden wind had come up like a hurricane the night before. Reef had climbed up in the darkness to release the wheel—if Seth Carew had paid what he should have paid for that half-section he had bought of Steve Bowers, there would have been no need of climbing up there in the darkness to release the wheel. There would have been a new windmill on the Bowers place that spring. Elsa's father had often mentioned it. Perhaps they would be able to get one next spring, anyhow. But what could that matter now? Reef had climbed up there in the darkness . . .

Elsa became suddenly aware of a muffled sound that came to her from the roadway. She had forgotten the gray drift of dust that had been coming slowly along the road leading southward from town. For the moment, she had been thinking hard things of the Carews, who had paid her father less than the land was worth. She had been blaming them because of what had happened to Reef.

Now, as if her thoughts made some sort of magic, two of the Carew women came driving up the grassy lane into the Bowers farmyard. She had seen them before—these, or others of the Carews, she could not tell—driving past on the way from town, but none of them had ever come in, except once when Seth Carew himself drove in to speak to her father.

Now, in one breath-taking moment, she realized that the people she had been secretly hating only a minute before—and envying, too, only a minute before that—the very people themselves had driven up and come to a halt immediately below the doorway in which she lay. With the deep hurt that the day had brought her still burning in her heart, she did not know whether to hate them the more for surprising her thus with their coming, or to let all other feeling dissolve into envy as she looked down upon them.

The horse was a golden brown, with a taffy-colored mane and a taffy-colored tail braided and snugly rolled under in a pug; he stood flicking his hoofs, and they were the color of the yellowing piano keys at the minister's house in Sundower. The buggy—she remembered the name of it because Reef had told her and had shown her a picture of one like it in the mail-order catalog—was a victoria, rubber-tired and glittering splendidly in the sunlight.

The top of the buggy was down and Elsa could see that one of the Carew boys sat within, besides the two women she had seen at first. The boy, who must have been about Reef's age, was sitting between the two women, a book open upon his knees. He did not look up even when the carriage came to a stop. The women sat in their places for a moment, looking toward the house, then looked at each other oddly, their faces seeming to stretch and flatten.

Presently the older of the two, the one who had been driving, spoke sharply to the boy and tapped him on the arm with her white, silk-gloved hand. He looked up indolently, yawned and closed his book, putting it behind him. Then with a droll, curled-up smile of red, plump lips he got to his feet and stretched, blinking and smiling into the sunlight. The women waited without speaking, with an air of great forbearance.

Elsa watched, her eyes screwed up into a tangle of lashes, long and light, while the boy got down from the victoria. Then he stood up smartly, in the manner of a young soldier, Elsa thought, and swept his round straw hat from his head. Elsa could not be sure whether he was quite serious or merely acting a part for his own amusement when he pressed his hat against his blouse, flung out his other arm, and made a low bow toward the women in the carriage. The women got up and the boy extended his hand to each as she descended. Once safe on the ground, they both looked far (*Continued on page 176*)

By Anita Loos

The World's *Foremost* Authority *on* Blondes

Liquor You



¶ *The gentleman who ran the bar is practically an example of what happens to gentlemen who stop grooming.*

WELL Dorothy and I were spending a delightful winter at Palm Beach but we decided that society gets on a girls nerves. So we decided to get away from everything and take a trip to Cuba. So I telegraphed my husband at New York to send us the money but he became economical and said stay where we were.

So, then, we counted up our money and we had enough fare to get to Cuba, but we did not have so much left to pay high price hotel bills. But I am always of the optamistic nature. So I said, "Lets go anyway and maybe everything will all turn out for the best." So, Dorothy said "If you are game to face the sheriff of Cuba, I guess I can take a chance." So, then we went to Cuba.

But when we got there I had to realize that Cuba is no city for a girl like Dorothy. Because Dorothy makes friends very, very easily. And Cuban gentlemen on the street do even more. So insted of pretending that she did not notice them like I always do, Dorothy would pass remarks right back, even if they did not understand the English landguage. And it only encouraged them, so by the time we would get back to our hotel it was practically a parade. And speaking to an officer does less than no good because Havanan policemen go even longer lengths than gentlemen in a business suit.

So I told Dorothy if she did not stop I would insist on spending all our time in bars where we would be with Americans. So Dorothy said that was a threat that could not make her quale. So, then, we went to the most famous bar at Cuba, called Sloppy Joes. And it was given the nickname of Sloppy Joes bar by a big Congressman's wife who was at Cuba quite a few years ago and seemed to notice that the gentleman called Joe who ran it was not so well groomed. So he has not done anything about it since, and he is practically an example of what happens to gentlemen who stop grooming. But his bar is really a delightful spot.

I mean the walls are full of more different kind of bottles than any spot in the world. And Americans can sit there and drink their choice and gaze at bottles that they have not seen for years. And some of the bottles they have never seen at all, so that it is practically like a wonderful old libery full of unusual books. And if we Americans would improve our time at Sloppy Joes bar by reading all the labels it would be an education. But most Americans who sit in bars do not want to learn anything. And Dorothy says, "What American could read after he hit Sloppy Joes anyway?"

So I ordered a cute drink of foreign emported liquor out of a quaint bottle, but Dorothy did nothing but drink large size glasses of beer and hold conversations with bartenders. And I finally had to realize that even Sloppy Joes bar was no place for a girl like Dorothy. So when we got back to our hotel I told Dorothy that I would not stay in Cuba with a girl like her unless we spent more time with the upper classes.

So then it turned out that Dorothy had met quite a lot of delightful native gentlemen of the upper classes that very morning in the Union Club of Havana, which is a male club for gentlemen only. But Dorothy went in because she thought it was a hotel and she was looking for a bar as usual. So quite a few of the Havanan gentlemen she met in the Union Club tried to make her see her mistake, but they did it in the Havanan landguage so Dorothy did not understand them until she reached the third floor where she met one who was quite educated in English.

A New Adventure of Lorelei Lee

Illustrations by J. W. McGurk

Makes Smart



So the gambler and Dorothy arrived just in time to save me from having to give a Cuban a push.

But by the time she learned of her mistake she had made dozens of dozens of Cuban gentlemen friends, because there is nothing that a Cuban enjoys more than the aquaintence of we American girls. So by the time Dorothy started back and got to the main floor going out, she had collected practically a whole deck of calling cards from Cuban gentlemen.

So Dorothy told me to cut the deck, and she would call up the loser and give him an introduction to me. So I asked Dorothy how she would be able to talk to him on the telephone if he did not know the English landguage. But Dorothy said that all a girl had to do in Havana was to say "Sevilla Biltmore Hotel" over the telephone in a female American voice and the Havanan would be there by the shortest possible direct root.

So I told Dorothy not to call them up until tea time when we were ready. Because it was only 2 oclock and we had to go shopping. But Dorothy said "Let him come and wait. What is time to a Cuban?" So she called him up. And he was in the lobby of the Sevilla Biltmore by the time we got downstairs.

So Dorothy said lets take him shopping but I said No, because we were only going to a wholesale Phillipinos to buy perfume which is very very cheap in Havana and I do not like to take gentlemen shopping for small size nicknacks and give them a false sense of values. So we left him sitting in the lobby. But when we got back to the hotel we were quite late from loitering and we did not know if he would still be there. But we did not really care so much because Cuban gentlemen who are wealthy are quite proliñc at Havana on account of all of the sugar that comes out of the sugar cane. So it is always easy to find another.

But he was still sitting in the lobby and when Dorothy came up he was quite delighted. So then Dorothy introduced him to me and he was even more delighted because girls of the blonde coloring are quite novel to a Cuban.

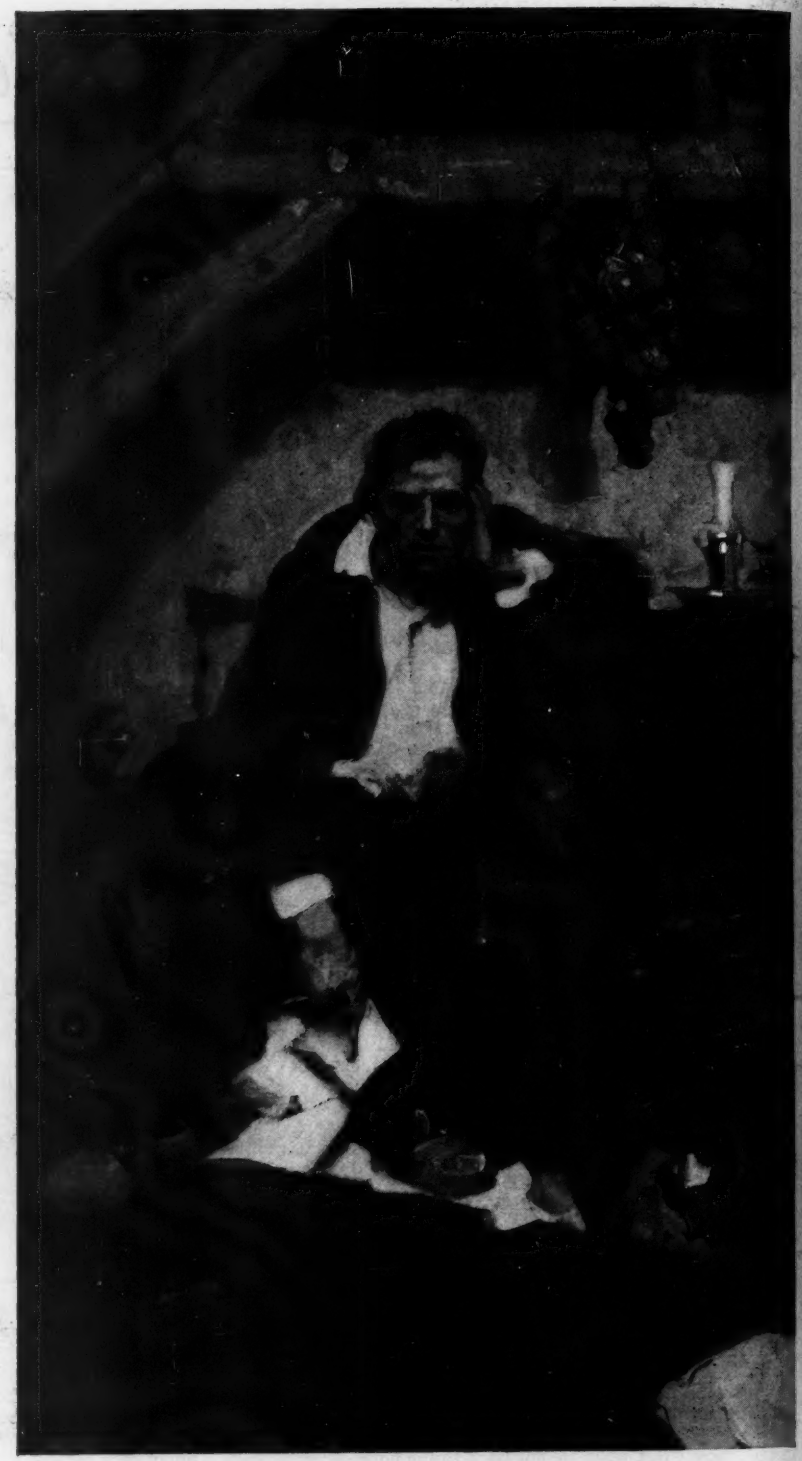
So we sat down to have delicious Backardi cocktails and he started breaking out into Cuban. So whenever I hold a conversation with some gentleman in his own landguage I like to always be on the safe side when he stops to wait for an answer. So I always give a smile and say yes. Because I think that politeness comes first. But after a little while Dorothy began to get quite restless. And finally she could not stand it any longer. So Dorothy got up from the table and said, "I'm going to hunt up an interperator, because the last time you said yes, I think you promised him something illegal." So I told Dorothy to hurry back because girls are not really safe with Cubans even in a lobby.

So Dorothy went over to a table full of American gentlemen who were of the gambling perfession. I mean Dorothy had met one of them in an elevator so she knew that she would be among friends. So she asked them if one of them knew the native landguage and would be an interperator and protect two American girls from a Cuban who looked like he was full of evil intentions.

So there was one gambler there who was of practically no social position. I mean he did not even make use of a name, but only went by the nickname of the Frisco Flash. So he told Dorothy he would interperate for us because he understood several Cuban words and what he did not understand he could fake. So when I saw Dorothy start to bring him over to the table, I was quite delighted because he was of (*Continued on page 223*)

By Sir *Philip Gibbs*

The *Soul of* Honor



Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

¶ *"What's the good of writing highfalutin*

FOR a year or two after the war, before forgetfulness, people in England still talked about Martin Daintry. His name, of course, was often mentioned in his own set—the survivors of his battalion, girls who had known him as a pretty boy, Balliol men who remembered him as the most promising of the minor poets produced by Oxford before Armageddon.

"What happened to young Daintry?" they asked. "He got through all right, didn't he? Seems to have disappeared off the map!"

Other people not of his set, such as literary critics, lovers of lyrical verse, and ex-officers of the more thoughtful kind, recalled the name of Martin Daintry when there was any talk of that brilliant little group of war poets—Rupert Brooke, Julian Grenfell, Siegfried Sassoon—whose verse, written under shell-fire in the mud and filth of the trenches, revealed not so much the beastly spirit of war as the beauty and sweetness of that England they loved with a new and poignant adoration, now that they looked back upon it across fields of death.

Martin Daintry's sonnets and lyrics seldom pictured war. He wrote of Worcestershire villages, the apple blossoms of Evesham, little old churches filled with the ghosts of history, gipsy children playing beside a caravan, old people sunning themselves on the village green where boys were playing cricket. Only by a line or two did he suggest the frightful contrast between this peace and that shambles from which he wrote. Only now and again did he reveal something of the agony of war, as in that best-known sonnet of his—immortal, as I truly think—"To a soldier blinded in battle." It was that sonnet especially which kept his name in remembrance. It had burned into the hearts of many of us, and England had wept over it.

After the war, until he disappeared and was forgotten by all except his personal friends and the girl—Lady Ruth Burnaby—who had given her love to him, strangers used to point him out in restaurants and theaters, as once I heard.

"Do you see that handsome young man over there with the pretty girl? That's Martin Daintry. The poet, you know. I used to read his stuff in the war. Extraordinarily good."

"Well, he doesn't look like a poet, I must say."

"Modern poets don't! He was a first-class fighting man."

So people talked before young Daintry disappeared from London and Worcestershire for honor's sake.

His story raises a problem in morality which is very baffling.



stuff when your mother-in-law is abusing you and your little French wife hates your melancholy face?"

It must have happened thousands of times during the war, though it was solved or shelved in most cases by men who had less conscience, or idealism, than Martin Daintry. The spiritual influences which had made him so sensitive to that code of honor were revealed to me when I was staying with his people in that old house near Evesham which finds a place in some of his poems.

It was not an ancestral home or anything like that but the old vicarage where he had lived since childhood with a father and mother who were as near saints as any two people I have met in a naughty world.

During the war it was only faith and a wonderful acceptance of spiritual suffering which could have kept up the courage of this father and mother when their son was away in those fields of death. As I know, he meant everything in the world to them, and all their lives they had stinted and scraped in that old vicarage so that young Martin should have everything worthy of his brilliant gifts and great promise. His father, who was a scholar of the old-fashioned kind, had denied himself books—even tobacco—so that his boy could go to Oxford.

"Martin will pay me back!" he said.

That was when Martin was one of the brilliant young men of Balliol. During the war every day must have been an agony of

apprehension in that country vicarage lest they should get one of those War Office telegrams which were being delivered so often to their neighbors round about. Lord and Lady Burnaby up at Burgess Hall half a mile from the vicarage had had two of them quite early in the war, and their daughter Ruth had come weeping each time to Mrs. Daintry because those tall brothers of hers—Martin's best friends—had been mown down in that grisly harvest of youth.

To Martin's father, the vicar, those losses among his neighbors were another warning that his Martin might be the next victim. He faced the chance of it with an outward cheerfulness and a spiritual valor which were only overwhelmed now and then by moments of secret terror, as once he confessed to me.

After that confession Mr. Daintry smiled at me with a shining moisture in his eyes.

"So you saw our Martin a week ago! It's nearly a year since he came home on leave. How does he look—any older? Less boyish, poor dear?"

"Not a day," I said. "Just as merry and bright as ever he was. He hates the war—who doesn't?—but he makes the best of it like a gallant fellow. His fellow officers regard him as their brightest humorist, especially when things are not too 'healthy' in the trenches."

"Good for Martin!" said the vicar. "For a sensitive boy like that it needs a lot of pluck to keep one's sense of humor, I should say."

I DIDN'T tell him that just for once Martin had lost his sense of humor, on a night behind the lines near Arras when he had just come back from the trenches after a week under concentrated fire which had killed half his company and left him as the sole surviving officer.

He was billeted that night at an old *estaminet* on the Arras-Doullens road. He had been there before and we had joked together about its extraordinary name—*Le Véritable Coucou*. I had also chaffed him a little about the girl Marguerite, who flirted with all the officers upon whom she waited with saucy airs and plenty of back-chat in her pretty provincial French and at times, if need be, in fairly good English.

She gave particular attention, I had noticed, to Martin Daintry because of his fine, delicate face and perhaps because of that shy and rather spiritual look of his which distinguished him from the usual type of officer, rather free in their ways with a girl of her class. That night, I remember, Marguerite came and sat on his knee after dinner, and laughed at his blushes and put her fingers through his fair, rather curly hair and—wetting a finger in his wine—tried to smooth out the line made by his steel hat across his forehead.

"My pretty Captain looks sad tonight," she said in French. "Why has he that melancholy, so profound, in his beautiful blue eyes? After a good dinner and a bottle of red wine and a pretty girl on his knee—you not like me to sit on your knee?—life might seem a little gay even to an Englishman!"

"My dear Marguerite," said Martin in his perfectly fluent French, "it was a most excellent dinner, and the wine was certainly red, and you are quite welcome to sit on my knee if it amuses you at all, but to tell the truth I find this war a dirty business. Yesterday I lost most of my best friends. Even behind the lines I have a touch of the grouch, strange as it may seem!" He used the word *cafard* for that word "grouch."

"That is ridiculous!" said Marguerite. "*C'est la guerre, n'est-ce pas?* It is war and—and life, is it not? I am very sorry for the boys who are killed. It is most annoying for them. Perhaps tomorrow I shall be killed, too. Who knows, when Boche planes come out to drop bombs on pretty girls like me? But tonight you and I are alive, *mon Capitaine*. At least for this moment we are alive. So why should we be miserable? A little love, a little laughter—with Marguerite sitting on your knee——"

She snuggled closer to him and he did not push her away, but looked over to me and raised his eyebrows and smiled.

"Perhaps she's right," he said in English. "Let's eat, drink and be merry . . . At least it's no use grousing, is it?"

He called out to an untidy, slatternly woman behind the bar—Marguerite's mother—who was leaning on her folded arms across the metal-topped counter watching her daughter's merry ways with this good-looking English officer.

"*Encore une bouteille de vin rouge, Madame!*"

"*Bien, M'sieur!*"

It was Marguerite who fetched the other bottle of red wine and helped Martin to drink it, clinking glasses with him, sitting opposite, her little pointed elbows on the bare table, her pretty face rather close to his, with a smiling, amorous look in her eyes. He did not encourage her. There was a smile about his lips, and he answered her playfully as he would have talked to an amusing child, but his face, almost ascetic in its lines, was shadowed, I thought, by recent remembrance of blood and filth up there beyond Arras.

Some other officers had come into the room and were making a racket. At a few minutes to ten o'clock an A. P. M. (there are post-war youngsters who won't know that those letters stand for Assistant Provost Marshal, or, in other words, an officer of the Military Police) came in with a grim look round and cleared out all the officers except Martin and me, who were billeted there for the night. He was an insolent fellow, with a sullen-looking face and a sense of his own importance. A young flying officer who had been playing the piano was a little drunk by this time and expressed his desire for another Benedictine and a kiss from Marguerite before obeying orders.

"Better clear out before I report you," said the A. P. M. "This place has a bad reputation anyhow. I'll have it shut up if you flying men use it for drunken orgies."

Marguerite understood his words and flared up at him. "*Une mauvaise réputation! Vous n'aimez pas Le Véritable Coucou, eh? Eh, bien, je m'en fiche, mon Capitaine. Voyez donc!*"

"You're a wicked little slut," said the A. P. M. "One of these days I'll have you put away as a danger to the British army."

He spoke in English, but Marguerite understood his meaning all right, and facing him with her hands on her hips called him some very unpleasant names in provincial French. I saw that she was white to the lips with rage and that for a moment she lost some of her prettiness and charm. In another twenty years or less this little Marguerite—so dainty now—would have the hard, thin-lipped ugliness of her mother, who sat on her high stool behind the bar scowling at this police officer who was always interfering with her good custom.

Once he had reported her for keeping a disorderly house. *Le Véritable Coucou*—the most respectable *estaminet* on the Arras-Doullens road! She would like to gouge his eyes out with the toasting-fork.

So Madame Degville told us when the flying officer had staggered out with a "Cheery-o!" to Marguerite and a few abusive words to the A. P. M. The other officers, not asking for trouble, had put on their trench coats, picked up steel hats and gas masks, and sloped off into the darkness.

"Well, I'm for bed," said Martin Daintry, yawning a little. "It's three months since I slept between sheets. Last night——"

He did not say what had happened last night but stared for a moment at the bare boards and gave a slight shudder.

Marguerite lighted a candle and carried it up-stairs for him, shielding its flame with her hand. She made a pretty picture on that old stairway with the candle-light on her face and her shadow flickering on the whitewashed wall. Once she turned and smiled at Martin and whispered something, and then gave a little laughing scream as a sudden draft puffed the candle out.

"Bad luck!" said Martin, and he fumbled in his pocket for a box of matches. The candle seemed to have gone out again on the landing above. I heard those two laughing together until a creaking door opened and then shut.

MY BEDROOM, rather filthy, with dirty water in the wash-basin and various signs of previous occupation by some other officer the night before, was on the opposite side of the landing and it was Madame who carried up my candle and wished me good night.

Before I was undressed Martin came into my room and there was a queer look in his eyes.

"I'm afraid to go to bed," he said. "Silly!"

He laughed rather foolishly and thrust his fingers through his hair. "It's young Bartlett's face that gets me when I'm alone. It was smashed to pulp when he got hit last night. Every time a Very light went up I saw it a yard away in the mud there. Not pleasant. You remember young Bartlett? Devilish good-looking lad . . . Not so good-looking last night! . . . I'll hate it when that candle goes out."

"Have mine," I said. "I'm as sleepy as an owl. Sorry your nerves are rattled, old lad."

"This war!" he groaned. "This ghastly war!" and for a moment there was a frightful anguish in his voice. He had lost his sense of humor for once. Just for a moment or two. Then suddenly he pulled himself together again and laughed rather sheepishly. "Sorry, old man. Madame's coffee was rather strong, no doubt. Excuse my interruption of your beauty-sleep."

"Take that candle," I said, getting into the bed, which had not been made since the last officer had slept in it.



The anger had passed out of Marguerite's eyes. She smiled toward Martin and whispered something, and then gave a little laughing scream.

But he didn't take my candle. He muttered something about making a fool of himself, and with a "Good night, old bird," sloped out of my room and forgot to shut the door.

At least I think he must have forgotten to shut the door because an hour later, as I saw by my wrist watch, luminous in the darkness now that the candle had burned out, I was conscious of people talking in low voices on the landing outside.

It was Marguerite's voice speaking in French. "You are frightened of the dark, *mon Capitaine?* I have known other officers like that! Like small boys who cry out to their *maman* . . . *C'est idiot ça!*"

"Yes, idiotic!" said another voice which was Martin's. He said something about another candle and I heard Marguerite give a mocking little laugh. And that was all I heard on the landing of the Veritable Cuckoo, for I fell asleep again and when I awoke it was broad daylight, and so late that Martin had gone over to Army Headquarters, where he had been told to report himself.

I didn't tell all that to Mr. and (*Continued on page 163*)

The Secret of the Sioux

By Chief



Just as we were going to make the peace sign Custer peered over the battlefield and realized he alone of the Blue Coats was alive.

IN A wind-swept lodge in Manitoba in the strangest Indian council I have known, I heard for the first time the truth of the end of the gallant and picturesque Custer.

For fifty-one years the world has believed that General George A. Custer was killed by the Indians in the Battle of the Little Big Horn in Montana, in 1876—called by the White Man "The Custer Massacre." For fifty-one years the Sioux Indians who annihilated Custer's command, and who now live in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, have kept quiet on this subject.

Yet, through all these years, the Sioux have known the truth about Custer's death.

No white soldier survived to tell the story. Only the Indians knew—and not caring to risk sacrificing the peace which they now enjoy by reopening this dangerous question for discussion, they have never told what really happened to this hero of the military world.

Custer was that and more. He was the most dramatic fighter that the American army ever developed. He was the kind of fighter produced only by the bone and sinew of new worlds. Tall, lean and rugged, long-haired, dominating and courageous to the point of recklessness, Custer would have had no place in a

Buffalo Child Long Lance

With illustrations by

Capt. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

of the U. S. MARINES



long-established civilization. Men like him do not happen along; they are born to their destiny.

From his home town in New Rumley, Ohio, young Custer directed his purposeful eye towards the United States Military Academy long before he was through with his teens. He wrote many letters to his congressman, asking for a chance to enter West Point. Time after time he was turned down. But he kept it up until he finally was admitted. And in 1861 he graduated from that famous institution with a court-martial hanging over his head for encouraging a fight between two lower-classmen. "Stand back and let's have a fair fight." For uttering that sentence he all but lost his chances for a commission.

Entering the Union army as a lieutenant, however, he established a record of sensational victories which sent him soaring up the ladder of military fame to the rank of major-general at twenty-six—one of the youngest in the records of the American army. As commander of the Third Cavalry Division, he was the first to receive the flag of truce at the end of the Civil War.

But even before he left West Point he had touched hands with the fate that sixteen years later was to overtake him so dramatically. This fate came to him in the figure of a young Indian chief—Sitting Bull, who was destined to make him immortal through defeat.

It was in 1859 that Sitting Bull, then a young medicine man and minor chief, was sent to Washington, D. C., with a delegation of Sioux chiefs to confer with the government on Sioux land rights. Following this conference the chieftains were taken up to West Point Military Academy and shown the young embryo officers who were later to come out onto the plains and help to establish peace between the Indians and pioneers. No doubt a good stroke of diplomacy, that, since the leaders of six nations of the great Dakota Tribe — called "The Tigers of the Plains" —were represented in this group of chiefs.

Cadet George A. Custer, a tall, slim lad, with frank, handsome face and fair hair, was delegated to escort the Indians through West Point. He and Sitting Bull were about the same age, and apparently young Custer took a distinct liking to this remarkable young leader of his people. Through the interpreter he conversed with Sitting Bull incessantly. He dined him privately, and when he left he presented him with a complete uniform of the United States Cavalry, which Sitting Bull had so openly admired—with the true Indian eye for brass and adornment.

When they parted Cadet Custer told Sitting Bull that he would finish school in two years, and then he wanted to come out into his country, as an officer, and renew their friendship. Sitting Bull took him by the hand and called him *Weh-hunka-wanzi*—Blood Brother—and told him that he would some day repay him for his kindness.

When an Indian declares another man his *Weh-hunka-wanzi*, it brings that man closer to him than his own consanguineous brother. On reaching manhood every Indian forms a "blood brother" relationship with some particular member of his tribe whom he likes more than anyone else, and there can be no secrets between himself and this person. In battle and in peace they are Damon and Pythias for the rest of their mortal lives, and no one can come between them. Whether young Custer understood this, no one will ever know. Probably for a time at least all of this was completely out of the young officer's mind.

But, with the Civil War ended, Custer, a brevet major-general, now turned his adventurous gaze toward the wilderness of the turbulent West, where war clouds of a sinister kind were



¶ "*Aye-aye-yah*"—*we gave our war-cry. Custer's*

gathering. The Indian, said by history to be "the most formidable foe European stock has ever encountered," was preparing to make his last stand against the *Wahsheechu*—the Mad God—the white man.

And so, in 1866, General Custer came West and joined General Hancock in his long campaign against the Cheyenne Indians, finally defeating them at Washita River in 1868. So successful was he as an Indian fighter that "Custer's Luck" soon became a



men fight strong now. Make Indians glad—lots of sport—Indians whoop louder and fight harder.

slang phrase. With his height, his long, flowing hair, his dashing appearance, he was the most picturesque character among the plainsmen of that day. He became widely known among the Indians as *Pay-hee-honska*—Long Hair.

His fighting policy was to endeavor to strike consternation and terror in the heart of the red man—an impossible thing to do in that day when the heart of the Indian was disciplined from childhood to know no fear. It was (*Continued on page 208*)

What a Girl!



Illustrations by W. E. Heitland

¶ *"Pardon my nasty temper," said Anneke, "but I never could endure submarine flirtation. I hate to shock the poor fish."*

SHE was named after—just about three hundred years after—the belle of old New Amsterdam, Anneke Jans, who became the wife of Parson Bogardus, and left to her heirs a farm that has been the heart of New York and the cause of litigation ever since.

Anneke Jans would have been dazed at a glimpse of the skyscraper crop that has grown up on her farm; but at the sight of Anneke Jans Jones of 1927, she would have fainted in a heap of petticoats. In her day when a coarse Dutch burgher accused Anneke of intentionally revealing one ankle as she skipped across a puddle in the Bowery, she sued him for criminal libel.

Anneke Jans Jones had all but passed the point where there was anything left to reveal. As for disclosing an ankle, hadn't she joined a private bathing club in Florida because the prudes forbade women to walk the public beaches without stockings? One-piece bathing suits, very low in the neck and very high on the thigh, were permissible, but the desperate conservatives felt that they must draw some line somewhere, or go out of business entirely.

The original Anneke would have buried her head in the sand at the first glimpse of any of the thousands of hussies who swarmed along the surf. For one thing, she had probably never taken even a private bath in her life and could not even have imagined the ladies who swim the English Channel in nothing but a social veneer of axle grease.

One step further and the world would come to the end of all its immemorial worries over costume. Miss Jones was one of the leaders in hastening the return to Eden. Her cards read "Miss Anneke Jans Jones," but her friends called her "Anneke Janneke." It had a jazzier sound. The things she wore and didn't wear! The things she believed and didn't believe, said and didn't say! Thought and not! Danced!

One did not have to go back three centuries to find people for Miss Jones to startle. She and her mad gang rocked her contemporaries and made a wild earthquake where they walked. Preachers reeled in their pulpits as they hurled vain Jeremiads at her. Editors made their editorials smoke. Moralists used the most immoral expressions. But her motto still was, "On with the dance! let jazz be unrefined!" Even the Black Bottom was growing staid.

By Rupert Hughes

The Story of ANNEKE the AUDACIOUS

Her watchword was ever, "What next?"

Among all the wild men who frequented Anneke, there was only one who tried to check her mad career. This was the young hot-head Nat Rider, who had flown in France for the French before his country entered the war and afterward with his own people. There was hardly a bone in his body that had not been broken, but all of them had knitted, and when the peace came he took up commercial aviation. He was a glutton for punishment.

Otherwise he would never have tried to redeem Miss Jones. His flying skill had won him a job with a company aiming to develop aerial commerce, and he had been set to the task of interesting capitalists, politicians and pacifists in the project. When he forced the guards about old Caldwell Jones, banker among bankers, he felt that he had done more than when he pierced a cordon of Boche airships. The worst was yet to come. He encountered the daughter Anneke.

He was immediately taken with what he supposed to be a violent dislike for her and a ferocious resentment of nearly everything she did, said, wore and was.

It was really an attack of love at first sight; for love always makes a man a puritan toward the object of his love. He may or may not enjoy the opposite mood in private, but in public he must have her a perfect prude.

With other girls Nat Rider had been wicked gladly, had admired their naughtinesses and encouraged them. But the audacities of Anneke did what no preacher could do: they converted him into a missionary of all the proprieties, a precisian, a fanatic reformer. He felt a call to shatter her to bits and then remold her nearer to his heart's desire.

Misunderstanding himself as thoroughly as he misunderstood her, he made unconscious love by trying to tear down all her habits of mind and conduct.

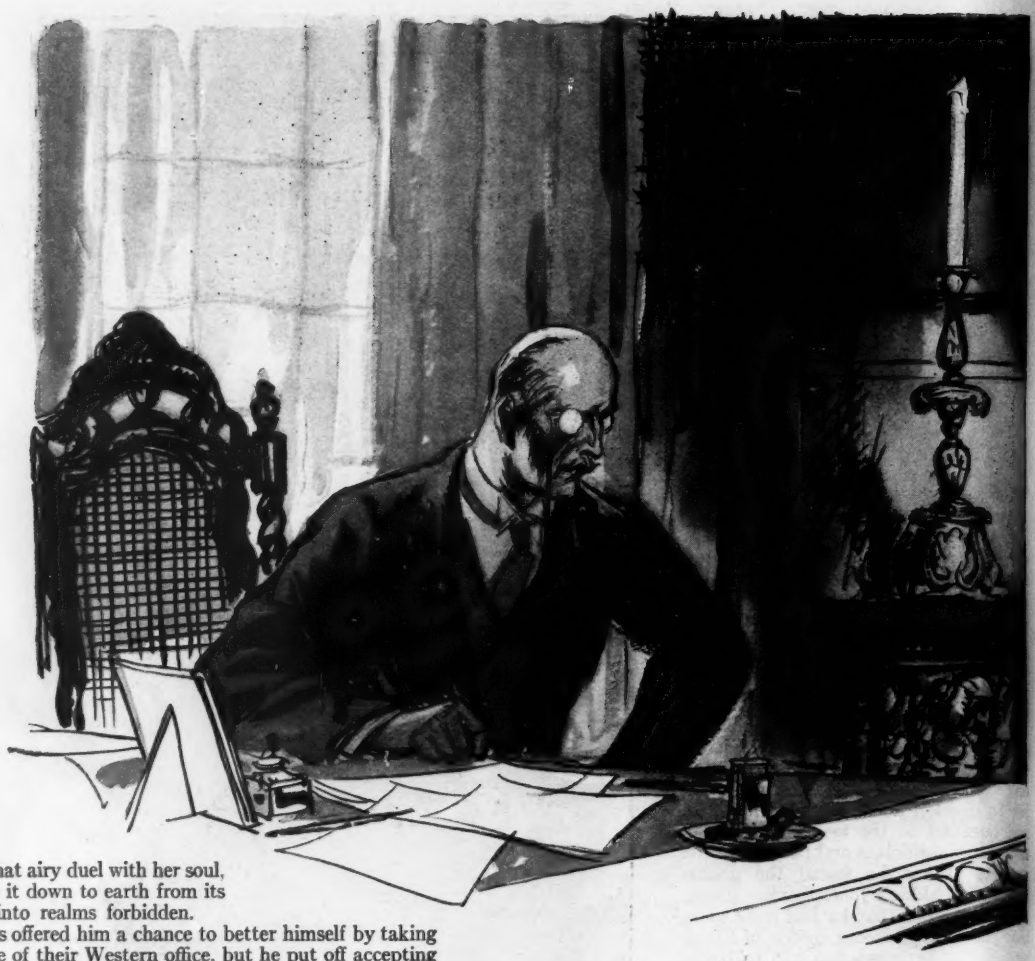
He interested her as a hero until she learned that he had high moral ideals—at least for her. Then she tried to shake him. But he would not be shaken.

She held him by the fascination of the perilous and the unconquerable. He told himself he did not love her or want her for himself. Yet he let her break his heart a dozen times a day. It knitted up again at night, and he went after her again. He was, indeed, a glutton for punishment.

He hated the company Anneke kept, and winced at the ridicule she heaped on his most sacred beliefs (for her to hold). He left her in rages but always came again,



Nat was confused and crushed with shame at being the man of all men to bring such a rebuke from Anneke of all women.



to fight again that airy duel with her soul, hoping to bring it down to earth from its lawless flights into realms forbidden.

His employers offered him a chance to better himself by taking complete charge of their Western office, but he put off accepting till he had converted Anneke.

He grew so desperate that one day, having tried everything else, he thought to bribe her with a promise of love. He did not intend to go through with it, for he would as soon have married a wildcat; but he wanted to know if there was any influence that could tame her. So he burst out with:

"Anneke Janneke, I could kill you for what you do and say. The only decent things about you are what you might be, and are not."

She was not even offended. She grinned. "Go on, old ash-tray, your story intrigues muh."

"But if you would quit being so disreputable, I could love you, damn you!"

She narrowed her eyes and mused, "I wonder."

This was meant for, and possibly was, deep wisdom. But Nat waived it.

"I could! If you'd only settle down and be womanly and lady-like and all, I'd even ask you to marry me right now."

"What more could a fellow ask? Half a mo, my lad, and I'll blow you a ring." From her frescoed lips she exhaled a circlet of smoke and thrust into it the third finger of her left hand. The blue film broke and vanished, and she sighed. "Divorced already! And now who gets the custody of the children?"

He gnashed his teeth and wailed. "You haven't a decent thought in your naked head!"

She could have been so beautiful, so sweet, so innocent! Her features were as exquisite as bisque. When she forgot herself her eyes were soft and her lips a babe's. And she was very young.

Nat could not help imagining her half a century back, old-fashioned, with her hair in braids; her cheeks tinted only by their fleeting blushes; her body smothered and forgotten in a pattern of gingham plaids or a flower-showered muslin; nothing of her visible but timid hands stitching at embroidery, and slipper tips mouse-shy beneath the frills of her long skirts.

His fancy and his longing saw her so, but his eyes declared her as she was: a little head with hair clipped closer than his own; brows half plucked away and lined in black; lashes beaded with lead; cheeks daubed like a clown's; mouth a splash of fresh paint; her only gown a black satin chemise exposing all her chest, and a bit of bare flesh above the rarely hidden garters; her stockings hardly more than an expense.

Her attitudes were cubistic; her far-flung flimsy arms wore only a wrist watch, there was always a cigaret-holder in one hand, usually a cigaret-case in the other. She sprawled and tossed herself about with the unrestrained impatience of her appalling language. She was as demure as an unbroken mustang, and her chief ambition seemed to be to remain unbroken.

Nat Rider had not been prudish about the girls in France, especially the French girls, had not even been distressed by some of the American women abroad. But it sickened him to see Anneke Jones misbehave. He vowed he would save her or break her neck, and he had a very narrow squeak from doing both.

Perhaps he dimly understood that she had the qualities of her defects. She had no modesty; but then she had no false modesty, either. She had none of the dear old-time timidities; but then she also lacked the old-time cowardices.

She was shameless in her zest for improper knowledge; but then she was not nasty nice. Instead of finding nearly everything indecent or improper, she found hardly anything so.

She lacked the shy and uplifted gaze of the docile ewe-lamb, but after all a lamb promises to be only a sheep. The pretty meekness of old was after all a kind of sex-servility, and Anneke substituted for it a more thrilling sense of equality and emulation. She asked no handicaps from men. She started from scratch and a fellow had to go some to keep up with her. Which stimulated a man to his best.

And then, of course, there was Anneke's tremendous efficiency in place of the sweet incapabilities that made the women of yesteryear more or less winsome idiots outside the kitchen, the sewing-room and the nursery, three places where a man did not belong.

She got into scrapes, no end; but she got herself out of them or took her medicine. She asked no man to take the blame or shield her by a gentlemanly perjury.

There was that awful night-club parade, for instance.

Nat called on her to take her to the opera. He had paid a whacking price for the tickets, and dressed himself to the nines,



¶ *"You'll find it harder and harder, Anneke, to land without a crash." "Father, darling, I never try to run your business. Why do you try to run mine?"*

only to have Anneke decide that she was in no mood for educational music.

"I've seen it a dozen times. Let's go out on the loose. I feel two natures struggling within me, both of them devilish."

Nat protested with all his eloquence until she rounded on him with a contemptuous: "Ah, go home and cry!"

He grated his teeth and clenched his hands in a fool's agony. She glanced down and fell back in pretended terror.

"Would you strike me with the babby in muh yarms? Oh, fireman, spare muh child!"

He tried to squelch her by acidity: "You're not the least bit funny. You're simply disgusting."

She plucked down his tall head and kissed him reverently on the brow, murmuring: "Be good sweet maid, and let who will be clev-ah!" He wilted. She gasped: "Omigawd! There's rouge on Priscilla's virgin bean." She took out her handkerchief and held it before his lips. "'Pit on it, Sweetheart, and I'll rub the badge of shame away." When he refused she stamped her foot. "'Pit on Mama's hanky, I tell you!" When he would not, she moistened her handkerchief herself and mopped his forehead, showing him the crimson red stains and sighing: "The bond of blood."

"Honestly, Anneke, this isn't even intelligent."

"I know it, soul of my soul. I'm not intelligent. That's why I'm just off for night school. G'by!"

When she flounced toward the door, he followed, seizing her arm and begging her not to waste herself on such rot. She drew herself up with a "Sir!" and removed his hand from her arm as if it were a tomato worm.

Then she danced out to her town car and told the chauffeur, Tufts, to drive her to a certain number in the silent Forties. As he was closing the door on her, Nat pushed in after her and sat down protesting.

"Are you going to that dirty speak-easy again?"

"I am, if you don't mind. It's much too early for the night clubs."

The car drew up before the rear end of a dark theater, a few doors away from a shabby residence apparently empty. She said, "Hello, Bill!" to a lookout patrol, mounted the time-gnawed brownstone steps and rang the bell. A wicket opened in the door and one eye scrutinized her.

Instantly she was welcomed into the vestibule of what had once been a fashionable home. The salon was now a seedy dining-room, where a few solemn couples (*Continued on page 154*)

Proving that a Man's *PAST* *is* His Own Business



Louder than

ON THE occasion of the marriage of little Minerva Brand to that nice young Mr. Whateverhisnamewas, from Los Angeles, the three local papers and especially the Daily Frontiersman gave good write-ups.

The Frontiersman printed a whole column, mostly adjectives, and included full descriptions of the bride's costume and her going-away costume and the decorations, and also a tribute to her deserved popularity among the younger set and another tribute to the sterling worth of her parents, telling how high they stood in the community, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, all of it being done in the very best style of the Frontiersman's social editor. That gifted lady just laid it on thick. Somebody once had said she must do her writing with a trowel instead of a lead-pencil or a typewriter.

The wedding-presents were much admired. They were many and some of them very handsome. One of the handsomest was a silver tea-service all complete from the little hinged dewdad for snuffing out the flame in the alcohol lamp under the teakettle to the broad tray upon which the various pieces stood.

Mrs. Doctor Frizzell, a distinguished matron of society, took advantage of the fact that for the moment she happened to be alone in the up-stairs room where the gifts were spread on trestles and tables, to make a swift but satisfying examination of this tea-set. Mrs. Doctor Frizzell was one of the pouncing kind. She pounced and caught up the sugar bowl and first she hefted it for weight and then capsized it in her gloved hands to read the jeweler's markings, if any, on its flat bottom.

"M-m-m, sterling," murmured Mrs. Doctor Frizzell to herself. "And nice and heavy, too. Somebody certainly broke down and blew themselves regardless. Let's see—what's become of the card?"

She found the card where it was tucked away under the edge of the tray and, with eyes widening behind her glasses, read what names it bore. There were two names there, and reading the first one startled her but the second one almost stunned her.

"Well!" softly quoth Mrs. Doctor Frizzell, rallying from the profound shock. "Well, all I've got to say is that when that pair start in giving wedding-presents like this to anybody, it's time to prepare for the Second Coming! Why, in all my life I never——"

In the act of replacing the sugar bowl and the card in their appointed places, Mrs. Doctor Frizzell broke off what she was saying, because behind and beyond the tray and almost hidden under a folded-over breadth of a table-cloth that had been used for covering the trestle upon which the service and some of the other gifts stood, she saw now an article seemingly in nowise related to the subject of a wedding nor having any possible bearing, however remote, on the same.

"Now, I wish somebody would be so good as to tell me what on earth that rusty old thing is doing there, of all places," Mrs. Doctor Frizzell said in a tense undertone, before moving on, as in a daze, to the next display, she being still entranced with the wonder and the miracle of her main discoveries.

But Mrs. Doctor Frizzell never did find out, there being no one there to tell her, nor even another guest to help her guess at the meaning of this small added mystery, and she not being a sufficiently close friend of the family to qualify her for further inquiry. However, it is the chief purpose of this narrative to tell why that secondary object of the lady's thwarted interest was where her keen and hawk-like eye had spied it.

In pursuance of this plan it is necessary to go back to a day a few days before the date of the wedding and introduce the father of the bride-elect, Mr. Judson Brand. It would seem that Mr. Judson Brand was one of those persons who pick up nicknames as a magnet picks up steel-filings. Behind his back his employees referred to him either as "J. B." or as "the Old Man." Certain

By Irvin S. Cobb

Illustrations by
C. D. Williams



Words

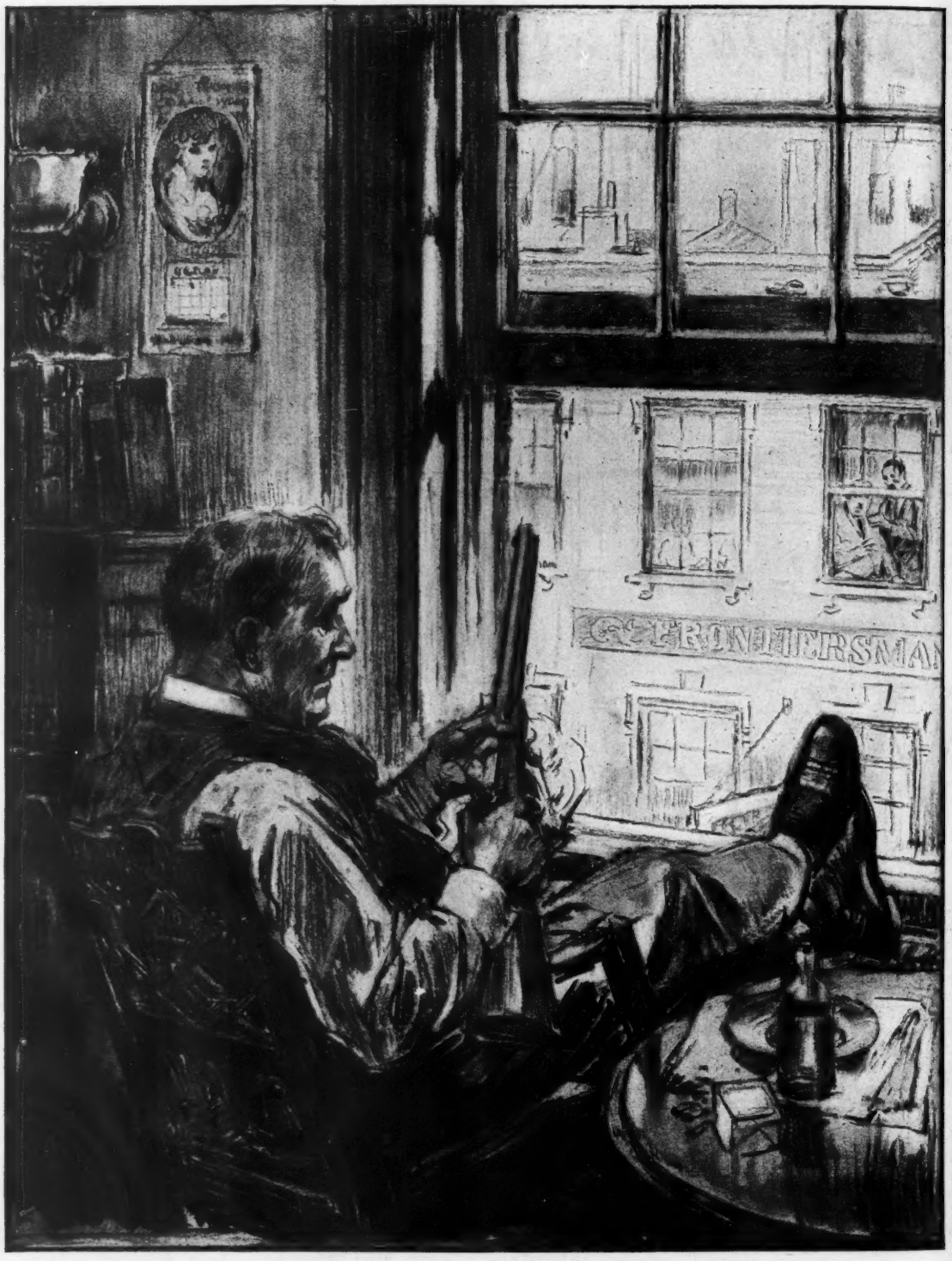
persons, enjoying a somewhat closer degree of intimacy with the gentleman, called him "Uncle Jud." On the other hand, and for no known reason, a number of elderly men—men near his own age or beyond it, who belonged as he did to the Early Settlers' Association—sometimes spoke of him as "Dicey" Brand. But to his daughter, who adored him, he was simply "Big Daddy."

She did adore him entirely and he, as the saying goes, fairly worshiped the ground she walked on. She was so slender and spry and blithe, so filled with the spirit of capering youth and the sheer joy of just being alive! She rather was like a dancing sprite, he rather like a somewhat gnarled and wrinkle-barked tree about which the sprite did her dances. To his wife, a reserved, dignified, middle-aged woman of the blond type which fades early, and the look about her of having once upon a bygone time been both pretty and vivacious—these vanished qualities would revive themselves in rare flashes—he gave a sort of crudely courtly affection, but to little Minerva, their only child, he gave a perfect and an unreserved idolatry.

On an afternoon in the early part of the same week in which the wedding took place, Mr. Brand received by appointment a visitor in his private office at the Brand Building. He owned the Brand Building. The affairs and the staff of his main business concern, which was the Brand Hydraulic Process Company, occupied the whole of the top story. From his windows he commanded a view of roof tops stretching away to the foot-hills. On clear days peaks of the main range were visible as dim blue sugar-loafs; that would be looking westward. This was a city now; the combs of several so-called skyscrapers, some of them as lofty as his own skyscraper and one or two of them even loftier by a floor or so, rose like squared spindles above the jumble of lesser things.

¶ To his daughter Judson Brand was simply "Big Daddy." She adored him and he fairly worshiped the ground she walked on.

It was a city that filled the notch of the valley, a city of pretensions and importance and one following after the prevalent models of the East in its architecture and in its fashions of dress and deportment. But for sentimental reasons its people chose to keep alive the more pleasant and the more picturesque traditions



The watchers could even hear the greasy snuck-snuck as the action of the gun sounded, Mr. Judson Brand making no sign of recognition.

of a time when this had been no city, nor even a town, but merely a clutch of shacks spraddled haphazard and any-old-way about a combination trading-post and saloon—a refitting station on the old Argonauts' Trail; that really was what it had been then.

Mr. Brand could remember that distant time. He had become a citizen when, all told and including Indians, Chinese, Mexicans and tenderfeet, the population numbered less than five hundred; and he, for one, had seen the city's growth from such humble beginnings to its present fine eminence as the cluttered metropolis of a great state. He'd had something to do with making it grow. To tell the truth, he'd had a good deal to do with making it grow. He never bragged of his share in this admirable result, but that didn't keep him from being secretly very proud of it.

The caller who came on this particular afternoon found this pioneer sitting behind his large flat-topped desk in a room of contrasts. There was a big Oriental rug on the floor, its colors the mellow colors of autumn leaves; there were batteries of modern

filing-cabinets against one wall and a cooler for drinking-water in a corner and all that; but a crumbly and weathered buffalo's skull was fixed above the mantelpiece and a barbaric arrangement of deer antlers served for a clothes hanger. Likewise an ancient pair of leather chaps swung from a cornice hook as though for decoration; and also and furthermore, a plaque of flint arrowheads was conspicuously displayed. From these details it might have been figured that while Mr. Brand was appreciative of the comforting devices of the present, he had some lingering affection for reminders of those rougher and more primitive days of a vanished past.

Indeed, he reflected this divided allegiance in his own person. The suit he wore, now; it plainly was tailor-made and made moreover by a smart tailor, but the tops of a cowman's high-heeled, calf-high boots, showing through the cloth, broke the smooth contours of his carefully pressed trousers; and one prong of the buckhorn rack held a stockman's hat which was not the floppy, tall-crowned, dove-colored affair so universally favored by moving-picture cowboys, but the flat-topped, stiffer-brimmed black hat that the authentic plainsman of a bygone generation liked to wear—and generally did.

On the other hand, the gentleman calling was dressed in sympathy with the fashion of the hour, perhaps a trifle flashily but still quite in the mode. He was much younger than Mr. Brand, and much slighter of build and altogether of a different mold. He had an indoor, steam-heated look about him, whereas everything pertaining to Mr. Brand, from his puckered eyes and his tawny, wind-beaten skin to his bowed legs, told a tale of much hard riding and plenty of rough going in the youth that lay some thirty or forty years behind him. When the Old West put its deeper marks on a man he stayed marked.

This second person was smiling what he undoubtedly regarded as an ingratiating and friendly smile when he entered the private office. He closed the door behind him, came forward, and with the air of one who may be a stranger but does not expect to remain a stranger for long, he extended a plump, soft hand. The grip Mr. Brand gave the hand made its owner wince a little.

"My name is Foss—E. K. Foss, special advertising solicitor for the Frontiersman," he said for introduction. "I called up from over at the office a while ago, you know. I've seen you often on the street, Mr. Brand, but I never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"Much oblige'," answered Mr. Brand. His manner was courteous, if not exactly hospitable. "A little matter of private business, you said over the telephone?"

"Yes, that's what brings me."

"Sit down, Mr. Foss—you'll find that there chair right yonder fairly comfortable—and let's hear what's weighin' down on your mind."

"Lovely spring day, isn't it?"

"I haven't heard a word of complaint about it since I got up this mornin'."

"Well, I haven't been here very long—I took this position only about eight months ago—but I've been here long enough to know this is sure the swellest climate on earth."

"I'm mighty pleased you indorse it. It confirms what I've been believin' right straight along from the very first. But about that little business proposition, now?"

"Oh, yes. Well, to come right to the point, Mr. Brand, I'd like to talk to you about a contract for a series of full-page advertisements to run in the Frontiersman. We can give you a swell circulation all over this country. We can give you a line of readers that you couldn't get any other way, we can give you——"

"I've got a kind of an idea what you could give me," said Mr. Brand, projecting his words across the stranger's gushing and ardent outflow, "but I think I oughter tell you before you go any further that heretofore and up to now we've always only used trade papers for spreadin' the glad tidin's regardin' the merits of this here company of ours. You see, our market is kind of limited; it ain't general like 'twould be if we was handlin', let's say, dry-goods or hardware or notions or something like that. We ain't never felt the call to use daily paper advertisin', and while I don't aim to jar your feelin's none at this early stage of our acquaintance, I'm moved to tell you, Mr. Foss, that if I ever did feel such a call stealin' over me, your paper wouldn't exactly be the one I'd pick out to start off with. Still, if you've got something fancy and unusual to offer, mebbe you'd better see Mr. Wayne; he's in that second room to the left you just passed by comin' in. He looks after our advertisin', such as it is, and in the main I give him a free hand."

"If you'll excuse me for saying so, Mr. Brand, the way this thing stands, I wouldn't care to do business with anybody except you. I figure you'll feel that way about it yourself before we get through, and be glad I came direct to you. Yes, Sir, we know you've never used space in a daily, but my people think—they told me to say so to you—they think you ought to patronize local enterprise and——"

"If you're speakin' of the owners of that paper of yours, I'll admit, for the sake of argument, they're plenty enterprisin'. I reckin there ain't two more enterprisin' fellers goin' at large—not in their particular field, anyhow. I've always contended that; and if you want to take that as a compliment for the parties you work for, you're welcome. Let's us two get right down to cases, though. You just now mentioned a contract for a series of advertisements. That's what you said, wasn't it—series? What do you mean by that?"

"We've—I should say, they—they decided that just a single display wouldn't mean much to anybody—to them or to you, either—but that about twelve full pages running a week or so apart would be about the proper notion. That's what we call in the advertising game a campaign, Mr. Brand. That's what they think you ought to sign up for. It would put them in a mighty friendly attitude toward you. You know how a big influential newspaper can help a man or hurt him, just as it chooses. It means a whole lot to any man to have people like Gaspar and Clinch on his side, you realize that. On the contrary, if they should happen to be prejudiced against an individual—but we won't go into that. Anyway, I've got a contract right here with me all filled out, ready for signing, and if you'll——"

"How much?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said, how much?"

"Well—er—it's like this, Mr. Brand: They thought, everything considered, twenty-five hundred would be a fair price——"

"Twenty-five hundred in all?"

"Oh, no, Sir." Mr. Foss smiled indulgently for such ignorance. "Twenty-five hundred apiece—that was the figure they set originally—my principals, Mr. Gaspar and Mr. Clinch. But then they talked it over with me and they decided that instead of a flat price they'd give you the twelve insertions for a lump sum—twenty-five thousand."

"Ain't that considerably steeper than your regular rate, Son?"

"Well, naturally, for our regular advertisers we do shade prices sometimes, but this being sort of a special case we—they—they said twenty-five thousand was absolutely the smallest amount they could afford to take—under the circumstances."

"Under what circumstances?"

Young Mr. Foss hesitated, seeming to fumble about for language. Mr. Brand very kindly came to his rescue.

"I'll put it different. That's the tax—twenty-five thousand dollars, and a nice tidy little chunk it is—if I sign up on the dotted line here and now; and if I don't see fitten to sign up, what's the real bad news goin' to be? Now, come on, Son, come on," he pressed, seeing that the other still hesitated. "You've fired one barrel, accordin', no doubt, to your instructions from headquarters. Go ahead and fire the other one. It'll be easier to hit me settin' than 'twould be if I was on the wing, so to speak." His voice was gentle, his manner, too, but a dull red color had crept up under the tautened skin over his gaunt cheek-bones. "Hurry along now, Son, I reckin us two understand one another."

Being thus urged, Mr. Foss proceeded:

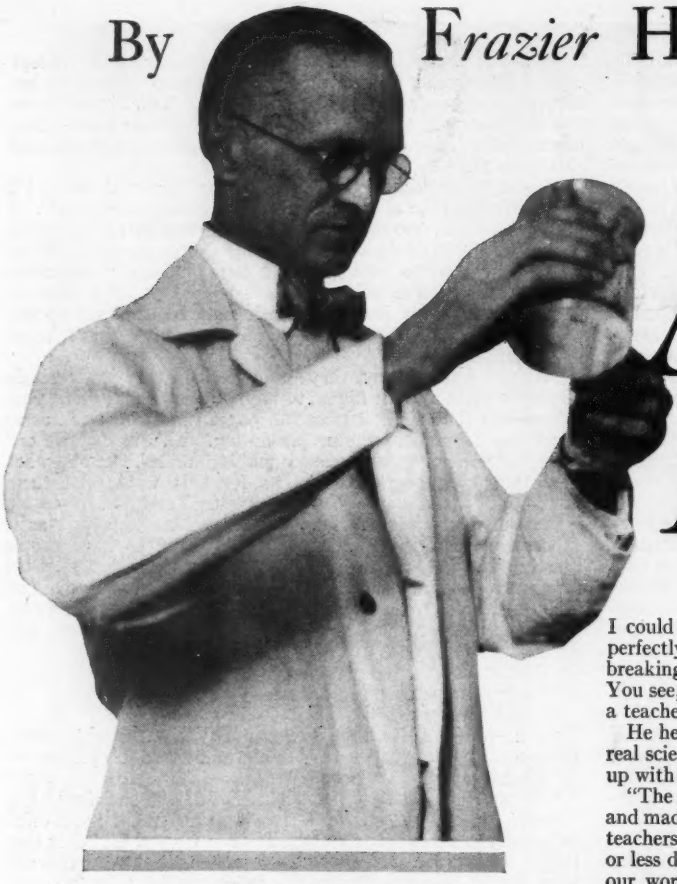
"Well, Mr. Brand, to put all the cards on the table, and to tell you the truth, it seems the Frontiersman got hold of some facts about you—about your early life—some facts that our people in the editorial department thought you wouldn't care to have printed at any time, and especially at this particular time. From what they tell me, the office was put to considerable expense getting this—er—material, what with paying for the original tip and sending out a staff correspondent to round up the stuff and getting it backed up with affidavits and all. And on top of that there was the additional cost of putting the article in type—that sort of thing runs up higher than you might imagine, Mr. Brand—and then, besides, they have to figure on the value there'd be in publishing it—the talk it would make and the extra copies that'd be sold and so forth and so on—and so——"

"And so if I don't see the light and dig down in my jeans for twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of space that I don't need no more than old Sittin' Bull needed side-whiskers, the Frontiersman will have to go ahead and print this here scandalizin' yarn about me—is that right?"

"In a way of speaking you might say (*Continued on page 134*)

By *Frazier Hunt*

He Passed Up a *Million Dollars*



¶ *Doctor Harry Steenbock.*

I HAVE spent three days with a man who has turned down a million dollars in order to keep faith with himself and with humanity.

He is a slender, shy, forty-year-old Wisconsin-born scientist. His name is Doctor Harry Steenbock and he is a professor in the Department of Agricultural Chemistry of the University of Wisconsin.

A few men in the world have thrilled me with the power of faith—Gandhi of India, a little native missionary in Japan, a lay brother working his miracles in a monastery in Montreal, a boy fighter in Siberia—and now this gentle scientist.

He had discovered a way of treating ordinary foods with ultra-violet rays, so that these foods would be a cure for rickets—and in our cities there are thousands of children suffering from rickets in one degree or another. It was a discovery as important to humanity as Doctor Banting's discovery of a cure for diabetes; perhaps even more so because there are ten cases of rickets to one of diabetes.

Food manufacturers offered him royalties that would run into millions for his rights to the patents on this discovery. Without a moment's hesitation he waved these offers of wealth and ease aside and turned over every penny of his rights to an especially formed Wisconsin Research Foundation, with the single provision that the money be used in further research.

"But, Professor Steenbock, what do you want out of this yourself?" the members of the Foundation board asked him.

"Only the right to work," he replied, "only the chance to continue my experiments as long as I live."

So it was that this gentle teacher kept faith.

"What happiness could the money possibly bring me?" he asked in his low-toned, gentle voice, as we sat in his tiny office next to his laboratories. "It could only bring me trouble and the gradual lessening of my ideals.

"For almost twenty years, I have been working in these laboratories. My colleagues have let me work in pretty much my own way. I've been allowed to do the thing I wanted most to do—pure research. It's been my life. I'm happy. I've done the best I could for science.

"Whatever accomplishments I have attained have belonged to us all—to the people who have helped me and to this university. I could have turned business man and taken this money in a perfectly legal and accepted manner—but I would have been breaking faith with myself and with the things I believe in. You see, it's bigger than I am—this thing of being a scientist and a teacher."

He hesitated a moment. "Please make it clear that any other real scientist brought up with the men that I have been brought up with here, would have done exactly the same thing.

"The amount involved in my own case has only dramatized and made public something that thousands of other scientists and teachers, unknown and unsung, constantly are doing in a greater or less degree. It's part of our lives to let nothing interfere with our work . . . I remember, when we first began to see that this discovery had possibilities of hurting the very industries our farm school was built to aid, I went to Dean Russell, head of the Agricultural College, and explained matters to him.

" 'Well, we can only follow where truth leads,' he answered. 'You must go on with your experiments.' "

He looked up at me. "You see, it's just this sort of ideals that made it impossible for me to do anything else but let this money slip by, and go on with my science."

As I write I find it impossible to make clear how simple and natural all this passing up of a million sounded when he talked of it. The struggle for money and power had never touched him.

For half an hour that first evening I spent with him, we wandered through rooms filled with cages of rats, guinea-pigs, baby chicks and puppies, and as we walked he told me the story of his discovery.

CHRONOLOGICALLY, the drama unfolds about like this: For many years it had been known that cod-liver oil could help rickets. In 1919, German scientists, experimenting with children suffering from rickets, found that they could be cured by treating them with the ultra-violet rays from a quartz mercury vapor lamp. Then five years later, English investigators at the Lister Institute working with rats afflicted with rickets, secured growth in these sick rats by feeding them tissues taken from live rats that had been treated and cured with ultra-violet rays.

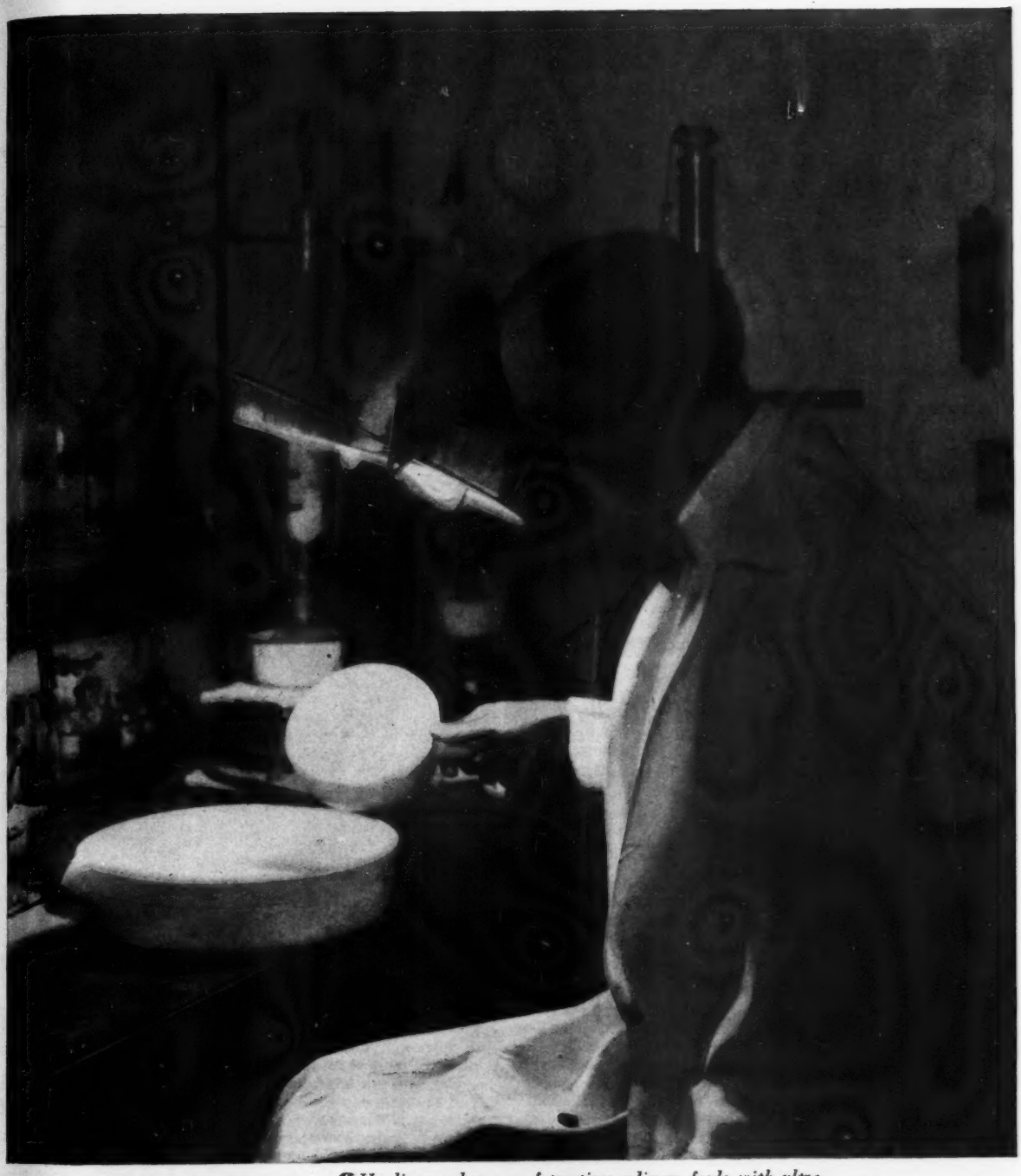
Now, here is where Steenbock had his great hunch. Scientists believed that this almost magic action from the ultra-violet rays was effective only with living bodies. If a cure works through living tissues that have had the rays, thought Steenbock, why won't it work if we apply these ultra-violet rays to dead tissues?

At once Steenbock took ordinary rat livers, treated them under his mercury lamp with ultra-violet rays, and fed them to sick rats—and the rats got well. Then he took another leap into the dark. If these rays will work on dead animal tissue, he asked himself, why won't they work on oils? He decided to try olive oil.

Under his mercury lamp he placed a pan of oil. He fed this oil to the rats suffering from rickets—and in three weeks they were cured. Rats fed the untreated olive oil died.

He spent night and day in his laboratory. He tried other oils and fats and then grains. Always the food treated with the ultra-violet rays cured the sick rats.

Then he tried the experiment on chickens, guinea-pigs, dogs



He discovered a way of treating ordinary foods with ultra-violet rays, so that these foods would be a cure for rickets.

and goats. And finally last summer, in connection with the work of Doctor Amy Daniels, of Iowa University, children suffering from rickets were fed treated olive oil and improved.

Through a thousand experiments, Doctor Steenbock and his assistants proved that all sorts of foods could be "shot" with the ultra-violet rays and given the strange property of bone-building and ricket-curing.

Now comes the money end of the story. From time to time Doctor Steenbock published his findings. Food purveyors became interested.

One concern approached Steenbock with a royalty guarantee of $900,000 for only part of the rights, as soon as the patents were secured and the commercial processes developed.

Very calmly Steenbock figured it all out. The discovery must be patented because if he made the sentimental gesture of "giving it to the whole world" unscrupulous men would grab the patent. But he wasn't interested in patenting it himself.

He offered it to the University of Wisconsin, but the University had no funds or machinery to go into business.

Then Doctor Steenbock, in collaboration with Dean Slichter, of the Graduate School, Dean Russell, of the Agricultural School, and George Haight, President of the Wisconsin Alumni Association, worked out a plan to form the Wisconsin Research Foundation, to which body he turned over all his rights. Not a single penny of profit has or will come to Professor Steenbock's hands.

Doctor Banting turned his priceless discovery over to a research foundation. Not a penny came to him. Professor Babcock, of this same Wisconsin University, gave the world his famous Babcock test that has revolutionized the dairy industry. Other men have done the same thing—and there are thousands who would do likewise, if ever the opportunity came to them.

It is good to know such things, because it straightens out some of our twisted view-points on life today—it revives some of our lost faith, and awakens new faiths.

The Shortest Way Home

Illustrations by
Rose O'Neill



¶ *"Who would adopt this poor little scrap?" Jacquetta asked. "Isn't it a shame?" Miss Dobie said. "Everyone after the pretty ones."*

AFTER a long while she said in a musing, quiet voice: "Alice, I was too proud."

Alice's heart gave a mad leap of fright. The moment she, and they all, had dreaded—the moment for which she, and they all, had hoped—had come.

Jacquetta was looking at her thoughtfully, her eyes infinitely tired, infinitely sad, but sane. "That was it, Alice," she said again, as Alice did not speak. "I was too proud."

"No—no prouder than the rest of us, Dear," Alice, trembling, hoping, fearing, said lovingly.

The other woman did not answer. But she did not lapse into her usual remote mood of brooding and introspection, either. She remained motionless among the heaped pillows and delicate rich coverings of her garden chair, one elbow resting on its wicker arm, fine bloodless fingers pressed into her white and sunken cheek.

All about them the orchard swam and pulsed in the glory of a perfect April afternoon. The young grass was emerald-green; against it the blossoming cherry-trees swept branches of dazzling whiteness. Flawless green grass, flawless white of the blooms, and over and beyond and above the riot of color and perfume, the dim soft arch of the dove-blue sky.

There were birds in the orchard, lacing it with the flash of busy wings; about one certain cherry-tree's glorious spread of pop-corn blossoms, bees filled the sweet warm afternoon air with steady buzzing.

Behind the orchard, on a little rise where there were mighty oaks, and maples whose tips were a'ready showing tightly folded curls of red, was a gracious old farmhouse, clapboarded, sloping-roofed, dormered, green blinds folded back against the prim white angles of its walls. All about it on the descending grassy slopes were mighty barns, sheds, fences and paddocks and outhouses, all mellowed into harmony and beauty by the service of a hundred—almost two hundred kindly years.

The trees scattered gracious dappled shadows upon the roof; long slanting bars of westering sunlight struck fire from the small-paned windows.

"Alice," said the woman in the garden chair wearily, bringing her eyes back from a faintly frowning study of blossoms and roofs, "I've known all along—how hard I am making it for you—for all of you! But I haven't seemed able—haven't seemed *able*——"

She stopped short, abandoning the too-painful effort, and the other woman spoke quickly, reproachfully, fondly.

"Jacquetta dearest—as if that mattered! What matters is that you are going to get well."

Silence again, and then Jacquetta Pomeroy said indifferently: "I suppose I am. It takes so long to get the whole thing straightened out in my mind, Alice."

Alice, apparently going on with her needle-point, watched Jacquetta anxiously. "I wouldn't try to hurry it, Dearest. Just take it easily, day by day!"

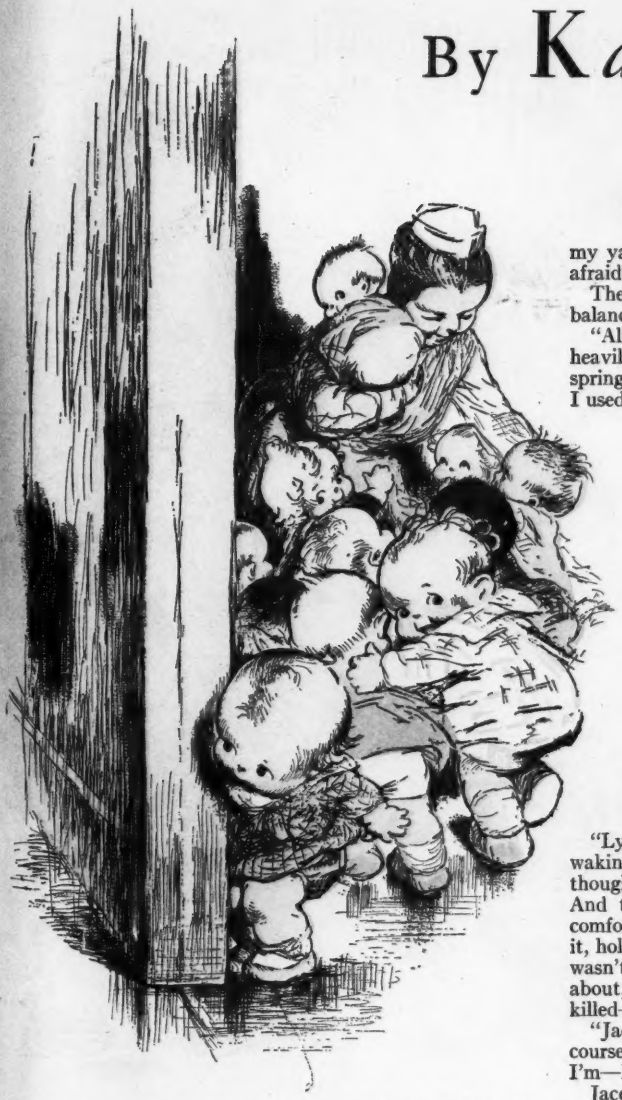
To this Jacquetta answered with a brief, light, bitter laugh. "Haven't I?" she presently asked. "Days—weeks—how long is it, Alice?"

"Why, we only got you out-of-doors a week ago," Alice said cheerfully, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"That"—Jacquetta sighed, and closed her eyes—"that wasn't what I meant," she said mildly. "Am I—don't be afraid to say so if I am, but am I too sick to talk?" she went on.

By Kathleen Norris

A Story of an Incubator Baby



"I don't think so," Alice assured her promptly and soothingly. But her eyes were uneasy.

"You know, nothing can stop my thinking," the convalescent said, with a delicate, significant emphasis on the last word.

"I suppose not, Dear!"

"How long is it since the accident, then?"

"Let me see." Alice pretended to consider, head slightly on one side, lips slightly bitten. "It was the nineteenth of March, and this is the twenty-sixth—seventh—the twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh of April."

"Five weeks."

"About."

"And what do you do about your doctor and your boys, Alice? For you're living here, aren't you? It seems to me"—Jacquetta mused, smiling a little sadly, her beautiful deep eyes fixed on her companion's charming and concerned face—"it seems to me that in the conscious spaces between agony, and sleep, and narcotics, and unconsciousness, and fever——"

"Ah, don't, Dear!"

"I WAS only going to say," she finished the interrupted sentence mildly, "that through it all I seem to remember you, Alice, helping, crying, sometimes kneeling beside the bed with your face against my hand."

She was still very weak. The water brimmed her smiling eyes, and her lips trembled.

"I come and go!" Alice said in the silence, wiping her own wet eyes, clearing her throat, but speaking with resolute sweet steadiness. "My doctor and my boys get on very well indeed. I see them every day. When you were sickest Frank came up every night and sat with me, reading or working over his mail. Look, Jacquetta, look at the darling with that long thread of my yarn! She's been coquetting with it here for ten minutes, afraid to take it!"

The somber, heavy eyes followed the flight of the little overbalanced bird through the blue air.

"Alice, before my baby came," Jacquetta presently said heavily, "I used to lie in the up-stairs living-room in the wet spring afternoons, and Hugh would read to me until I fell asleep. I used often to have strangely realistic dreams, and I'd wake up fuzzy and headachy and frightened, and find him sitting there with his fingers tight on mine. Dusk, you know, and firelight, and—and Hugh. No, let me talk! I'd tell him my dreams—such queer twisted visions of the baby being born strange—something queer about it! Once I thought the baby was quite a grown boy, and once it seemed to me that Hugh and I had quite a lot of babies—ten or a dozen of them——"

Her voice faded, died. She lay still. Alice, her heart beating thickly and heavily, her brain an apparent blank, no words of any safe description available, went on sewing with shaking fingers.

"Is this bad for me, Alice? Has the doctor said so?"

"No—he said we must—he said," Alice floundered, "that if you wanted to talk one of these days, it would relieve you—it would be a good thing.

"But I wish Frank was here!" Alice added fervently in her secret heart.

"Lying in the garden here," Jacquetta resumed, "dozing and waking, having you all such angels of goodness to me, I've thought so many times that—that all this was just another dream. And that presently I'd wake up, sticky and fuzzy and uncomfortable, and see the firelight, and Hugh silhouetted against it, holding my hand—ready to comfort me. And that my baby wasn't born at all yet, Alice, but coming still, still mine to think about, and love, and plan for. Not killed, as his father was killed—Hugh and the baby both—because I was so proud!"

"Jacquetta," Alice said, in sharp reproof, "you may talk, of course. But this kind of morbid stuff isn't good for anyone! I'm—I'm *surprised* at you!"

Jacquetta obediently fell silent, closing her eyes. Presently she opened them to smile in tired, childish repentance.

"Alice, I know. But it goes on and on in my head."

"Well, you mustn't let it! My gracious, if everybody brooded and dwelt on—on everything——"

"You're quite right. But, Alice," the other woman said meekly, "will you answer me one question—two questions?"

"Certainly," Alice said. But she felt sick.

"If—if the poor little baby had been born, as it was, too soon, and with me all smashed to pieces, but if, instead of being home here, I had been in a hospital where they had everything, surgeons and oxygen and all—*might* it have lived? Would it have made any difference?"

"It wouldn't have made any difference, Dear. I'm positive of that."

A long silence. Jacquetta lay still, with closed eyes.

"Did Hugh speak, Alice?"

"No. It was instantaneous, my dear," said Alice. "Exactly what Hugh would have chosen. No dragging or sickness or pain—just one final flash."

"Yes, of course." Jacquetta, always pale, was ghastly now, and yet struggling, as Alice could see, to save Alice, not to make a scene. "Yes, Hugh would have chosen that. He hated growing old; he hated anything dull and crippled—anything less than perfect health!" she added, in a low, tender voice. "He was only forty-two, Hugh—he was eight years older than I, and yet already he had talked of it. He had said, 'Let's never grow old, Jacque! Let's be the rosy, eager, healthy sort, winning tennis cups and golf tournaments and polo trophies right to the end!'

"And he used to say: 'We'll make an Indian of the boy.' Poor little boy, who wasn't even going to be born! Hugh and I saw him in leather gaiters, striding along beside us, his little cheeks hot and red, and his hair being blown about—that tawny straight



soft hair, like Hugh's. He was going to have his little sleeping cot on Hugh's porch—Hugh was going to teach him to fish and shoot and sail. Poor Hugh, who never was to have his baby! And poor baby—— And poor me," she finished simply.

"Poor you!" Alice smiled whimsically, pitifully, and laid a quick impulsive hand upon Jacquetta's knee.

"Pride," Jacquetta said, covering the hand with her own. "I was proud even of my unborn baby! Do you remember how I used to write you, before you came back, that he would be perfect, that I couldn't have loved a baby who wasn't straight and strong and perfect? I even told old Doctor Jim that I wouldn't have an anesthetic when my boy was born, because I wanted to ask him instantly if he was complete—worthy of Hugh, worthy of me, worthy of what our boy was to be! Alice, what fools we are! If we could go back! If I could go back to that last day!

"Hugh had been playing indoor tennis until he was simply dripping, you know, and I'd been having tea with Maggie Courtnedge and some of the others at the club, and I went down and got into the car to wait for Hugh. When he came along—he had a thick white sweater, its arms twisted about his throat—he said instantly: 'You mustn't drive. It's muddy and skiddy, and you'll give yourself some sort of a wrench!'

"And I said, 'Oh, jump in, Dearest, and don't argue! The sooner you get home and get into dry clothes the better!'

"My dear, if I'd moved over in the front seat, let him take the wheel—I'd never driven the new car, you know—if I'd given him my place, we would have come home, home to the fire and the usual before-dinner rest—myself on the couch, Hugh sitting beside me, and blue, blue twilight on the snow outside, and everyone in the house warm, and happy, and safe.

"And about this time, Alice—no, not even yet! But in two or three weeks more, just as all the trees and flowers were out in full glory, we'd have had our child."

"Darling, you can't be sure. Life is full of accidents," Alice said sensibly, bracingly. "You've always been wonderful, Jacquetta," she went on. "You've always been equal—more than equal to everything life ever asked of you! You're weak now, and sick, and all shaken to pieces, and no wonder! But when your strength comes back, as it will come—as it is coming, indeed—you'll face things again. You'll—you'll get through!" said Alice, in rather shaky encouragement. "Everyone's amazed at the way you've recovered," she added. "We thought it might be actual months. And here you are—walking, eating, almost back to normal, in five weeks!"

"Oh, I am a healthy enough animal!" Jacquetta agreed indifferently. And that day she talked no more.

But a few days later, in the late warm morning, again established under the orchard trees and again with Alice for her companion, she said suddenly, out of a silence:

"The reason I spoke about pride, Alice, was that this smash-up,



¶ *Babies. Curly golden heads, little dark heads. Babies banging things, carrying things, eating things . . . Jacquetta was almost dazed.*

this physical change in my whole life, really represents an inner—a spiritual, mental smash-up that is far worse. All my life long I've been—*superior*. I've felt sure, somehow, that whatever went right or went wrong I could see the pattern, the reason: I could work out the justice of it all, and accept it.

"I was eight years younger than Hugh—we were fourth cousins, you know, both Pomeroys—and I adored him from the time I was an actual baby. That wasn't so astonishing—all women adored Hugh, racing around here in his white flannels, with his horse and his roadster and his tennis racket. I was only little Jacque Pomeroy to him, the child of a family that had been here as long as his own, whose grandmother and his had been cousins—that was all. But Hugh Pomeroy was a sort of god—to me.

"When he was twenty-four and I sixteen, he married Gertrude—and I cried myself into a fever. Nobody knew why. But I had to face it, and I did face it. I lived on here, studying languages, reading Homer to my father, giving dinners to scientists and interviewing reporters, keeping up tennis and golf—nobody knew, nobody knew! Hugh least of all. After my father died I went abroad with Aunt Sally. I had chances at other societies, other opportunities of marriage—they simply didn't register. What counted was this little Massachusetts town, with the Roger Pomeroy house up on State Street and the John Pomeroy house around the corner on Washington Avenue.

"I was twenty-eight when I came home, and they told me Gertrude Pomeroy was dying. She'd never been anything but a dead weight on Hugh, never given him a child—I wasn't surprised. I knew in my secret heart who was going to give him his son; the little boy on pony-back, galloping along in the autumn leaves, carrying on the Pomeroy name, wasn't going to be Gertrude's child!

"I was with Gertrude every day—posing still, Alice, still seeing the scheme, still in control! I would sit there beside her, reading, talking; Hugh would come in, handsomer, graver, more wonderful than ever. I knew just exactly how I looked to him; bright color, tumbled hair, the broad white collars he was always so mad about, contrasted with Gertrude's thinness and paleness.

"When she was gone, still everything was exactly according to the pattern I had made. There was no hurry, nothing indecorous or undignified. Hugh went away for a while, and I went on just as before.

"And then one autumn day, standing at the up-stairs sitting-room window and looking down the drive, and wondering if I'd have supper up-stairs, with a book, I saw a man on horse-back turn in at the gate. I knew that cap, (*Continued on page 112*)

By Milt Gross

Laty Godiwa

A Famous Fimmale from Heestory





¶ *"Hm, spite-woik you making me, Meesus? ? ? So wait—we'll take from de rite slow moofing peectures."*

WANCE oppon witt a time was a ceety wot it was entitled Cowentry. So de meneger from de ceety conseested from a indiwidjil from de name from Meester Godiwa. So Meester Godiwa hed it a wife; so bing wot it deedn't was hoperating dere a Lucy Stone Ligg so de batter heff, instat she should presoiving de maiden name, wot was maybe Henna Benena odder Suzzy MecJuniperbarry, so she was pure witt seemple toimed "Laty Godiwa."

So Laty Godiwa was from a werry mik witt gantle deesposeetion, witt goot witt suft-hotted, witt izzy-gung yat—und Meester Godiwa was gradually jost diagonal from dees wot he was a minn witt griddy witt hod-hotted, witt an apparitious critchure! ! Mmmmm—mmmm—dot wicious willan, wot he was! ! !

So a whole time he hipped opp on de pipple texes! ! On wukking was texes; on tukking was texes; on bridding witt snizzing witt snurring was texes. On hall hobjects, inclooting zoop till nots, it was texes! ! By texicebs was texes; by texidoimists was texes! It was by de dugs texes; witt kets texes. By hall de henimals was texes—by de centipidds was on de fitt texes; und by de gireffs was on de nacks texes—wot it was so hoprassed witt hodsheeps de poor pipple wot dey appilled to Laty Godiwa she should bisitch de spouze he should yild to de entrittizz he should doong away witt de texes.

So she sad to heem, she sad so:

"Baze wratch, wheech thou hart! Hest for de pipple no fillings? ? ! Mine hott yoins for dem! !"

So he riplite so: "Wot huh! ! Fullish fimmale—meexest thou agan by me in de beezness? ? ! ! Seex tousand binn-shooters thou gavest away lest yirr by de Orphans' Ball—und in de seenk was by oss doidy deeshes, ha? ? Hie dee hance from mine prasance pust-haste, odder I'll wrep dee a broomsteeck arond dine fair swan-line nack! !"

So she sad: "Rilly, mine ludd! ! Does dees constitute a fect? ? ! ! So if you'll wouldn't gonna ripill gradually from de pipple de texes—so naxt Toisday, twalf ho'clock noon, Eastern stenderd time, so I'll gonna rite starch naked on a huss hussbeck!"

So he sad: "Starch naked you'll gonna rite on a huss huss beck? ?"

So she replite: "Starch naked on a white huss! !"

So he sad: "On a white huss, naked, ha? ? Hmm—wal, wal—it'll coitinly gonna show opp a beeg kraut pipple . . . You know dey deedn't saw a white huss for a lung time in dees tonn! ! Ha! Ha! Ha! !"

So she sad: "Foidermore, I'll gonna hev bobbed mine trasses!"

So he sad: "Hm—trasses, ha? ? Ho, my!—dun't we gatting Reetzy seence we leeving hon de Wast Site! ! Trasses, no lass! ! Hood hev tutt it! ! Whan you leeved don by de gezz-house was by you jost plain peeg-tails! ! Is no? ? Noo, so you could bob hulso de hears mine jeckess—is by me de same deeference! Ha-ha! Ha! !"

So it was sprad gradually de noose among de ceety from Cowentry wot it was gung to do Laty Godiwa a Paul Rewere.

So it came queeck reputters to de houze wot dey hinterwiewed de maid from Laty Godiwa.

Wot she sad so:

"Hm, of cuss is true! ! ! You dun't know de heff from it, boyiss! ! ! Sotch a cherritable nature mine meesus hez! ! ! Dees hain't de foist time! ! Jost lest wick she gafe a hexclamation so! 'Wot! no moofies for our preesoners in de jail ? ? ? ! ! ! Where is mine huss! ! !' We hed hall we could do to stopping her. Den she sad: 'Wot, no chempagne for our soldier-boyiss in kemp! ! Queeck! ! ! I'll gonna rite a flivver drassed in a spiter-wab! !'

"Hm—some day she'll gat from de cherrity pneumonia. Mock mine woids! ! !"

By a nitt bot not guddy dask, on a tradbare bot immaculate chair, in a wal-warn bot clinnly swapt-hout cunner from de poor bot honest huffice it set wan day Hignatz Himmelstein, wot he was a Hoptician witt a Hocculist witt a Hoptomitreest. Hm—deed he was don witt hout witt hidle—dun't esk! !

"Sopper is raddy, Dollink!" seng a chirry woice wot it was de property from Meesus Hignatz.

So he rispounded so: "Und wot we got tonight for sopper, Pussybonny?"

(Of cuss, it was rilly entitled Meesus Hignatz—Merrygold. Was jost a patname de "Pussybonny.")

Pussybonny hivved dipply a sigh: "Bron brad witt cuss sugar is hall we got, Higgy."

So he sad so: "Ho, wal—batter a honest-hoined bron brad ez a hill-gotten strubbery shut-cake, is no? ? Mine fodder halways sad——"

(KNOCK! KNOCK!! KNOCK!!!)

"Yi Yi Yi—whooz dees? ? ? De Sharriff maybe? ? Queeck—I'm hout from tonn! ! !"

"Comm een! ! Wal, wal, wal—Squire Jollikins! Dees indidd a plasure—comm hout from hunder de table, Higgy. Wal, wal, is coitinly a gudgeous honor you should come by oss witt a weesit in de homble quodders! !"

So de Squire sad: "Hmm—aham! ! Er—er—of cuss, of cuss . . . You know it jost heppened I was pessing, so—I tutt—aham—I'll geeve mine neighbors a show—you know—er—um—so hozz abott a pair heyeglesses? Yeh—a goot sobstential pair—it should be raddy Toisday. Yeh—sure . . . Wot? ? I should ridding de chott? So is de foist row *Hay—Hef—Hex—Fife*—ha . . . Wot? ? you'll deleever dem? Shshsh—yi yi yi. Dun't bodder—



¶ *"Mine lock—wot I got to gat it now a etteck from Klig heyes! !"*

Illustrations by
The Author



So in horder it should be a rispact whan Laty Godiwa rote don de stritt—so was cluzzed hall de weendows und not a soul was looking on her—motch!!!

I'll call minesalf—heh—you know—de meesus—shouldn't gat skerred—heh heh—so jost—aham—kipp dees hunder de het!!"

KNOCK! KNOCK!! KNOCK!!!

"Whooz dees? ? Wal, wal. Goot monnink, Jodge!!"

"Goot monnink, pipple—goot monnink!! Hmm—aham—you know—I seeing lately spots in de front from de heyes—someting huffle!! Witt hadaches—witt deezy spals yat—so I tutt so—if you could feexing me opp witt a pair chitters it should be rady—lat's we should say—aham—Toisday—so——"

KNOCK!! KNOCK-KNOCK!!! *KNOCK-KNOCK!!!!*

"Comm een. Yi Yi Yi—de Budd from Haldermen!! Witt de Tonn Concil yat!! Comm een, boyiss!! Hm—somebody was dreenking maybe a caze ganuine pre-war Scotch jost huff from de boat? ? Wot's dees? ? Wot, Toisday? ? ? I'll hev to hire a copple hextra glaziers!! Ha—sure—of cuss, we ranting dem!! Hopera glesses!! Talescupps!! Beenoculars!!! Spyglesses!!!!!—Whooy!!!"

So it dunned gradually de Toisday so it monted Laty Godiwa oppon de huss wot she gave a hexclamation, "Girryopp, Napoleon!!" Wot it stodded de huss wot she rote starch naked in bitwinn de ceety . . .

So from genderation till genderation it was hended don from grenfodders witt sons witt dudders, witt babizz witt tweens de sturry from Laty Godiwa—und how in horder it should be a treebute de rispact so hall de inhebitents rimmained during de rite hindoors wot was cluzzed opp de shotters wot was pooled don de shates wot it deedn't looked on Laty Godiwa a seengle human bing.

So from dees day hon it bicame reech witt prosperous hall de ceetizens from Cowentry wot it was in de socksass megezinns itch month was sturriz so:

HOW I BICAME A MEELIONAIRE
By Hignatz Himmelstein—Hoptician
Hod Woik witt Lung Hours de
Stapping Stunns to Futchin!!

HOW BROOZE McLOOZE CLINNED IN MAIN STRITT RILL ESTATE
Hed Feefty Hempty Sturrs on Main Stritt One Day—
Beelionaire de Naxt
HONESTY, HINTAGRITY, WITT WELLOR DE TINGS
WHEECH CONT

SAZ BANJAMEEN BOMMNOTT:
Mine Fodder Dite und Laft Me witt Seex Hondred
Weendow-Shates—Fool from Holes
Today I'm Leeving on Pock Hevenue
Wot's de Henswer? ?
GREET!! CORRITCH!! WITT EMBEETION!!

"Bot, Momma, it saz in de book wot de pipple deedn't looked—so how——"

"Sh—mine Dollink—dun't esk!!"

A Dramatic Novel

Dangerous

By Edwin Balmer

The Story So Far:

JAY ROUNTREE'S father dimly realized that business methods were changing, but he could not change with them. Wine, women and song were making a disastrous frontal attack on the Rountree income. The Slengels used these freely in the entertainment of large buyers, and as a result got their orders. But Mr. Rountree could not stoop to such methods.

Young Jay himself, at Harvard, had been even more disastrously affected by these things. His friend Lida Haige had gone to a gay party with one Nucast, who gave large orders to the Rountrees, and who had been vouched for by Jay's brother-in-law. Nucast had not proved "all right"; and when Lida was faced with the necessity for marriage, Jay, terribly upset, had insisted on taking the responsibility himself, and marrying her. He tried to act as though he really loved her. Jay told no one the truth; he took the full blame.

Only one person sensed that Jay might not be telling the truth in this affair, and stood up for him—Ellen Powell, Mr. Rountree's secretary. She had secretly been in love with Jay for a long time; now she heartened him with her loyalty; but internally his marriage stirred a storm of protest in her.

Ellen was a quiet, dependable, clear-headed girl born in a small town, whose father was a captain on the Great Lakes. She saw what was happening to the Rountree firm. She saw the influence femininity, unscrupulously used, could have in business. She saw that she might have such an influence over young Lew Alban, who was just taking charge of the Alban firm, the oldest and biggest Rountree customer. Young Alban was hostile to the Rountrees, but he liked Ellen.

Her roommate, Diana Dewitt, employed by the Slengels as an "entertainer," was in a fair way to capture the half-million-dollar Metten business, largely by sitting on the knees of Sam Metten.

Phil Metten was different from his brother Sam. He was a "family man," proud of his wife and two daughters, and determined to climb socially. When he found that Jay and Lida had gone to the Southern resort, Tryston, for their honeymoon, Phil boldly went to Tryston also with his family, determined to get Jay to start the Phil Mettens up the social ladder.

Jay personally hated mixing social intercourse with business; but he played the game with Phil. The mercurial Lida also played the game, much to Jay's surprise. The Mettens were charmed, and their business, for a time at least, was safe for the Rountrees.

Lowry, the Rountree salesmanager, congratulated Jay on his return to Chicago. But he insisted that Jay and Lida must hold the Metten account or face ruin. And Jay swore he would not drag his wife into his business affairs, no matter what happened.

LOWRY proved to be a prophet; the Metten family, reduced to insignificance at Tryston, promptly entrained; and upon the morning of the second day, resumed the occupation of their $500 suite in Chicago.

While Mama was still scanning the society columns, in hope of a personal Metten mention, Phil phoned the Rountree office, inquiring not at all for Mr. Rountree but for Jay and his wife.

The call was referred to Ellen, who replied that Jay was not in the office, though he was in the city.

"Certainly; I know it," said Phil. "His wife, too. Last night they were entertained on Lake Shore Drive. But where are they stopping?" The paper had not supplied that item.

"When he comes to the office, I will tell him you have returned," said Ellen.

"Also with me Mrs. Metten and the Misses Metten," amplified Phil, employing proudly the phrase



Business of Today

Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz

of the Tryston journal describing his family; and he repeated several times the name of his hotel and its phone number.

Ellen talked by long distance with Mr. Rountree at Stanley; and a little later looked up to see Jay. She started with some confusion.

"Good morning. My wife called me?" he asked, noticing but trying to ignore Ellen's agitation.

"No—but you've had a call."

"Father?" he asked.

Ellen shook her head and her confusion fled as she warmed with tingling rills of agreeable excitement familiar to the moments when he and she, before he had married, banded together against his father.

"Mr. Philip Metten phoned for you," she related and delivered the message, adding, "Your father didn't ask for you; but he said something about you. He's returning tomorrow and told me to invite you and your wife to dine at home with him."

"Exactly what did he say?" demanded Jay, smiling but also reddening. "I want his own words."

"Well, he told me to see that you and your wife dined with him."

"That all?" insisted Jay.

"He asked, were you still at the hotel? He said you were to move home."

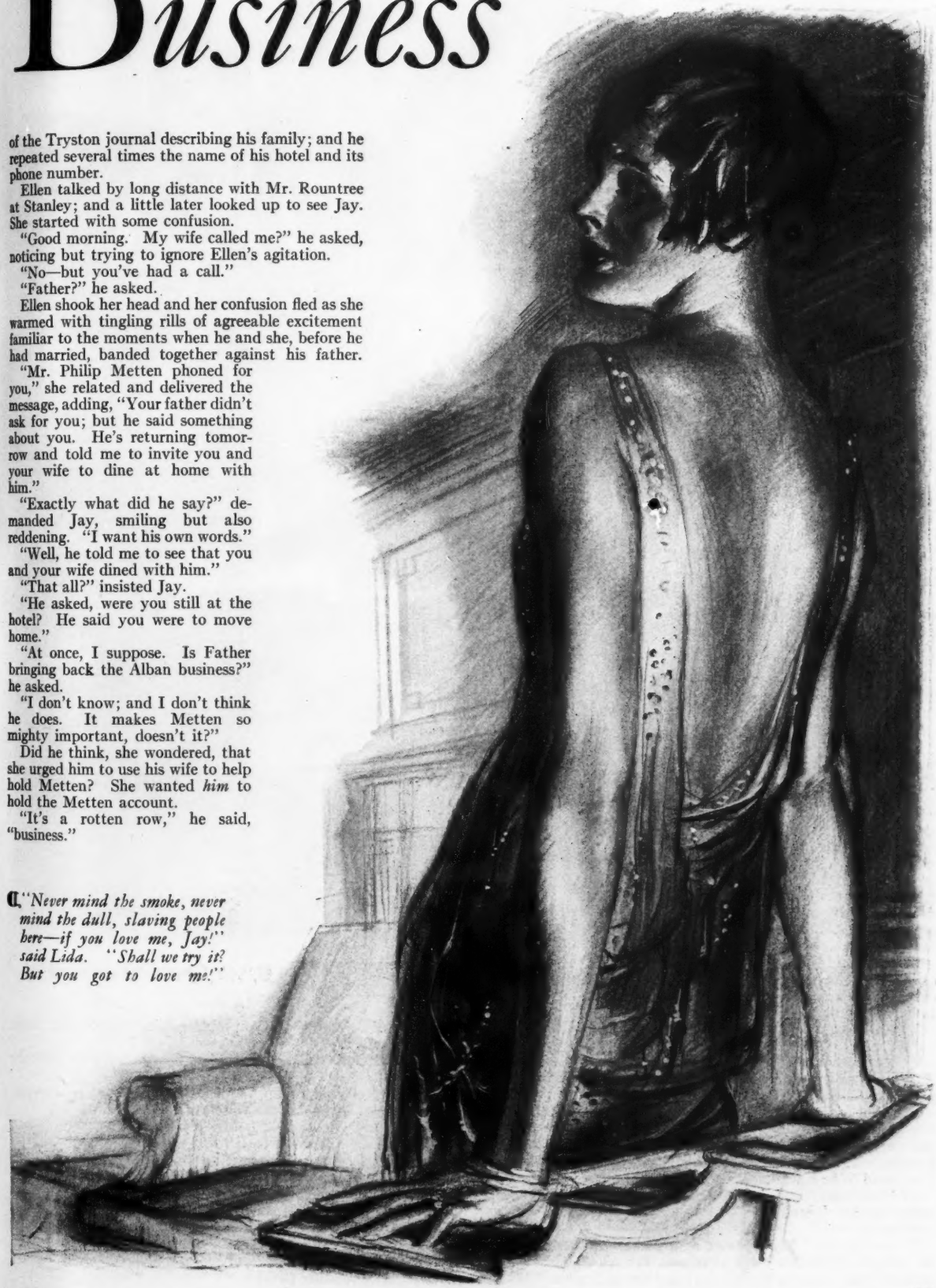
"At once, I suppose. Is Father bringing back the Alban business?" he asked.

"I don't know; and I don't think he does. It makes Metten so mighty important, doesn't it?"

Did he think, she wondered, that she urged him to use his wife to help hold Metten? She wanted *him* to hold the Metten account.

"It's a rotten row," he said, "business."

¶ *"Never mind the smoke, never mind the dull, slaving people here—if you love me, Jay!" said Lida. "Shall we try it? But you got to love me!"*



She opposed him quickly. "No, it's not!"

"Do you like it?" he challenged her.

"Of course I like it or I wouldn't be here."

"You're not here merely for money?"

"No."

"No; I know you're not," he agreed, puzzling over her in a new, surprising way. Here she was; here she had been, working beside his father for pay. Previously that had sufficiently explained her.

Now he asked: "What else do you work for?"

"What?" repeated Ellen and confessed, "I don't know."

"You like the city better than the country."

"That's not it," she denied. "For I don't like to live in the city so much of the time. I like business and the people in business."

"Do you? Do you like them better than the people at home?" he demanded and glanced out the window over the lake, Lida's sea, choked with ice and floe. "Your father works at a clean, clear job; he sails his ship; he sets his course and keeps it; loads his ore, goes back in ballast, and loads again. No Nu——" Jay caught himself quickly. "No Lew Alban and no Metten brothers can make any difference to him. Nothing but wind and weather can touch him. Would you like your father in business—holding Metten?"

"Not Father," said Ellen quickly, and gasping a little so that Jay laughed at her.

"Why not, if you like business so?"

"I don't know."

"What do you feel about him—that he's above business?"

"Not above it," Ellen denied.

"Certainly not below it."

"No; not below," agreed Ellen; and she gazed at him for long seconds with her gray, steady eyes. No one knew so well as she the hounding this boy had received to drive him to seriousness, to work, to duty; no one knew so well how it set up, inevitably, antagonism. Then there was some experience, something to do with that Nucast order and his marriage, which she did not know. She asked, very gently, "What is it little boys want to be?"

"Why," said Jay, wondering but seeing that she was completely earnest, "why, firemen, of course, and Indian fighters and——"

"And ship captains, don't they? And then what do they do?"

"What?"

"They grow up."

"Wow!" said Jay softly. "Wow!" and he was fiery red and perspiring and felt it.

She bent forward from his father's big chair, in which she was sitting, and caught his sleeve. "I'm not criticizing my father!" she cried. "He's the finest, finest man I ever knew! I wouldn't have anyone else for a father! I wouldn't have him off his ship! I'm proud to be his daughter. You know him!"

"I know him," said Jay. "I know your remark was meant solely for me. Thanks."

"I meant——"

"I said thanks," Jay repeated and, gazing into her gray eyes, he thought of Lida's black ones and her white body on her crimson scarf when she would have lured him to Levuka. "What's Phil Metten's number? D'you mind getting him on the phone for me?"

Ellen dialed the call with trembling fingers and gave over the instrument.

Shortly after he hung up, the bell rang and Ellen, answering, heard a cool, alert, confident voice say:

"This is Lida Rountree. Is Mr. Jay Rountree there?"

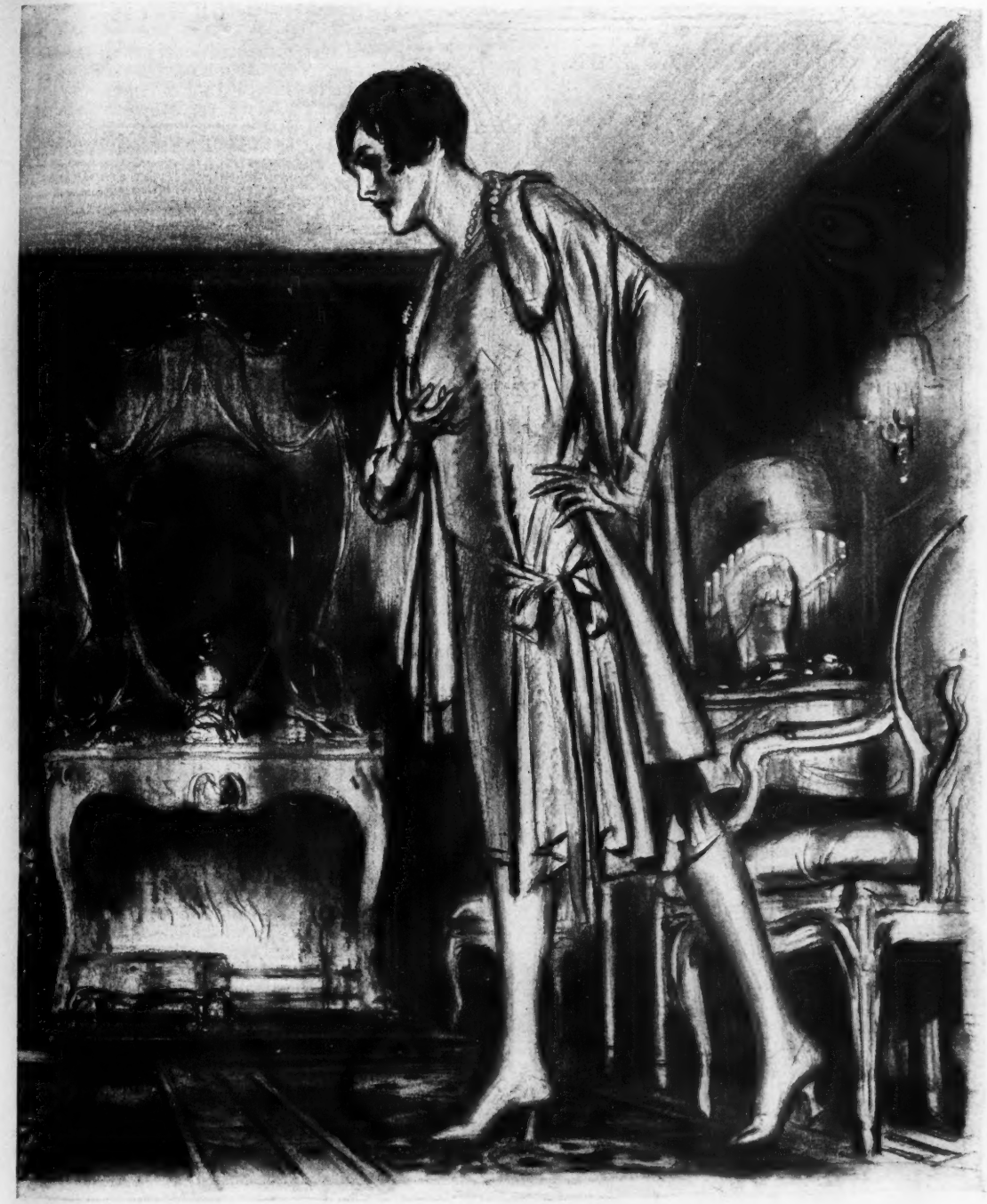
"Your wife," said Ellen to Jay and slipped into her own little room where she waited to see if he wanted her again. He did not, but departed; and after he was gone, Ellen stayed alone, upset by her excitement at what she had said and its effect upon him.

She was glad that she had said it, glad that she had stirred him so.

Could his wife—the possessor of that cool, confident voice—put him upon another path?



"*All Jay ever did was stand befor*



a minister with me, Father Rountree . . . Now I've told you. Take me home, Jay—quick!"

In spite of knowing that Lida Rountree at Tryston had charmed the Mettens and had served the business cause, Ellen was unable to visualize Jay's wife as an ally of endeavor. Nothing that she had said and nothing that Jay had put into words betrayed her different allegiance; but every instinct screamed it. Ellen Powell and that girl, who had married this boy about to grow up, were completely opposed.

Upon her return to her room, Ellen underwent twinges of doubt of her own declaration. Di was there and was preparing for another foray on business.

Di had not received the irrevocable donations pledged to her by Art Slengel when the Metten order, to Slengels, was signed; but Di was not despairing about it.

"Sam signed, all right," she reported. "Jello did his little duty. But Phil had to put off writing his name. He's sprained his wrist, you see, at the golf game—and then turning over all the pages of the social register." Di had benefited from an exceedingly frank interlude with Sam.

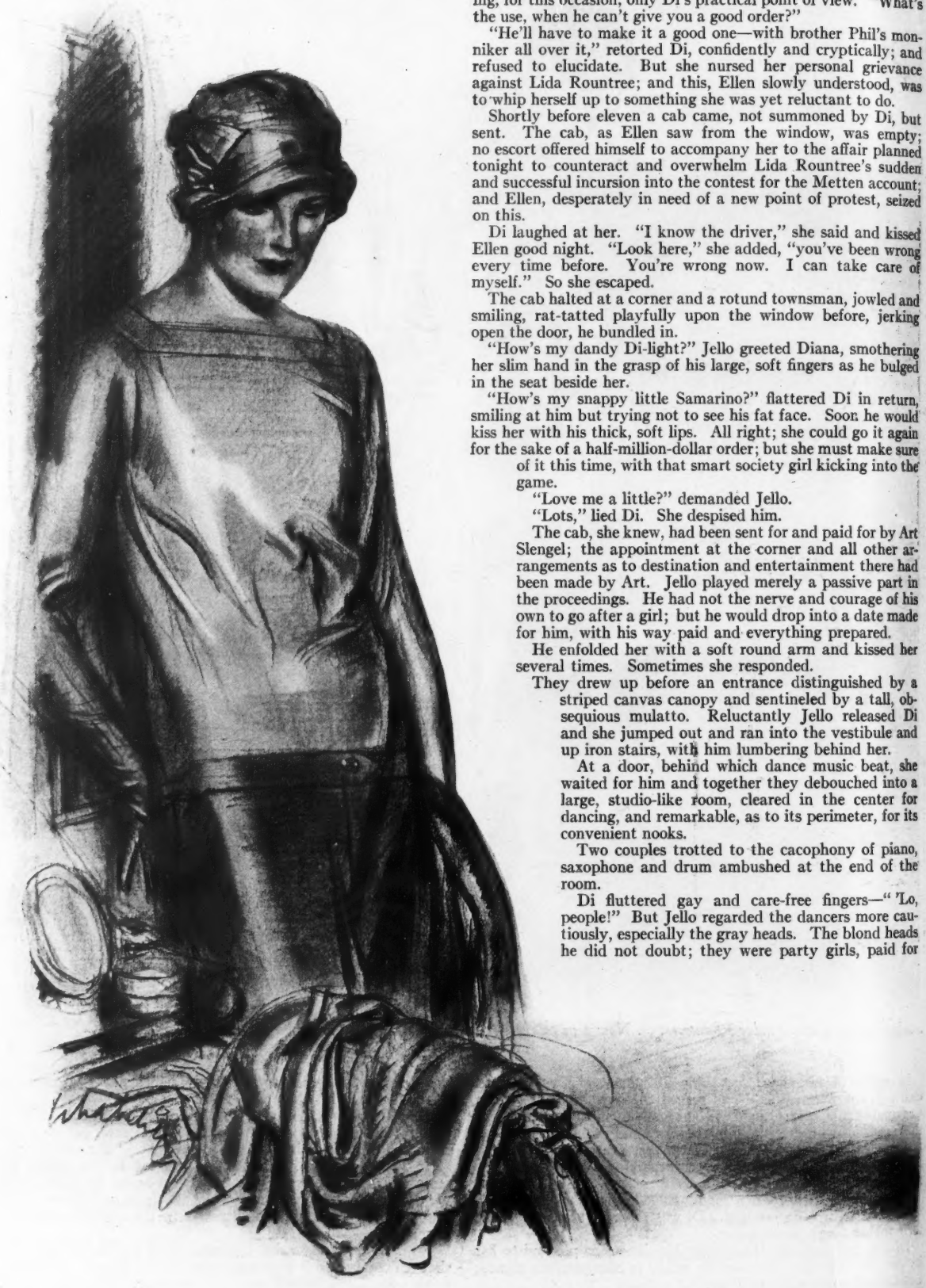
"The bride took them on quite a ride," commented Di, indolently draping and revealing, with minute care, her pink, soft body under the rose tints of her shaded light. "She certainly has them hoping high. I bet they're listening at the phone this minute for a call from the Potter Palmers or the Armours, at the very least." And Di inspected the satisfying reflections of her mirror. "Seen Mrs. Jay Rountree?" she demanded suddenly.

"No."

"Me," said Di, somewhat indignantly, "I had that order. Sam shot it across. Then that bride had to kick in and spill everything. My Lord, what'd she want from me? Why can't a rich dame like her leave a working girl alone?"

"Who're you out with tonight?" Ellen ventured to ask her.

"Jello."



"Why?" questioned Ellen, dropping other argument and adopting, for this occasion, only Di's practical point of view. "What's the use, when he can't give you a good order?"

"He'll have to make it a good one—with brother Phil's monniker all over it," retorted Di, confidently and cryptically; and refused to elucidate. But she nursed her personal grievance against Lida Rountree; and this, Ellen slowly understood, was to whip herself up to something she was yet reluctant to do.

Shortly before eleven a cab came, not summoned by Di, but sent. The cab, as Ellen saw from the window, was empty; no escort offered himself to accompany her to the affair planned tonight to counteract and overwhelm Lida Rountree's sudden and successful incursion into the contest for the Metten account; and Ellen, desperately in need of a new point of protest, seized on this.

Di laughed at her. "I know the driver," she said and kissed Ellen good night. "Look here," she added, "you've been wrong every time before. You're wrong now. I can take care of myself." So she escaped.

The cab halted at a corner and a rotund townsman, jowled and smiling, rat-tatted playfully upon the window before, jerking open the door, he bundled in.

"How's my dandy Di-light?" Jello greeted Diana, smothering her slim hand in the grasp of his large, soft fingers as he bulged in the seat beside her.

"How's my snappy little Samarino?" flattered Di in return, smiling at him but trying not to see his fat face. Soon he would kiss her with his thick, soft lips. All right; she could go it again for the sake of a half-million-dollar order; but she must make sure of it this time, with that smart society girl kicking into the game.

"Love me a little?" demanded Jello.

"Lots," lied Di. She despised him.

The cab, she knew, had been sent for and paid for by Art Slengel; the appointment at the corner and all other arrangements as to destination and entertainment there had been made by Art. Jello played merely a passive part in the proceedings. He had not the nerve and courage of his own to go after a girl; but he would drop into a date made for him, with his way paid and everything prepared.

He enfolded her with a soft round arm and kissed her several times. Sometimes she responded.

They drew up before an entrance distinguished by a striped canvas canopy and sentineled by a tall, obsequious mulatto. Reluctantly Jello released Di and she jumped out and ran into the vestibule and up iron stairs, with him lumbering behind her.

At a door, behind which dance music beat, she waited for him and together they debouched into a large, studio-like room, cleared in the center for dancing, and remarkable, as to its perimeter, for its convenient nooks.

Two couples trotted to the cacophony of piano, saxophone and drum ambushed at the end of the room.

Di fluttered gay and care-free fingers—"'Lo, people!" But Jello regarded the dancers more cautiously, especially the gray heads. The blond heads he did not doubt; they were party girls, paid for

this entertainment and dependable. Art Slengel had assured him that the men would be strangers from out of town but he put on his glasses to make sure. They, over their partners' shoulders, studied him; then they nodded, somewhat relieved. They were strangers to each other.

Di, having waited to witness this formality, fled into the refuge of a little room where five girls, four of whom she knew, prinked and powdered before the mirrors.

"'Lo, Di!" three of them hailed.

"'Lo, everyone."

The number of girls here was no proof, Diana well knew, of the presence, now or prospectively, of an equivalent male population in the gentlemen's room; for the requirements of a business party were exactly contrary to the code of a merely social affair where extra, or at least an even number of men were essential. At a party for business, there must be no stag line; every man at every moment must be entertained; there must be extra girls to compete for them.

The girl whom Di knew, but who had not spoken to her, was peering at Di in her hand mirror. She was white-skinned, blue-eyed, blondined and with overstained finger-nails.

"'Lo, Rene," hailed Di pleasantly; and was glad she was here, for Irene was her understudy although, in another sense, her rival for Jello. She was employed this evening to make it particularly joyful for Sam Metten. A couple of the others occasionally would assist in the cheer; but Irene was paid to specialize on Sam.

She peered at Di but did not speak, being peeved at Jello's pronounced preference for Diana. Not that Rene liked Sam; she shared, indeed, Di's aversion; but he was a man who had a choice of two playmates and, invariably, he preferred the other.

Di, fresh from the cab, was perfectly willing that Irene take on Jello first. Di could hear just outside the door an elephantine thumping on the floor which she identified as Jello's toes tapping his boyish eagerness for the dance.

"Shove him from shore," urged Di generously.

"Oh, Di-anna, Di-anna; don't you hear the pi-anna?" chanted Jello in the tenor falsetto of his lighter moods; and Irene relapsed into her chair.

"I'll jump in," agreed Di, "but for heaven's sake row out with the water-wings and tow me to the beach." So she sought her partner.

Jello perspired in black broadcloth with wide, plaited shirt bosom already wilted. He was very bald and very near-sighted so, when he discarded his glasses, he had to hold his eyes half closed to obtain any clear vision at all.

He squinted at Diana to make sure of her before tucking her under his arm and parading her to a tray of cocktails, which he already had sampled.

Di drank one; and danced.

"Oh, Baby!" puffed Jello appreciatively; and Di, dancing, patted gently his fat hand.

Sam soon was steaming up. He had ceased to regret the solo opportunities of the taxi; he greatly preferred a party, after he got there—provided it was a guaranteed, discreet party with no comebacks of reports of him in embarrassing quarters. Sam considered himself a performer; he liked to bring into a group, previously lacking it, a little spontaneous gayness and life.

"I see Meth and Mo have come to our city," he panted, *sotto voce*, as the music stopped.

"I'll bite," offered Di.

"Methuselah and Moses," explained Sam and pointed them out.

Di identified them by matching them up with her mental memoranda of Art Slengel's descriptions of the guests' physical peculiarities and their business importance, made for her guidance during the evening. Methuselah must be the manufacturer from a small city in Wisconsin; eight thousand a year, he might throw to the Slengels; Moses owned a plant in Iowa capable of consuming perhaps ten thousand dollars' worth yearly, of the Slengel—or the Rountree (*Continued on page 142*)



¶ *"Sam signed, all right," Di told Ellen. "But Phil sprained his wrist turning the pages of the social register."*

By Ring Then

Illustrations by



Bob hated to have other men see me so he and I walked away.

Nassau, Bahamas, Feb. 3.

DEAREST ESTHER:

Bob is asleep and I will snatch these few minutes to write you a letter, but it may not be very long because he is liable to wake up any moment and insist that I stop writing and "pay some attention" to him. He is honestly jealous of you and I being friends or of me caring for anybody besides him enough to write to them. Isn't that too silly for words and yet it thrills me to have him be that way and shows that I am really everything in his life. He is a regular child where I am concerned and can't bear to have me even mention my old friends or things that happened before I met him.

Esther, I am tickled to death now that we didn't go on our honeymoon right after we were married, but waited these seven months when Bob can have a real vacation and don't have to be worrying about business all of the time. Just think we might never have seen this place if we hadn't made up our minds to wait and Esther it is just heaven, so beautiful and quaint that it is like a place in some other world.

Well I will begin at the beginning and tell you everything about our trip like I promised though I am afraid it won't be very interesting as in the first place I was deathly seasick all the way down on the boat, but it may sound funny but I am honestly glad I was because Bob was so perfectly dear and would not leave me for a minute though he is a wonderful sailor himself and I being sick must have simply ruined the trip for him. Well I was just in misery for three nights and two days, but as soon as the boat stopped Monday morning I was all right again and able to take in all the sights.

The boat has to anchor out in the harbor on account of the water being too shallow near land so we were all loaded on to a tender and brought to the dock here and then we had to wait around while they inspected our baggage because this is a British port though they didn't open anything at all but just put chalk marks on it and Bob says about the only thing the customs inspectors look for these days is liquor and they realize nobody would try and smuggle liquor to this place as it would be like bringing coal to New Castle, Pa.

Next we got into a two seated carriage and drove to the hotel and Bob talked to the Negro driver and of course all the drivers and people like that here are Negros but not like our Negros at home, they talk with a kind of English accent and you can't hardly understand them half the time. Our room is wonderful and faces on the water which is wonderful, all different shades of green and blue and purple, it makes a person wish they were a painter it is so wonderful in coloring.

At lunch time Bob told the head waiter to put us as far as he could from other people. Bob says he used to be one of the most sociable men in the world but since he married me he don't want anything to do with other people and the more we can keep to ourselves just we two the better he likes it. The head waiter gave us a table in a corner near a window and when another couple came in and sat at the next table Bob actually got mad at them like nobody had a right to be in the same dining room with us almost.

After lunch I unpacked or rather I directed the unpacking and Bob did the real work as he won't let me lift my hand to really do anything as he says he would never forgive himself if I overdid. At five o'clock the hotel orchestra began playing out on the lawn where they have a dance floor and serve tea and drinks and Bob and I had some tea and cakes and danced four dances.

Most of the other people around us were drinking highballs and things and Bob said he didn't blame them, if he had to dance with some of the women here he would want to drink enough first to blind him. But he said he wanted his eyes clear when he looked at me and as for drinking anything why just being with me and touching me made him intoxicated. He does say the nicest things and puts them so differently.

He is beginning to wake up so this will have to be "continued in our next."

With love,

Irma

Nassau, Bahamas, Feb. 6.

Dearest Esther:

We are having such a heavenly time that it seems criminal to not share it with somebody but of course it is just us being here together alone that makes it so heavenly. It is simply heavenly here and I don't see why people go other places when they can come here and I guess maybe they don't know about this place or perhaps it seems more wonderful to me than it really is on account of being here with Bob and that is what makes it so wonderful. Anyway I was never so happy in my life and am already dreading the time when it will be time to start home.

The first day we got here there was a young couple introduced themselves to Bob after dinner that evening and wanted to know did we want to play bridge with them. As you know I don't play bridge and Bob says he can't take any interest in games unless I am in them so he told these people we were going out for a sail and after we were alone he said he hated to tell a lie so we would have to go out for a sail so he would not have told those people a lie, so he hired a sail boat and it was simply heavenly sailing in the moonlight just Bob and I and the man sailing the boat who never looked at us.

The moonlight here is heavenly and I don't believe there is any other place where it is so wonderful and it was so wonderful that Bob and I had to laugh at the idea of staying in a stuffy hotel and playing cards when you could be out sailing in the moonlight though I suppose it would bore some people.

The next morning we got on the hotel boat and went over to the bathing beach and went in swimming and the water was wonderful but Bob didn't like it at first as he said there was too many people around and he hated to have other men see me in my bathing suit so he and I walked way along the beach where there was nobody else and we went in the water there. It was kind of weedy and not as nice as the regular beach as there was also some rocks in the place we went in and I stubbed my toe on one of them, but Bob said he would rather I stubbed my toe than have a lot of men staring at me, but he was awfully nice about my toe and kept asking me how it felt.

Bob is a wonderful swimmer and I tried to make him go out and enjoy himself in the deep water, but he wouldn't leave me

W. Lardner and Now

Charles D. Mitchell

for a second and he said he would never forgive himself if he left me and something happened to me. I told him I would stay in shallow water and there would be no danger, but he said he had heard that sharks and baracudas sometimes came right up to the beach and bit women if they were alone.

We came back to the hotel for lunch and in the afternoon we took a ride on the glass bottom boat to the sea garden. It is a boat with a glass bottom and you can see right through it and they took us to a place where the bottom of the sea is just like a garden with things growing in it and fish. It was simply heavenly, but Bob got kind of mad because there was a man that spoke to me, the man didn't mean anything, but Bob gave him a terrible look and the incident kind of spoiled the trip.

We had dinner in our room as Bob said there was too many people in the dining room. We went to bed early and the orchestra was playing out on the lawn and it was heavenly just lying there listening and finally they sang some native Bahamian songs and Bob just loved them and is going to try and get them to take home with us.

He is through shaving and all dressed and this will have to be "continued in our next" as he gets impatient if I am not ready to do things with him when he is ready to do them.

Yours,

Irma

Nassau, Bahamas, Feb. 10.

Dearest Esther:

What do you think I did today? Well you will never guess so I may as well tell you. I played golf. I suppose I ought not to say I really played it but I played at it though Bob said I had a beautiful swing and he was amazed at how quickly I picked it up.

Bob of course is a splendid golf player and brought his clubs along, but up to today I couldn't make him play as he said it was no fun for him to do anything if I was not doing it with him,



¶ It was heavenly but Bob got kind of mad because a man spoke to me.



¶ I do get a little lonesome sometimes . . .

but yesterday we took a carriage ride and went past the golf course and Bob said he would like to try it and I said why didn't he and then he said he would if I would go along and play with him. Well at first I thought he was joking, but he was in dead earnest and he said he did not see any reason why I did not learn the game and then in the summer time we could play together and he would not have to play around with a lot of stupid men who always wanted to bet and then get sore when he beats them.

Well I finally agreed to try it and he borrowed some clubs from Jock Hutchinson who is the teacher down here and we went out on the linx and the first time I swang at the ball I missed it entirely, but I hit it the next time and did better after that and we played nine holes and Bob said my score was 92 which was good for a beginner. We are going to play again tomorrow and every day we are down here. It is really wonderful exercise and as long as Bob won't play without me I feel like I really ought to play with him because he really enjoys the game so much.

It took us an hour to get out there and an hour to get back, but we could have made it in ten minutes each way if we had gone in an automobile, but Bob won't use the automobiles here as he says the carriages look more in keeping with the place they are so quaint and it would be sacreligious to use the automobiles. Well Esther won't you be proud of me when I am a real golfer and maybe I will have a chance to teach you the game some time when Bob is away on business.

We had a narrow escape when we got back to the hotel. Just as we were coming in the door a man got out of a car right behind us that Bob knows and it was just luck that he didn't see Bob. He is from Chicago and Bob says he is an awfully nice man and he does business with him sometimes, but he says our whole trip would be ruined if we couldn't be alone just by ourselves all the time we are here and not see anybody else, that is to talk to them. So we are having dinner in our room again so as not to take any chance of seeing this man and maybe his wife is here with him and we would have to spend an evening with them or something. I hope they will go away soon and not bother us.

I had some pictures taken the second day we were here by a man who takes pictures of all the hotel guests and then if you like them you can buy some of them. They were finished today and the man showed them to us and I wanted to buy two or three of each as they were awfully good, but Bob said I could only buy one of each and that would be for him and he didn't want me sending my pictures around to other people, so I guess you will just have to remember what I look like and get along without my picture.

Last night the orchestra played out on the lawn and Bob and I danced a couple of dances and were sitting there watching the others and the assistant manager of the hotel was there and he came to our table and asked me to dance and I almost started

to get up when Bob answered for me and said he was sorry but I had turned my ankle in swimming.

I know the man had seen me dancing just a few minutes before and I don't know what he thought, but he was awfully nice about it and said maybe we could have a dance some other time.

After he had gone away Bob said I wasn't to speak to him next time I saw him or he would take it as an encouragement and ask me to dance with him again.

Must close now as Bob has finished the letters he was writing and wants to be read aloud to. I don't read aloud very well, but he says he loves to have me as he can sit and look at me while I read and it don't make any difference if I read well or not because he is too busy looking at me to pay any attention to what I am reading.

Love, Irma



¶ *I don't read very well but it don't make any difference to Bob.*

Nassau, Bahamas, Feb. 13.

Dear Esther:

I know I promised to write you every other day while we were down here, but I am afraid I will have to ask you to release me from my promise. I suppose I could tell you a fib and say I don't have time to write, but that would be a fib and the real reason I can't write to you any more is because it makes Bob mad and I won't do anything behind his back so I know you will understand if you don't hear from me again and as soon as I get home and Bob's vacation is over, I will come and see you and tell you about the rest of our trip, that is anything that might be interesting.

Bob don't like to have me write for two reasons, in the first place he is jealous of all my old friends and he says I am his wife now and all my time belongs to him and he don't want me wasting it writing to other people even if they are old friends and secondly he don't like the idea of me telling anybody the things we do down here as he says this belated honeymoon as he calls it is sacred between him and me and it is nobody's else business what we do down here.

Please try and understand Esther and forgive me and you know I love you and wouldn't do anything in the world to hurt your feelings, but I am married to Bob now and his feelings are to be considered above everything else. We are having such a heavenly time that I simply can't do anything that would spoil it in any way.

Your friend,

Irma

Nassau, Bahamas, Feb. 5.

Dearest Esther:

Well Esther here we are Bob and I "honeymooning" again and it hardly seems possible that three years have gone by since we were in Nassau before, but don't you think it was a wonderful idea coming back to the place where we had such a heavenly time the winter after we were married and this is the first time Bob has had a real vacation since then and he has certainly earned it and I know he will enjoy every minute down here even if we keep to ourselves and just rest and "loaf."

I am feeling all right again after being terribly seasick all the way down from New York. I thought it was quite rough, but Bob said it was just like a billiard table and he was quite provoked at me being sick and threatened to leave me home the next time he was going anywhere on a boat. He said he did not see how I ever sat through a dinner party as he would think the waves in the finger bowl would upset me. Bob just loves to tease me.

When we went in the dining room for lunch today the same head waiter was there as the last time and he remembered us after three years and gave us the same corner table we had the last time. Imagine him remembering us after three years, but after lunch Bob stopped and talked to him about giving us another table in the middle of the room and not so far off from everybody as he said it would not seem like we were in a big hotel way off from everybody like that. So tonight he is going to change us.

I have had quite a busy afternoon unpacking and getting settled. Bob went out with some men he met on the boat to play golf as he said he couldn't very well get out of it and he thought I would be too worn out to play with him after my seasickness. I am afraid he will be bothered to death by all the different people he met on the boat which he couldn't help because of course I was unable to leave my stateroom for meals and they put him at a big table with a lot of other people but he can always manage to discourage new acquaintances if they begin to make a nuisance of themselves.

Will have to close as Bob promised he would be back in time for a few dances before it is time to dress for dinner, but it is after six now and the orchestra will soon stop playing, but I suppose they were slow getting their golf game started the first day or maybe he has had trouble getting away from those other men.

With love,

Irma

Nassau, Bahamas, Feb. 7.

Dearest Esther:

Well it is nearly bed time but I don't feel like going to bed till Bob comes in and he is downstairs playing bridge with a



¶ *I being seasick must have simply ruined the trip for Bob.*



It is really wonderful exercise and Bob won't play without me.

woman and her husband and the woman's sister that he met on the boat. I have hardly seen him at all today as he was not feeling well this morning and would not go to the beach swimming as he said he thought it had upset his stomach swallowing the salt water, but he insisted on me going without him and he introduced me to a friend of his from Chicago a Mr. Granville who was here three years ago with his wife but his wife has since died. Bob said Mr. Granville was a great swimmer and would see that I did not drown and would teach me to swim.

Well I wouldn't let him teach me to swim because I hate to have a strange man come near me in swimming, but he was awfully nice to me, but I didn't stay in long as I hate to enjoy myself when Bob is not feeling well.

Bob and I had lunch together and he felt better and arranged a golf game with some people he met on the boat. I asked him if he was sure he ought to play when he didn't feel well, but he said it was swimming that upset him and not golf. I asked him if he wasn't ever going to play golf again with me and he said yes some time, but he said it wasn't much fun playing with me as I am so terrible that we can't play any kind of a match and he likes to play with people he can bet with and he also said I look so awkward when I try to play that he is afraid people will laugh at me.

Yesterday I asked him if he didn't want to go out in the glass bottom boat and look at the sea garden as we did when we were here before and he said yes we would go tomorrow, meaning today, but when I reminded him of it he told me to go alone or find somebody else to go with as he couldn't get any thrill out of looking at a bunch of dirty sea weed. He did keep his promise to take me to tea out on the lawn where they dance.

The golf match had tired him out though and he wouldn't dance but he would not admit he was tired but said he didn't like the music and wished the orchestra would get up to date and play something besides old native tunes that the Negros down here made up. They really only played the native songs for one dance, but Bob has no ear and don't know one tune from another. He insisted on me dancing with Mr. Granville whom he invited to our table.

We had tea and Bob said he felt like he needed something stronger than tea and he drank four highballs so I knew he wasn't telling the truth when he said the golf hadn't made him tired.

I was really very tired myself and I suggested that it would be a good thing for both of us if we had dinner in our room and we would go to bed right after and I would read to him. He said he wouldn't like anything better though he could hardly understand me when I read because I mumble my words so, but he had asked some people he met on the boat to have a cocktail with him and they were people who might help him in a business way so he couldn't get out of it, but if I met them too why it would mean we would probably have them on our hands the rest of the time we are here so he thought it would be a good idea for me to have dinner by myself and go to bed when I felt like it.

After dinner he phoned up to say that he got tangled up in a bridge game with these people and I had better go to bed and not wait for him. But I know he will have some things to tell me about these people when he comes in and he tells things in such an amusing way that I hate to miss it and maybe by tomorrow morning he won't remember half the things that happened.

The weather has been heavenly and we are having a simply wonderful time and I wish some time you could come down here and spend a week or two as it is simply heavenly and I don't believe there is another place like it in the world.

Am out of stationery so this will have to be "continued in our next."

Love,

Irma

Nassau, Bahamas, Feb. 8.

Dearest Esther:

I have been having dinner in the room again as I did not feel like dressing up and going downstairs. Bob was tired out too and wanted to stay here with me, but those people he met on the boat insisted on him having a cocktail with them and as long as he had to get dressed for that he thought he might as well eat in the dining room and now he is playing bridge with them again as they couldn't find a fourth without him. They are a Mr. and Mrs. Griffin and Mrs. Griffin's sister, Miss Cutts, and he met them on the boat coming down. Mr. Griffin is in a position to do Bob some good in a business way and that is why Bob don't like to refuse their invitations.

This morning I went over to the beach with Mr. Granville and Bob played golf with some people he met on the boat. As we were coming back from the beach a man stopped us who takes pictures and he wanted to take a picture of Mr. Granville and me together but I thought that wouldn't look right so I let him take my picture alone and while he was taking it Bob came along and he had just come back from his golf game and when he saw me getting my picture taken he teased me about it and said I must think I was a movie star or somebody getting my picture taken all the time.

I said I was just having it taken for him and he said I needn't waste money on pictures of myself for him as he already had enough of them and I better send these to my friends who were always asking me for my picture. So if they are good I will send you one and send some to the other girls too.

This afternoon Bob went out to play golf and I was sitting on the porch reading and Mr. Granville came along and invited me to take a drive with him and I was tired reading so I accepted and we took a carriage though Bob says it is silly to ride in the old broken down carriages they have got here when you can get a car and get to places ten times as fast but we were in no hurry so we took a carriage and drove past the golf club and they have got a bathing beach out there too and we stopped for a minute to watch the people in swimming and there was Bob in swimming with Miss Cutts whom he met on the boat coming down.

Well he didn't see us and I didn't say anything to him about it when he came home but he is just a child Esther and he knew I would think it was bad for him to go in swimming when the salt water affects him so and that is why he went in swimming where he thought I wouldn't see him and I only hope he don't get sick again.

He had promised to take me for a moonlight sail tonight, but I could see that his golf and his swim had worn him out and besides that the Griffins made him stay down on the lawn when they got back from the golf club and he didn't want to offend them but he felt so tired that he had to take some highballs and then Miss Cutts practically made him dance with her twice and he was tired enough without that, but he never would have told me all the things he had had to do and probably would have gone sailing with me if I had reminded him of it, but I had watched him dancing from my window which fronts on the lawn and I knew how he must feel so I pretended I had forgotten all about our sail.

Poor Bob he wasn't a bit like his usual cheerful self when he got up in the room and he would have given anything to get out of his engagement tonight and he was so cross that when I tried to persuade him to stay here by hinting that I was getting lonesome staying all by myself with nothing to do, he said, "What would you do if I was here? All you ever do is read or write letters. Why don't you write to your friend Esther and tell her your troubles?"

So I just laughed it off but I do get a little lonesome sometimes and wish he could get rid of these people he met on the boat. It is so heavenly here and such a wonderful place and we could be having such a heavenly time if it (*Continued on page 223*)

A Novel *by*

REX BEACH

Illustrations by
W. B. King



The Story So Far:

LESLIE HATTEN had reason for his hatred of the feminine sex. A woman had almost wrecked his life; subsequently, a woman tried to wreck it again.

Son of a poor Florida farmer, while in the French Foreign Legion he had married Mavis when he was home on a brief visit, had gone back to the trenches and came out almost a wreck from shell-shock and repressed dreams of her—only to find that Mavis had had the marriage secretly annulled. Leslie had returned to his old farm in Evergreen, Florida, to live the life of a hermit and try to recover his emotional balance.

But he was not to be left alone. Years before, he had had a mild love affair with Rose Burkhardt, a native belle with a fiery character who had pursued him unmercifully. Now, although she was married to Lon Henderson, she took up her pursuit of Leslie again. She made love to him shamelessly, and brought matters to a climax when she tricked him into a compromising situation, with her in his room dressed in a filmy negligée.

As Rose had arranged, Lon Henderson and Uncle Rowe Knight broke in on the two at Leslie's home. There was a violent scene, and Leslie smashed her scheme to bring about a divorce and remarriage only by announcing flatly that he was already married.

Meanwhile numerous young ladies, and some older ones, had also been trying to get a thrill out of calling unchaperoned on Leslie, the hermit. Jessie Peebles, who was the sweetheart of his good friend Marvin Swallow, deputy sheriff, and the daughter of Judge Peebles, was among these; also those rather pathetic spinsters, the Misses Baker, with both of whom Judge Peebles was quixotically in love. Leslie began to be unpopular even among his best friends. To make matters worse, certain hooded figures began to make trouble with his negro help, and Lon, who was supposed to be prominent in the Klan, was observed engaged in mysterious activities about Leslie's property.

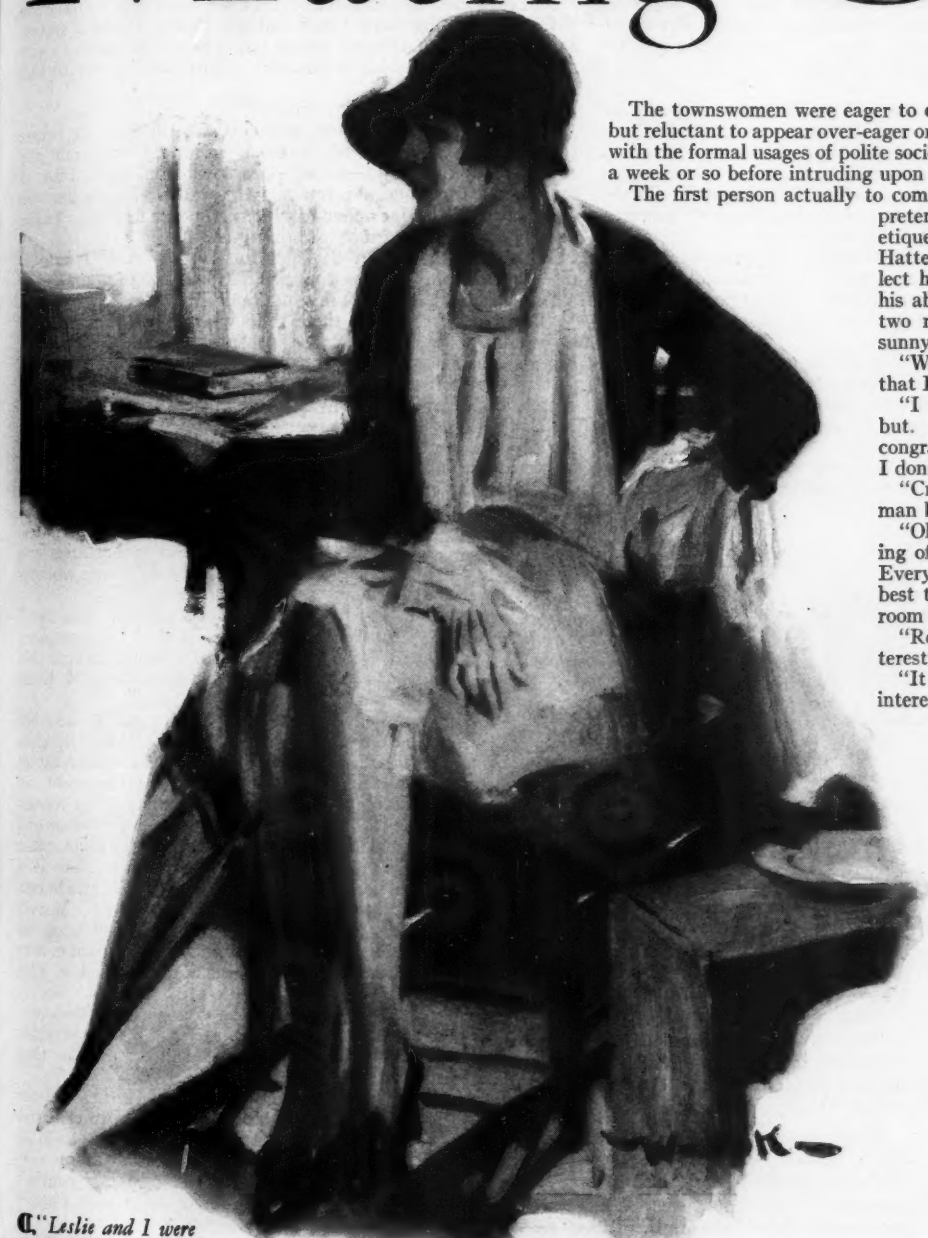
Leslie now determined on a reckless plan to put a stop to all this. He needed a wife. He went to Ellis Island and picked out a rather unusual Russian immigrant girl named Catherine Azoff, with her elderly parents, Anna and Ivan. They were about to be deported for some irregularity in their passports. Leslie promised to get them admitted if the girl would marry him. Obviously in terror of returning to Russia, Catherine, with a biting scorn, finally agreed to his cold-blooded bargain.

They stayed in a cheap lodging-house; their only honeymoon was a walk through the New York theater district at night. Catherine was, scornfully, wearing some good-looking second-hand clothes that Leslie's friend Thurber contributed, and Leslie was surprised to see that in them she had a regal beauty which did not show under her peasant garments.

They were to go to Florida next day. That night Leslie, for all his apparent cynicism, was deeply touched by Catherine's child-like misery in the face of an enforced wedlock without love. Yielding to his better instincts, though cursing himself, he made an excuse to leave her alone, came back late, and lay down to sleep on a couch in the room, a prey to conflicting emotions.

LESLIE HATTEN'S return to Evergreen with a wife excited the amount of interest to be expected, but the fact that he had married a foreign woman created a sensation, for foreigners were uncommon thereabouts. Rumor had it that she was a Spaniard or a Belgian or an Aa-rab of some sort and could not speak a word of English. This was pure hearsay,

The Mating Call



¶ *"Leslie and I were children together," said Rose. "He is big hero. How so you don't marry him instead of me?" asked Catherine.*

for the couple had arrived on an early morning train and nobody had seen them except the station agent; but one thing appeared to be certain: the bride was a woman of large means, for she had brought with her two personal servants. And she was a beauty, according to the agent.

Uncle Rowe Knight, it transpired, had known right along that Leslie was married: that he had married during the war. Wasn't that like the fellow to pretend to be a woman hater? Now that he had sent for his wife, no doubt he would fix up his place and emerge from retirement.

The townswomen were eager to call on the new Mrs. Hatten but reluctant to appear over-eager or to expose their unfamiliarity with the formal usages of polite society, so it was decided to wait a week or so before intruding upon the reunited couple.

The first person actually to come was Marvin Swallow, who pretended to no knowledge of etiquette whatsoever. He found Hatten at work repairing the neglect his place had suffered during his absence in the North and the two men seated themselves in a sunny spot.

"Well, I suppose you've heard that I'm married," Leslie began.

"I haven't heard nothing else but. I thought I'd run out and congratulate you ahead of the rush. I don't like crowds."

"Crowds? You're the first human being I've seen."

"Oh, the stampede's just holding off till the honeymoon's over! Every woman in town has got her best things laid out on the spare-room bed and is rarin' to go."

"Really? Why this sudden interest in me and——"

"It ain't in you, and it ain't interest. It's curiosity."

"Ah!"

"They've heard that Miz 'Atten is a Royal Begum or a Lady Maccabee or something and the Rose Henderson revolution has busted out in all its fury. The socially offended are deserting in a body and it'll be a mercy if some of our sturdy, independent daughters of the wilderness ain't severely trampled when they start to come. If all the slices of layer cake your wife is going to be offered was laid end to end they'd reach to Gulf City, and the ice-cream, if piled into a heap, would top the highest pinnacle of——"

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm merely warning you and your wife to get out your dyspepsia tablets and prepare for a round of social gaiety. The tyranny of Lon Henderson and his wife is shattered, once for all. It was the maid and the butler that did the trick. All Rose has got is a couple of negro women to do her housework."

After a question or two Leslie smiled faintly and said: "You must meet Mrs. Hatten and the 'maid and butler,' too. You'll be able to do all of us a favor. Meanwhile, tell me what has been going on."

"There ain't much news except what I make. Every so often I furnish a topic of conversation. Bad luck sure haunts me; I killed another darky while you was gone."

"How did it happen?"

"Most natural thing you ever saw. It could have happened to anybody. I drove over to the East Coast to get a pore petty-larceny prisoner that had jumped bail and on the way back he up and hops out of the car. I hollered at him twice but he wouldn't stop so I cut down on him. I remembered our talk about missin' the next one, or at least about shootin' him around the rim, so I tried to bust him in the leg. Just as I squeezed down he tripped and fell and—I hit him in the middle. He never kicked. You know what I did? I took that old blue Colt's by the bar'l and I heaved it as far as I could. It's there yet, I reckon. I said, 'Marvin, you've made your last arrest.' I drove back here and turned in my badge."

"Resigned?"

"You said it. Misfortune can keep peckin' at a feller until he gets raw. I've probably killed my last man—or next to it."

"Hm-m! Am I to infer that the habit of manslaughter has become so fixed that——"

"Not exactly. But I've sworn off killin' negroes." Something in the speaker's voice drew a sharp look from his hearer.

"Is there some white man? Some—enemy who needs killing?"

"He ain't an enemy as yet, but he's filed an application."

"If I were you I'd make it a complete reformation."

"I'm willing, but when a married man takes to runnin' around with a nice girl and fillin' her head with ideas, somebody has to get him. Why not me?"

"Don't act too hastily. These modern youngsters are frequently as much to blame as the man. Rowe Knight's daughter nearly got me into trouble with her 'new freedom.'"

"Sure! But you knew she didn't mean anything; kids like her and Miss Jessie love to play with fire. But there are men who would fan the spark. There's only one way to treat a fellow like that—put him in the past tense and pat him on the chest with a spade."

Although Marvin spoke without heat there was an evil glitter in his eyes and Leslie felt certain that he was not talking at random. He assumed that some new exploit, some characteristic "adventure" of Jessie Peebles had excited this display of rancor, but of course he could not bring himself to ask. Swallow changed the subject abruptly by inquiring:

"Mist' Atten, are you familiar with the tax laws?"

"Why—in a general way."

"Better make sure, for they're going to play a part in this boom. Over on the East Coast a heap of people have sold land to which they can't give a good and merchantable title. Payin' taxes or not payin' 'em hasn't made much difference to people around here so far because nobody ever bought anything. That is, nobody but Lon Henderson. If I were you, I'd clean up my record while I could."

"Thanks for reminding me. But nobody would ever buy this place."

"I don't know. You've got a fine thing in that spring of yours——"

"Fine for what?"

Swallow shrugged. "Don't ask me—a hotel site, mebbe. The boom's coming across the state. It's too big for the East Coast. People are picking up town property and acreage right and left. Who knows what may happen? Down at Gulf City the hotels are full of strangers and they're all buying real estate. I'm going into the game myself. I've got an office and I just bought some land on the bay front. I'm about to bait me a hook and become a realtor."

"I didn't think anything would induce you to leave—Evergreen."

Marvin smiled mournfully. "Ain't but one thing would. She did. As a cooing dove I'm a failure; mebbe I'll be a success as a fish-hawk. I thought mebbe you'd like to go partners with me. We could hold hands and sort of surround up any suckers that swam our way."

"Bless you, I haven't any money!"

"Me an' you both! We're so much alike in that, we belong to be partners. I stood off the landlord for my office rent and the kind lady that owns—owned—the water-front trusted me. I put up the front and she retained the water. Seems like you could invest dollar for dollar with me and never miss it. You're passing up the opportunity of a lifetime."

With a laugh Hatten declined this invitation. "I hate to dis—to pour cold water on that riparian frontage of yours——"

"Go ahead. A little more would help it."

"But I can't see what there is to warrant this boom everybody talks about. Our climate is just what it has always been, Florida is as far away and as hard to get to as it ever was. It's just as hard to make a living here as it used to be. What has changed? What is new? What's the excuse for a rush?"

"Dogged if I know!" Marvin hastily confessed as he scrambled to his feet. "I haven't been a realtor long enough to answer questions. But I reckon there must be plenty of answers if I could think of 'em. Anyhow, I'm going to leave here before you induce me to cancel the lease on that office and give the lady back her beautiful water-front. People can't be good real-estaters and talk like you do. What's the difference whether there's any *reason* for a boom?"

"I want you to meet my wife before you go."

But Marvin shook his head. "I'm a red-neck and I don't go in much for polite doings. No use to give her a wrong impression of Evergreen society."

"That's exactly why I want you to meet her—to avoid a wrong impression." But Swallow declared he must be going. "Then you must let me tell you something," Hatten went on gravely, "and you will do me a favor by repeating it. Mrs. Hatten is not a—a personage and it will save a lot of embarrassment if you make it known as quickly as possible. She is a Russian peasant girl, and that 'maid and butler' she brought along are her parents." Marvin blinked, astonishment was stamped upon his usually expressionless face. "They came over in the steerage and we were married at Ellis Island."

After a moment the younger man said awkwardly: "If I were you I wouldn't say anything about it. I'd let folks think whatever they wanted to."

"But I want 'em to know!" Hatten declared forcefully. "If the women choose to call after they understand the facts, they're free to do so, but it wouldn't be fair to them, or to my wife, to deceive them. And she certainly couldn't live up to the deception. For my part, I prefer to be left alone."

"If I'm any judge you'll get your wish," Marvin said with a grin.

When he had seen his visitor off Hatten entered the house and inquired for Catherine. It was nearing the supper hour; Mrs. Azoff was preparing the meal and in answer to his inquiry she told him in pantomime that Catherine was down at the spring, as usual. Hatten frowned. His wife, it seemed, was spending most of her time down there; the place fascinated her. That was all right, of course, but—she was neglecting her duties. For that matter, she had never assumed any household duties to speak of, and from the very day of her arrival she had appeared perfectly willing to let her mother do most, if not all, of the work. So far as Leslie could see she had scarcely turned her hand.



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Three years ago we worked out a scheme for a special summer subscription that guarantees your getting the four issues at a saving—but, most important of all, guarantees that Cosmopolitan will follow you to whatever summer place you visit.

If you will turn to page 22 you'll find the scheme explained; then if you'll fill out the coupon, we will do the rest.



¶ *"Never more I do this," cried Catherine. "Maybe I keel you!" . . . Flint and steel! The sparks from her anger had struck fire, ignited something in Hatten.*

Thus far, he had said nothing; he had told himself that the girl felt lost, bewildered; that she had not adjusted herself to these alien surroundings. But a week had gone by.

Ivan and Anna, from the start, had shown a keen interest and a sincere enthusiasm in their new home; they had been like two joyful children and due to their industry the place already showed an improvement. Anna had taken hold of the cooking and the housework; Ivan was up every morning at daylight, and darkness found him still at work. But their daughter was—indolent.

Hatten acknowledged the unwelcome truth and reason warned him of the danger of permitting this condition of affairs to persist. It was time to have an understanding.

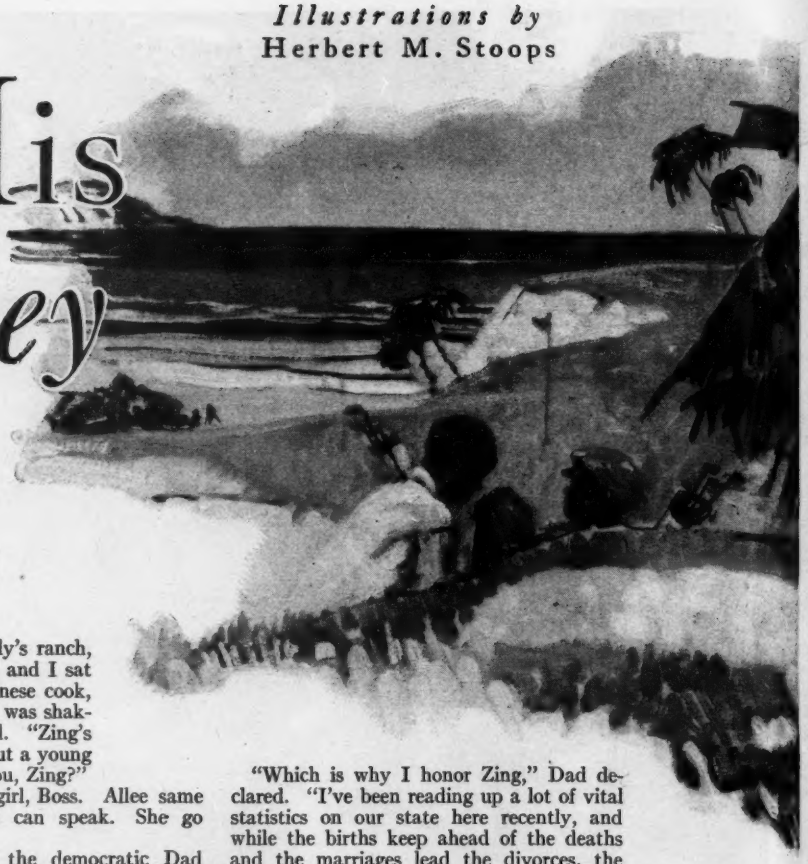
He passed out through the kitchen and down the trail into the hammock.

Yes, it was time for a showdown, he reflected; this marriage, this bargain of his and Catherine's, was going all wrong and if not put on the right track at once nothing less than miserable failure could result. So far as marriage was concerned it was as yet no marriage at all, for he rigidly adhered to the attitude he had assumed that first night in New York—she had her own room here and he had his—and he proposed (*Continued on page 104*)

For His Money

The Love Story of a Wealthy Cowboy

Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops



IT WAS first drink time at Dad Tully's ranch, and in the mellow sunset light Dad and I sat on his veranda, while Zing, his Chinese cook, valet, guide, philosopher and friend, was shaking up what Dad calls an alfalfa cocktail. "Zing's going away tomorrow to snaffle himself out a young wife," Dad volunteered. "How about you, Zing?"

"Sure, me ketchum velly nice Chinese girl, Boss. Allee same Native Daughter. Velly good English can speak. She go Melican school. Velly nice girl."

"Help yourself to a snifter, Zing," the democratic Dad suggested, "and we'll drink to the bride."

Zing showed all his teeth in a wide, pleased grin of appreciation. "Bime by ketchum plenty baby boy alound lanch," he promised and poured himself a drink.

"Here's to the bride," Dad toasted the heathen. "Now, looky here, Zing. Don't you be gone too dog-gone long. Make this wedding of yours snappy. Remember, my bed ain't going to be made up while you're away and I've got to eat with the hands—not that I'm too proud for that, but then I like the comforts of home, now that I can afford them. You just grab that girl, Zing, and beat it back to your job. You're a good man, Zing, and I'm going to give you three months' wages for a wedding-present. May your wife bear you seven sons and may none of them turn out to be highbinders."

Zing was touched. No Chinaman is ungrateful and with him a square deal begets a square deal. Master and man shook hands and Zing cried shrill thanks and laughed immoderately. Dad looked after him humorously as the Chinaman disappeared with the tray.

"I do hope Zing ain't biting off more'n he can chew," the old cattleman observed. "In the first place he's about thirty years older'n his bride-to-be and sot in his ways. Added to that, he ain't been off the ranch in five years, so how in Sam Hill he's found time to court this damsel in San Francisco beats my time. He's probably arranged the deal by correspondence with her pa, or through a fellow countryman.

"At that the girl does well because Zing's a pretty fine old horse and has saved his money. I've built that little bungalow off under the oak trees yonder for him and his bride, sort of figuring that if I made 'em comfortable and happy they wouldn't leave me.

"All that worries me is that the girl is a Native Daughter. Been through high school and works in the Chinese telephone exchange in Chinatown; probably wears foreign-devil clothes and is plumb crazy about some movie actor.

"Zing's always practical but I have my doubts about the practicality of this marriage because the girl's civilized and Zing's never going to get over the habit of burning little strips of red paper to appease his personal devils. I hope they won't be mismated because I'd hate like Sam Hill to see Zing snarled up in a divorce."

"Nevertheless, Zing is still practical," I suggested. "For him the big idea in getting married is to father a number of children."

"Which is why I honor Zing," Dad declared. "I've been reading up a lot of vital statistics on our state here recently, and while the births keep ahead of the deaths and the marriages lead the divorces, the tail-enders in both races are gaining ground steadily. I lay this lack of family life to the women. They're out for what they call the New Freedom. If Zing's wife pulls any of that on him I tremble for the result, because there's only one boss on this ranch and that's Zing, and when a man as sot in his ways as Zing—by the way, speaking of this New Freedom reminds me of the case of Harvey Alcorn and his affair de cower, as the French call it."

Harve's a right nice boy who used to have a right nice cow outfit over in the Madeline Valley in Modoc County (Dad went on). I reckon he run as high as twenty thousand head, and all good stock cattle. His pa leaves him the outfit when he dies of penumony of the lungs when Harve's rising twenty; and while running that outfit is a sizable job for a boy, the old man's never neglected anything in Harve's raising, so things run along as of yore, only more so.

Harvey's been through high school and business college in San Francisco and he's put in a couple of years finishing his knowledge of cows at the Agricultural College of the University of California down to Davis. The result is, being more modern, he learns what his old man never learns—and that's efficiency.

By raising the quality of his cattle he gets more money for them at market, and he's the only cattleman in North America who, in the glad old money-making war days, when even a thin old cow is worth eighty dollars as a canner, has sense enough to see that the golden days can't last forever. Harve figures that whatever goes up must come down, so while the going is good he sells out, lock, stock and barrel, and retires from the game at thirty years of age with about seven hundred and fifty thousand hard cash dollars.

While Harve was running his cow outfit he wasn't exactly a recluse nor yet a social frost. He had a habit of turning things over to his superintendent every few months and taking a trip to San Francisco, where he'd had his schooling and made friends. In fact he belongs to two good clubs there. No, Harve ain't one of your gawky cow-waddies, and when he come to town he looks pretty much like other folks and acts like them, more or less.

However, he never stayed in the city long enough to get into trouble and his mind was always on the cattle business. I dare say he flirted around some with the fair sex, but none of them ever got close enough to earmark him and brand him until he sold out his cow outfit and there wasn't a thing left in life for him except morning, noon and night.

By Peter B. Kyne



¶ Harve decides women just can't be figured by no mere man; but he's plain infatuated with Jobyna.

However, he wasn't bored too long. Once the post-war deflation set in, Harve was in his element. He'd got the notion in his head that prices on everything was going down until they hit rock bottom and there they'd stay for a while, while the country scratched its head and wondered how come.

So he keeps his eye on the stock market and presently opens an account with a dependable broker who tells him which stocks are wildcats and which are real. Harve picks himself out a line of staple stocks, straddles the market and sells a million dollars' worth short. When it seems prices can't go any further into the red Harve closes out his trades and has two and a half million, more or less. This money he invests solid in dependable stocks at rock-bottom prices and sets down to wait for the comeback.

Well, Sir, right after Coolidge is elected, you'll remember the Republican Party got to feeling right pert, with the result that Wall Street, which is the mainstay of the party, went hog-wild and started booming things to beat four of a kind. Harve's specialty was oil, steel and motor stocks, and when he sees he can cash in and make another 2,500,000, he decides to do so and let somebody else take over the risk of carrying the load to a higher market.

Once out of the market Harve is sensible enough to stay out. He knows nobody can continue to win in a game he don't control, so he pays up his income tax, gets himself a lot of nice new clothes, gives a farewell dinner to his friends and starts out to educate himself and get worldly by taking a trip around the world. He has another reason for this, however.

Now, in his rambles around San Francisco, Harve has met and got himself liked by one of the bright female lights of society, a lady by the name of Mrs. Pearl Hardacre. Mrs. Hardacre's a grass widow of considerable charm and some money still left from the settlement made by her late unlamented, who's rich but old-fashioned and ag'in the New Freedom business.

Mrs. Hardacre don't worry none about the future, however, because she's still on the right side of thirty, cuter than a pet fox and prettier than Happy Valley in April, when the blue lupine and yellow buttercups are up. She has charm and she knows to the thousandth of an inch just what fools men are and how easy a clever woman can hog-tie the wisest of them.

Pearl likes Harve. He's a new note in life, being simple and natural and above-board. If Harve thinks a thing is so and you ask him if it isn't something else, he's bound to disagree with you. He's shy on small talk with women, but he's right interesting and well informed when he's got something worth while to talk about. He don't know anything about women except that he's bound to lift his hat to anything in skirts and consider it a lady even if it ain't.

He's so old-fashioned he never amuses himself making love to women that plainly wants it and expects it, Harve holding to the antiquated theory that it ain't right to make love to a girl you ain't in love with. In fact, he's so plumb innocent and free from self-thinkin' he ain't even aware he's one of the handsomest, most striking-looking *hombres* that ever comes in off the range and that the women he meets all fall for him like chimneys in an earthquake. Consequently he gets the reputation of being a deep one, a man of great repression and cunning and wary as a coyote, whereas all he's afraid of is that he may appear to be forward!

In those few years he spends in San Francisco cleaning up five millions in easy money, Mrs. Hardacre is the only female that comes anywhere close to interesting him, and that's because she's foxy enough to talk cattle and grass and the price of feeders, which is conversation Harve can understand and get interested in. She takes the Stockman's Journal and keeps herself informed of conditions throughout the West.

While she's right fond of Harve, to give her her due, she ain't noways considering marrying him. Harve ain't rich enough for her. She figures he has enough for one to be extravagant on, but if two, and one of them an expert, tackles the job, he'll go bust *muy pronto!* So Harve's just a pal until Pearl sees the amount of his 1924 income tax in the public prints. You'll recall that as a liberty-lovin' people we had to submit to that outrage for a while.

Well, Sir, Pearl reads that and starts figuring and when, from one source and another, she learns of the clean-up he's made in the stock-market there ain't no more hope for Harve than there is for a calf with anthrax. She's practically thrown herself at him all year and as good as proposed to him three times, but he has a habit of changing the conversation or not understanding her drift. However, she's patient, on account of it never occurring to her that Harve just ain't interested on account of him being for true love and not having encountered it yet.

They're down-town shopping together the day before he's to start around the world and Mrs. Hardacre's hating herself because she can't very well afford the trip, otherwise she'd have arranged to be on the same ship with Harve and rope him some moonlight night on deck in the tropics. They're standing in front of a window looking at jewelry, and Mrs. Hardacre's gradually leading up to the subject of wedding-rings on display there when a girl passes them by, nods at Mrs. Hardacre friendly-like but not too exuberant and passes on her way, but not until her eyes have roved over Harve from heels to hair and his have roved over her.

Instantly he grabs Mrs. Hardacre by the arm. "Good Lord," he says, "you know that angel? Who is she? Please call her back and introduce me."

"Sorry," says Mrs. Hardacre, "but I know her so slightly, I can't even remember her name. In fact, I do not wish to. She's really a bit impossible."

"A fool could see she ain't that kind of a girl," says Harve, contemplative-like.

Mrs. Hardacre blew up at last. "I suppose you think I'm a fool," she snaps. "Really, Harve, you are so exasperating at times. Do, like a dear, run along to your club. I'm tired and must go home."

Harve don't need no second invitation to pull his freight. He don't even take the trouble to tell Mrs. Hardacre how sorry he is she's so tired, because he hadn't invited her to go shopping with him anyhow. It had occurred to him some time back that he hadn't had a day free to himself in Lord knows when, what with Mrs. Hardacre always making plans for him how to spend his time—with her. That was why he had decided to travel! So he drifts up Post Street in the wake of the only female in the world that's ever challenged his attention.

Keeping abreast of the wondrous lady, but on the other side of the street, Harve follows her to a modest sort of apartment-house.

She unlocks one of the letter-boxes in the entrance and takes out some mail; then she gets her latch-key out of her bag to open the door, and what with the handful of mail and her bag and the key and some more of the things women are always carrying in their hands, Harve observes that she drops one letter and don't know she's done it.

All his cow-country instincts bid him let out a yell and tell her she's dropped a letter. On the other hand, once you get a



¶ *This dumb-bell would monopolize Pearl, seeing which*

dyed-in-the-hide cowman stalking his prey, no metropolitan detective can use his head any better, so Harve throttles the impulse, watches the fair lady disappear and then picks up the letter.

What a small world this is! Now here's Harve, so long away from Modoc County nobody ever suspects that the brightest years of his life have been spent gazing at cows from the hurricane deck of a horse. He's a living proof of the adaptability of the species to its environment—that is, outwardly. But inside—well, Harve's heart skipped a beat when he sees that the envelop carries the return address of Patrick J. McGonnigle, Judge of the Superior Court, Alturas, Modoc County, California. But a still greater surprise awaits him, for the letter is addressed to Miss Anna May McGonnigle.

Now Alturas, the county-seat, ain't more than a day's ride from the Madeline Valley, where Harve used to run his cattle. Anybody within a hundred miles of a fellow up that way is a neighbor and in a cow country everybody knows his neighbors. Consequently Harve knew Judge Pat McGonnigle well and had often voted for him.



Jobie would nab Harve . . . He got so embarrassed his reason just tottered on its throne.

"This vision," says Harve, "is undoubtedly one of old Pat's daughters. I remember he had five. In fact I've danced with the two oldest girls many a time and oft, but I don't recall Anna May. Reckon she was a bit too young for dances in them days. However, I'm a fool for luck. I don't have to depend on that Pearl Hardacre to introduce me. By jings, I can introduce myself to any girl in Modoc County and not have her think I'm trying to sneak up on the blind side of her, either.

"This Anna May has most likely heard of me up yonder, and when she knows I'm a friend of her father's—well, dog-gone that Pearl Hardacre, anyhow. What call has she got to say that one of Pat McGonnigle's girls is impossible? Why, she said it as if the girl wasn't all she should be! Well, I'll bet a forty-dollar hat Anna May don't smoke cigarets and wrap herself around more cocktails and champagne than's good for her, anyhow."

As he goes down the street, looking for a florist, Harve is tore something cruel between his love and duty. An unkind fate has handed him a double portion of hard luck mixed with good luck. He locates Anna May McGonnigle and can't get her out of his mind at five o'clock this evening—and at noon tomorrow he's sailing on a trip around the world, to be gone a year!

His first thought is to cancel his ticket, but then if he does that he'll have to put up with Pearl Hardacre riding herd on him and never giving him a day to himself; also he's made so many engagements to meet this one in Shanghai and that one in Egypt and the other one in Paris, and he's such a hellbender on keeping even the simplest of promises, he decides he has to go through with his program, even if this act of foolishness causes him to be a prey to worry (*Continued on page 126*)

The Hermit's Love Story



A VERY few days after Alec's telling of Tadhg O'Doracy's marriage and death on a lake island I met him in the high wood, and sitting together under the beech-trees by the old mill within hearing of the tumbling brook, I said:

"Whenever I hear a sound of water falling over high cliffs or purling over big stones I remember the stories you told me—better than any French or English or Italian stories."

"Hadn't they a great story teller in Italy by the name of Boccaccio?"

"They had, Alec; but I like your stories better."

"If you are not making game of me, your Honor, tell me which of them you'd put above Boccaccio's. Looking back after these years you will be able to make a good choice."

"All are good, Alec"; and the stories returning to my mind one after the other I began to search my memory for words, thinking to please him.

But his face did not light up with pleasure; on the contrary, it grew darker, and after watching him for a while I fell to telling a story, bringing into relief the incident of a young man coming over from the Pyrenees with wolfhounds.

"I remember the young man and the wolfhounds," he said, "but the rest of the story belongs to your Honor more than it does to me."

We wrangled awhile, and then Alec came out with the truth, saying:

"I told your Honor stories to amuse you on your holiday, but I'd be glad to know that you aren't given to telling them in London to newspaper boys and their like, for a great harm might come to me. I'm not thinking now of the story of Tadhg's death, for there's no clergy in it to speak of. All the same, I might have left the clergy out of it altogether."

"I don't see how you could have done that, Alec, great story-teller though you are."

Alec looked round nervously. "Would you be speaking a bit lower? There might be somebody hiding behind the old mill."

"Even so, Alec, he wouldn't hear our talk across all that bubbling water."

"Isn't it an old saying, your Honor, that stones have ears?"

"And isn't it an old saying too, Alec, that no story means the same to every man that hears it? Isn't it in the story of Bran, or in Briciu's Feast, or in Maine Morgor, or in some other great

By George Moore

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger



¶ *"Hungering I am for Brother Dinoll," Crede told the porter, "but it's the spirit hunger."*

story, that two men shade their eyes with their hands so that they may see better; all the same, one beholds a boat sailing over the sea with a man in it, whilst the other beholds a man driving a chariot over forest boughs? And the words of the old Irish poet, Alec, are but the telling of a great truth: that the world is a different world to every man that looks upon it. What sets one man holding his sides with laughter fills the next man's eyes with tears of pity, and all the newspaper boys in London have got hold of the cry that the genius of the Celtic race is to mingle tears with laughter. There is plenty of both in your stories."

Even this praise did not remove the gloom from Alec's face.

"You are tormented with scruples, Alec, about your stories of spiritual wives. A spiritual wife, I grant you, will not be understood by the ignorant and the stupid, but all men are not stupid and ignorant, and no story can capture the sympathies of the whole world. Everyone must be content with his own circle, and I think there are many who will understand that there is great beauty in the story that came to me between sleeping and waking last night, one that I heard years ago in my childhood from Timothy Moran."

A story (I continued) of two children, Dinoll and Crede, who grew up side by side in the north of Ireland by a lake overhung with great woods, through which they wandered on long summer days, returning home tired, the girl's thoughts on the flowers she had brought back, the boy's on the bees' nest they had found, or the bird they had captured. And of the day's adventures they would talk as they lay together in the same bed, too tired for sleep, till in a happy weariness they fell asleep sinless, to awaken without thoughts of sin.

Innocent as angels before the fall, they passed out of the childhood into their teens, till one day it befell Dinoll to fall under the spell of Christ; and it was one Sunday morning on their way to mass that Crede began to notice he did not speak of the great host of blackberries they had discovered—for the summer was drawing to a close and they were now at Samhain, nor did he speak of the bird they had caught and put into a cage and hung above the cottage door.

A girl is quicker than a boy to notice any change in their relationship, and it was a sorrow to her that his eyes were not fixed upon her but upon the lighted candles shining on the white Scriptures. "Why is he like this?" she asked herself; "cannot he love Christ and me at the same time? Do those who love Christ put aside all other things?"

She was afraid this was so, was sorry, and walked nearly in tears by his side, till she could bear the silence no longer and said:

"Are we going to rob the wild bees' nest today of its honey?"

"No," he answered, "we are not, for during mass I have been praying for strength to waste no more days in the woods. It is not to wander in woods and to watch the bees and the birds and the foxes and the badgers, and all the other wild things, that we

were born into this world. You know what I mean, Crede?"

And the girl answered. "Yes, it is true for you."

And so they parted, happy, yet in their happiness there was grief, for they loved each other very dearly. It almost broke the boy's heart to say: "We shall never wander in the woods again"; and the girl felt that her heart was broken. So much I can say without trying to separate their loves and tell which was greater than the other. They loved, but they loved God more than each other, so it is hard to say whether it was in joy or sorrow that they parted.

"You won't be delaying at home, Crede, after I am gone to the monastery? You'll be off to the convent the day after or the same day? And among the nuns, singing the holy offices of the church, you'll be gaining a high place in Heaven, and I too, among the monks, may be as fortunate as yourself. But you won't deceive me? For though I can live apart from you on earth, it is only because I would be living with you in Heaven. You understand me, don't you?"

And the girl said she did, and her promise was given readily that she would not delay at home but would be on her way to the convent as soon as they parted at the crossroads. But after their parting she broke down crying, finding that she loved the boy more than she suspected.

She sat down to gather a few blackberries but she could not eat them, and though she was thirsty she could not bend down to the spring of water. "Of what use," she said, "to drink? Of what use to eat? Of what use to do anything now that he is taken from me? The only useful thing that I can do is to go into a convent, for when he hears that I am not in it he will know that I have broken my promise and will love me no more."

All the same, though there was great reason for her going to the convent and asking to be admitted among the holy nuns, she did not go, though she found no pleasure in life. So she was miserable for more than three years, till at length she could bear her misery no longer, and when that happened the thought came to her that she might go to his monastery and take counsel with him.

"After speaking to him," she said, "I may get strength to shut myself up with the good sisters and forget this world and hope that the next world will be better than this one, for it's this that has been a sad world to me and I so young.

"A sad world!" she walked repeating, for though the spring was singing about her in the runnel and in the branches, the world was very sad and dark, there being no beauty in the clouds above the lake, nor in the blue between them, nor in the flowers springing up everywhere, and the monastery itself was an ugly place on a hillside above the lake, as ugly, no doubt, inside as out. As she walked she could see no more than Dinoll's shaven head, his brown beard and his fresh face, and a cord round his waist. And wondering whether his eyes would be glad to see her or if they would be scornful, she toiled till she came to the door of the monastery, and might not have had the courage to knock, but the door opened and she was face to face with the porter.

"It is Brother Dinoll I have come to see—my foster-brother."

"Foster-brother? We know no such things here!" said the porter. "But if you are talking of Brother Dinoll I can give you news of him, and strange news it will be to you; for no more than two years was he here when he said that there was too much chattering and talk, too many quarrels and bickerings and things he did not like, and that he'd find time for his own thoughts and prayers better in a forest dell."

"Now, where may the dell be?" Crede asked.

"I do not know; and if I knew I wouldn't dare to say it, for I can tell by your eyes that you are hungering for him."

"Hungering I am," said Crede, "but it's the spirit hunger and not the flesh."

"Ah, you all begin in the same way; I've heard that tale too often!" said the porter, and he slammed the door upon Crede.

"Never," said she, "shall I see Dinoll again!"

But wandering on in the woods, where she hoped to die, for there was no joy at all in anything for her now, she came into Glen Bolcane, and it seeming a happy place to her, she said:

"I will stay here, for there is a fine spring of water, and nuts, too, and these will keep me alive till God in His mercy calls me out of the life of this earth into the life that is lived in Heaven, which must be better than the life of the world, for no woman can suffer the same pains twice unless in Hell itself, where pain goes on forever, and I have done nothing that I know to deserve Hell; so once I am dead my sufferings will cease."

As she made her moan she heard a voice praying: "May God grant us peace and happiness; may the countenance of the King shine brightly upon us when we leave behind us our withered bodies . . ."

"So," said she to herself, "he is thinking of me still." And rising up from the ground she walked and found him praying, and his back being turned upon her, she touched him on the shoulder and said: "Dinoll!"

"So thou hast come from thy convent, Crede?"

"From thy monastery, whither I went to get tidings of thee."

"And who in the monastery told thee to come to Glen Bolcane?"

"None told me, for none knew of thy hermitage; but the porter said that the babble of voices in the monastery and the many quarrels of the monks brought thoughts to thee of some quiet dell where thou wouldst be nearer to God."

"And he spoke truly," said Dinoll, "for whosoever would hear God must close his ears to the tongues of men; God speaks very gently, and His voice is heard under these boughs."

"Beautiful are the boughs," she said, "of Glen Bolcane, and the glades were full of flowers as I came along, and the birds were singing so blithely that I thought I was back in the woods we have left."

"Ah, the woods that we have left!" said Dinoll.

"Thy voice tells me, Dinoll, that thou dost keep a tender corner in thy heart——"

"For the memories of our youth are all that we have except God," he answered.

"It pleases me to hear that thou hast not forgotten our woods, our quest for wild honey, and our grief at the loss of the blackbird; and thou rememberest, Dinoll, our house in the woods, the dry ditch overgrown with briers in which we ate our bread and drank goat's milk together and wove a cage out of osier bands for the bird, thinking that we had a song-bird. We waited for the brown fledgling to turn black, but no black came, for it was but the brown mate of the bird whose wings are blue-black and whose beak and claws are yellow as gold, and who whistles as no other bird whistles, catching very nearly the strain of a human melody. We set the dusky bird free to find her mate in the woods—ah, thou hast forgotten!"

"No, Crede, I have forgotten nothing—not the day we were pursued, or thought we were, by the boar and climbed the great fir-tree together hand in hand and remained in it till evening, nor thy words as we touched ground."

"My words?" Crede asked.

"Hast forgotten thy words? 'We shall be thinking of this night that we spent in the fir-tree till the end of our lives.'"

"There are nut bushes in Glen Bolcane," said Crede, "and blackberries over the ridge of the hill at Samhain."

"And good water too," said Dinoll; "but thou hast not told me yet why thy promise to me was broken."

"The most I can tell thee is that I had sense that thy life would not be spent among chattering monks; more than this I do not know."

"And when the porter, Brother Murchad, told thee that I was gone in search of a quiet dell, thy feet led thee hither?"

"Yes, it was so seemingly, for I thought not of seeing thee; my feet led me, or it pleases me to think that they did."

"And what wouldst thou here?"

"I would," said Crede, "live with thee as thy sister and helpmate, joining with thee in thy prayers and talking over the doings of the day with thee as we lie side by side."

"Thinkest that this can be again, Crede?"

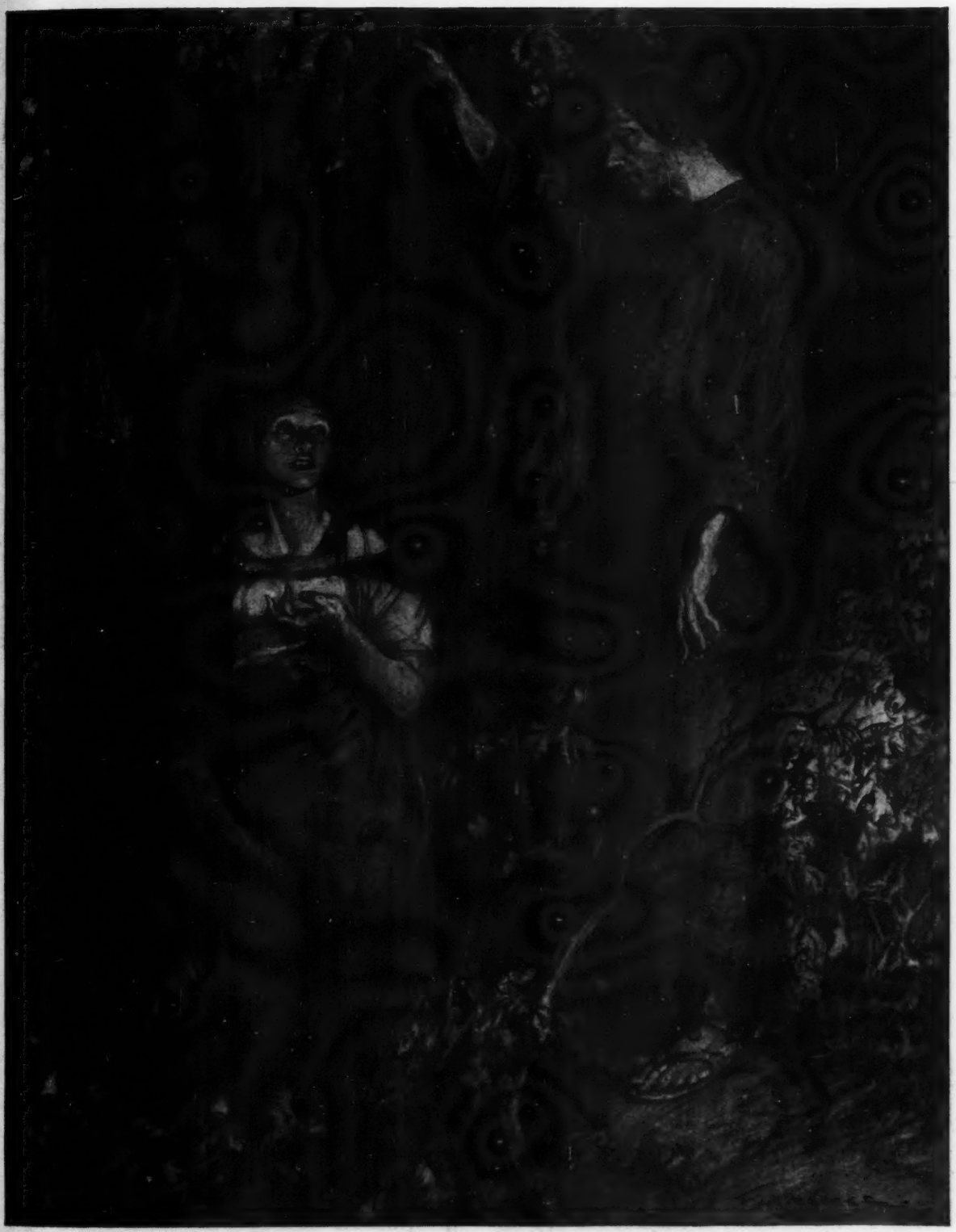
"Why should it not? for all things return to the point from which they started. We started our lives together and will end them together, though how that will come about I know not."

"Crede, thou speakest vain words, for thou art a woman. Glen Bolcane is beautiful in the spring when the lark sings trancedly—we hear him now in the blue between the branches of the trees—but Glen Bolcane is not always as it is today; after spring comes summer, and after summer autumn, and winter nights are cold in this dell. The owl comes here and hoots, so cold is he."

"But lying together we shall not be cold, Dinoll. Wouldst thou turn me away, and will it be counted a good deed to do this? And art thou without knowledge that a sister and helpmate is permitted to every hermit? And to be near thee I will take one end of the dell and thou shalt take the other."

"But then, Crede, there will be no temptation, and we are here——"

"Ah, that is true; but we were not tempted before, so why should we be tempted now one by the other? We will think of the good Christ That whispers in lonely places to those who would



¶ *"Wouldst thou turn me away," Crede pleaded with Dinoll, "and art thou without knowledge that a sister and helpmate is permitted to every hermit?"*

hear Him and promises a great recompense for those who live according to His law."

"If thy thoughts be so, Crede, and thy mind be set upon earning in this life a high place in Heaven, let us earn it together, for two souls praying reach God's ear easier than a single prayer. Now come, and I'll show thee the hut that I live in, shapen like a beehive." They walked a little way together, and leading her under the thatch he showed her his bed and outside the hut the hearth whereon he built his fire. "Here I boil my beans and lentils when I have them," he said, "and thou shalt share them."

And from that day on they lived together, sharing beans and lentils and living on wild fruits and the hedgehogs that God often sent them in times of scarcity, till one morning putting out his hand to touch his companion he found her share of the bed empty. And rising up, a great gloom came into his face, and he went forth to seek her; and finding (*Continued on page 186*)

By ROBERT HICHENS

A Novel *of a* WOMAN *with a* DEVIL *in her* Soul



The Bacchante

The Story So Far:

CURIOUS charm, a genius for great and simple acting, and an uncontrollable sensuousness—these were the chief characteristics of Valentine Morris, if you add a fine spiritual nature and an underlying religious bent. This at intervals made her disgusted with the London stage life in which she played the part of a rioting bacchante, and also made her feel that the one man who genuinely understood her was the gentle priest, Father Bexland.

Valentine's whole life might be viewed as a drama of struggle against the control of men.

For a long time she was under the control of young Trever, a conceited, selfish, shallow but very handsome fellow whom Valentine had loved when she was a struggling actress, and to whom she had borne an illegitimate son. For all her clear insight, Valentine could not shake off her passion for Trever. He became joint manager of a theater with her, and he and Carrie Geean, a rich theatrical backer, exploited and prostituted her genius in a cheap play. She could not get clear of his evil influence until her little son died, when she broke with Trever completely—and broke her contract with Carrie as well.

But at once another man, who had been merely biding his time, stepped forward to control her. This was Campion, a coarse and brutal but highly successful theatrical manager, in whose theater Valentine had made her first success. When Carrie threatened suit for £16,000 damages for broken contract, Valentine in desperation accepted Campion's offer of a large salary, on which he would advance enough to pay Carrie if Valentine would tie herself to him for five years. Campion actually settled with Carrie for £5,000, to be deducted in instalments from Valentine's salary. Valentine feared the arrangement—rightly. For Campion loved her with all the force and the will-to-conquer of a ruthless nature.

One man, who also sought control of Valentine, might have saved her—if she could only have loved him. This was Martin Dale, the playwright who had first "discovered" her, and had written for her the new play in which Campion intended to star her. Dale, a man of great understanding and great gentleness, loved her genuinely. She liked and admired him, made him her one confidant, but could not love him. Dale fled to Egypt to get away from the bitter pain her continued presence with Trever meant to him. There he heard of her little son's death, and hurried back, but was delayed by a serious attack of influenza.

Campion's new contract with Valentine filled Dale with foreboding. He arranged, quietly, to take over the lease of her house, which was on the market, and to buy her possessions, which were up for sale. Then he called at the cheap hotel where she was staying, full of hope that he might persuade her to marry him.

But angry jealousy crept into his words, and he blurted out that he was buying Valentine's things so that she would not have to remain under obligations to Campion. Then, aghast at the ugly force of his words, he hurried away without telling her at all what he wanted to tell her.

DALE went home that night obsessed by a feeling of catastrophe, and afraid of himself as well as disgusted by himself. He had wanted to ask Valentine to come back to her home, to take it back from him with all that was in it, to live in it once more, but with him, as his wife. Now he felt that he could never do that. He felt morally ugly and hopelessly unworthy of Valentine.

And yet how natural his impulsive outburst of jealousy had been! But he hadn't wished to be natural just then. He had wished to be finer, more noble than it was in his nature to be. He was horribly distressed at this revelation of himself to himself—and of course to her. But it was the revelation to himself which hurt him most sharply.

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Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead



¶ "*No more dancing till three or four o'clock in the morning, eh, Miss Morris? From now on you belong to*"—*Campion stopped short, then finished*—"*to your art.*"

On the following morning Macfarlane brought him a letter which had just been delivered by a boy messenger. On the envelop he saw Valentine's big handwriting.

"Please tell the boy to wait," he said.

"Very well, Sir."

Dale was sitting at the breakfast table; when Macfarlane had gone out of the room he hesitated to open the letter. Valentine must have been startled and disgusted by his outburst. How coarse, how brutally indelicate he had been—or the low creature whom he housed within him had been. And she was so sensitive and so proud. Yes, in spite of her extraordinary subjugation by Trever, she was proud.

Dale hesitated with the letter in his hand. He was afraid of being castigated for what he had done. He was even afraid of being told that he had broken her friendship for him by his ugliness.

She was impetuous. Perhaps in this letter, written probably in the night, she cast him away.

At last he opened the letter.

Dear Martin,

I will accept this great kindness from you. And I will pay my debt to Campion at once: that will be such a great relief to me. You cannot imagine, I believe, what a relief it will be. I was going to work off that great debt—it is five thousand pounds—by degrees out of my salary, paying so much each week. Now I can pay in one sum before I begin to work. How thoughtful and dear you are!

Valentine

As Dale looked at the last sentence he felt that tears came into his eyes. The fact that she had ignored, had been able to ignore, his coarse outburst, touched his most intimate spring. She had done a difficult thing as if it were easy to do. For, often, it is far

more difficult to receive than it is to give.

His misery was suddenly changed into happiness. Acting on a strong impulse, he wrote an ardent letter to Valentine, telling her how thankful he was to be allowed to do something for her, how wretched he had been before he had read her letter. He would carry through all the necessary business connected with the house as quickly as possible, and directly the house was his he would pay a check to her through her solicitor.

"And then, thank God," he wrote, "you'll be clear with Campion. I can't bear your being under an obligation to him. There's suffocation for me in the thought of that. Don't think me a fool. I can't help it. Valentine dear, be careful with Campion."

Just as he was going to put his letter into an envelop Dale hesitated, looking at those last words. Were they dangerous? Would she resent them? Would it be wise to strike them out? Probably it would. But if so, impulse and wisdom were at odds within him just then and impulse carried the day. He didn't alter the letter.

Perhaps she needed his warning. But even if she did, was she the woman to heed any warning?

Dale was afraid of Campion.

He hadn't seen Campion since his return to England, but now he felt that if he didn't pay a visit to the theater Campion would think it odd, might even think that Dale was deliberately avoiding him. That wouldn't do. They had work to get through together in the immediate future. A speedy meeting was inevitable. Better to get it over at once.

Dale telephoned to the theater and asked for an appointment. Campion replied, asking him to come to dinner in Park Lane on the following night. "Only ourselves and, if I can get her, Miss Morris. We can have a good talk about the play after dinner, just cozily over a cigar. I want to get ahead with it at once."

Dale accepted this invitation, and went to Park Lane wondering very much whether Valentine would be there.

She was there. He found her already in the ornate drawing-room when he walked into it, standing in a very plain, and probably quite cheap, dress among the glories collected by Mrs. Campion, talking with her host and hostess.

It was at once evident to Dale that Mrs. Campion had completely changed towards Valentine. She was now at Valentine's feet, was all sweetness, flattery and compliments. She wore, Dale noted, a string of black pearls.

Campion looked prosperous, powerful, very large. He had a masterful air of prosperity, and seemed to be in a jovial, even an excited mood. He greeted Dale with loud geniality and exclaimed:

"Glad to see you back, boy. We've been wanting you badly. There's work ahead of us. That play's going to fly out of its pigeonhole at last and show the B. P. its feathers. I want to produce in August, before the rest of the autumn pieces get going. We'll have six weeks' rehearsals, not a day more for fear of them all going stale. We're in May now so we've got plenty of time. But before rehearsals begin we must go through the play carefully and settle about the scenery and effects. I'm not going to leave anything to chance this time. We've got Miss Morris here back at last, and sooner than we expected, eh! Now we'll show London something that'll make it sit up."

There was a triumphant sound in his resolute voice, and when they were at dinner he continued to be very expansive and jovial, while Mrs. Campion was sugar-sweet and charming. Dale was rather overwhelmed by this double though differing cordiality. Something in Campion made him feel small, not short but small.

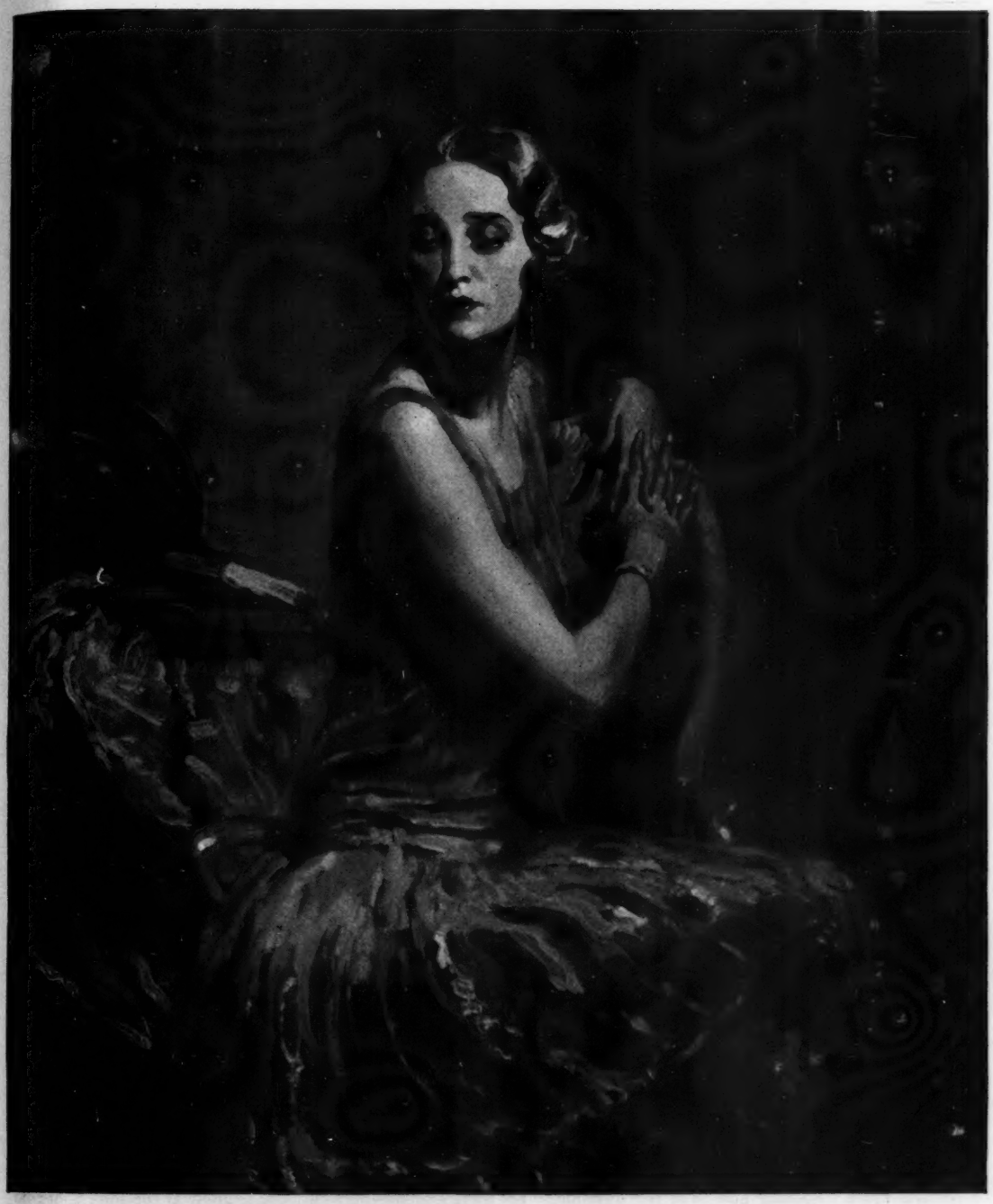


It was something moral in Valentine which made

He was conscious of possessing good brains, and also a marked and undeniable gift. He was certain that Campion understood and valued this gift. But he believed that nevertheless something in Campion looked down on him, thought him of little account, believed that he could be swept aside with brutality when sweeping aside seemed indicated, and that his sensitiveness rendered him essentially negligible.

In consequence of this belief, he wasn't at his ease with Campion. A painful self-consciousness took possession of him. But he tried, and he hoped successfully, to be hearty and offhand in manner.

Valentine looked haggard and sad, but, he thought, beautiful and more refined than she had ever looked before. Certainly she didn't suffer from self-consciousness. She was simple, rather quiet, curiously detached and aloof, without apparently being aware that she was so. Campion and Dale did most of the talking, though Mrs. Campion was ever ready with the expressive smile and the flattering word.



Campion let her go. He saw that she was going to say something striking to him, perhaps even terrible.

When dinner was over Campion said, "Dale and I'll stay in here and have a short confab while you two ladies hobnob together. But we won't be more than five minutes."

As Valentine went out of the room she turned her head and looked back for an instant. Dale, who was facing the door which Campion was holding open, wondered about this look, because it was, he thought, so peculiar. It seemed to sweep coldly over the gaudy dining-room, over the lights, the flowers and the silver, over the heavy velvet curtains, the thick, expensive carpet. It seemed to sum up, and then the large eyes rested for an instant on Dale as if they said, "And so this is success! I loathe it!"

Then she was gone, and Campion came up to him holding a gold cigar box out in a big determined hand. "She's a strange creature, eh?"

"Miss Morris?"

"Val Morris—yes. Light up, boy. There's nobody like her. My wife used to hate her. Now she's all over her."

"Why's that?"

"Ask some other woman! But I suppose it's because she sees now what an actress like that means to the box-office."

"Oh!" said Dale, feeling almost sure Campion had just told him a lie.

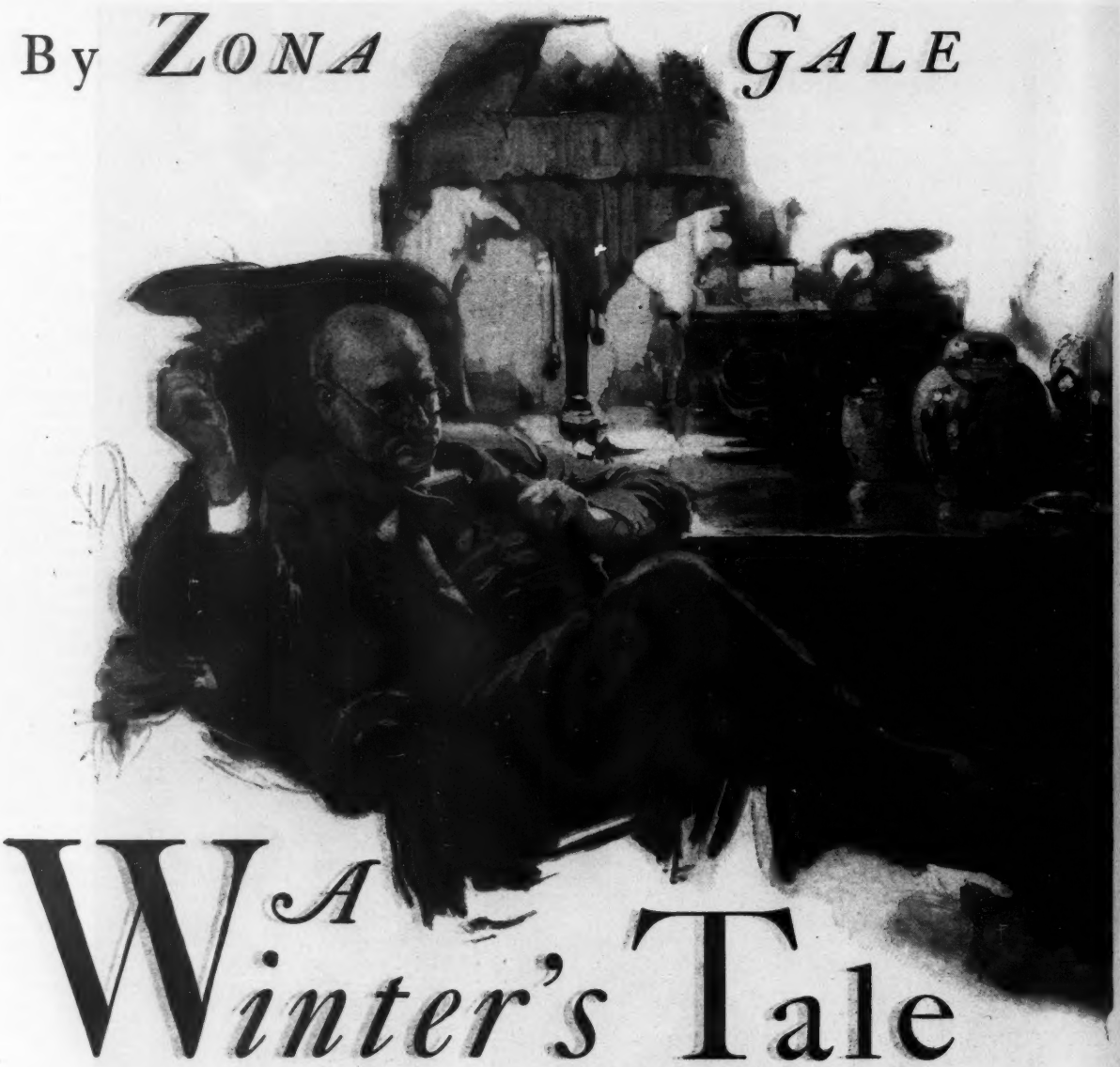
"Have a glass of this port. You won't get a better port in London."

"Thanks!"

Campion settled himself in his chair, and swelled out his enormous chest. "And I've got her for five years, boy!" he said, blowing forth a cloud of smoke. "Five years to develop that talent of hers! Listen here!" He laid a heavy hand on Dale's knee.

"At the end of them she'll have a reputation such as no English actress has had since Sarah Siddons. But it'll be greater than that. I'm going to make it a world reputation. If this play of yours turns out to be a modern '*Dame aux Camélias*,' as I believe it will, I'm going to take it all over the English-speaking world with her starring (*Continued on page 212*)

By ZONA GALE



A Winter's Tale

A DECREE of absolute divorce. From Donald. Edith read through the stilted form, so appallingly definite, so much longer and more explicit than her wedding certificate. No more stupid questions and no more boring appointments with lawyers, no more interminable waiting in the gray Nevada town. Nothing now save her own life. Donald and she were divorced.

She had been back in New York for a fortnight. Already she had found an apartment—three rooms and a bath, with a glimpse of the river. She had taken sufficient furniture from storage to make the place quite lovely—Donald had been generous about the furniture. What he had said was that he didn't want a stick of it around to be a reminder, but he had not taken even his own desk. And that she had used in her living-room—"I don't care if it does remind me," she thought. "It's a good-looking desk." The chairs that they had selected together, antiques, and his own particular Adams, and the highboy, where he had kept his papers—"good-looking furniture," she thought grimly, and made her rooms habitable. Even the Chinese rug, with the ink spot which he had made and had called a part of the pattern.

Now for work. She had waited for the decree so that she might use her own name in her applications—Edith Belloy. It would be secretarial work—she should go back to the old world in which she had lived for six years before she had married Donald. And it would be as though Donald had never been.

She took her list of "prospects" from the expensive agency where she had applied, went from one down-town office to another, and found that Donald was not out of her mind for two consecutive minutes of the time. "It'll be that way at first," she thought. "There's everything to bring it all back—his talk about the factory, everything."

When all the prospects had melted away, she did as she had not wanted to do—she went back to apply at the office of her old employer.

Daniel Steck regarded her without a smile—and such were his glasses, Edith thought, that they would have devoured any smile.

"I thought you married Donald Lorme," he said.

"I did," she answered, and said no more save: "I am just as good and as bad a secretary as I was before."

"Donald Lorme is a good man," he said severely.

"Admirable," she admitted.

Suddenly she wondered if she could come back here to work—here where for one golden year she had gone singing about her tasks because Donald loved her, had left on wings because she had been going to meet him, to dance, to dine, to hear his voice. But that was all gone by, she didn't want to hear his voice . . .

"I'll take you back if you're sure you want to come back," Daniel Steck was saying, "providing you can stand a nasty year full of strikes. And also providing you're acceptable to the new manager. There'll be a new manager next month. He and I have one secretary."

"I hope I can please him," said Edith. "I'll do my best to please you both."

A Story of a Divorce

Illustrations by
Joseph M. Clement



¶ *"I've told Mr. Steck how you hate the North," said Donald. "When do you want me to go?" asked Edith. "Tonight," said Steck.*

"Monday morning," he said, when they had talked of terms. "You'll work for me two weeks before he gets here. Glad to have you back, Mrs. Lorme."

"Miss Belloy," she corrected. "I thought you knew."

Daniel Steck lifted his eyebrows. "I don't know anything," he said, "and I'm not interested in the domestic affairs of my employees. Good morning."

How like him, Edith thought, in the elevator—rude, ungracious, and yet a just man, and kindly. The last time she had gone down in those elevators, she had left work with a month before her to make ready for her wedding.

Daniel Steck was a just man, and kindly, and therefore three days before the new manager was to arrive, he took care that she should be told who he was.

"By the way," he said, "Donald Lorme is my new manager. I don't suppose a modern woman like you would think anything about that."

The first morning that she went to take Donald's dictation, he looked up with a smile—Daniel Steck, having no taste for crises, had manifestly warned him too.

"Well, Edith," Donald Lorme said, "this is amusing, isn't it?"

"It is a perfectly expectable thing," she said gravely. "And really I don't mind in the least."

"I must say that's very good of you," said Donald, who didn't volunteer whether he himself minded or not, and plunged into the dictation.

To take dictation from Donald. There had been days when he was ill and she had sat beside the bed, her flying pencil keeping pace with the gallop of his mind, always doubled when he was ill. He dictated rhythmically; she was able to take his words as easily as she took his step when they were dancing. "Get a pad so it'll stay put," he had insisted fretfully, and when she had done so, it was because he had wanted her left hand free to lie in his.

Now they slipped into the old rhythm, her ringless left hand steadying her pad, her pencil flying abreast of his words. "Think of what you're doing," she told herself and in an hour's dictation, when he paused for a word, her pencil was so close to his thought that she paused too.

"That's all," he said at last tonelessly and without lifting his eyes.

She went out quietly, but when she was back before her machine, her heart began to beat. To have been a kind of queen

to this man, and now to be taking his office orders . . .

"You're glad to be rid of him," she reminded herself, and called up the ugly and terrible scenes that there had been between them—two years of such scenes.

How had those scenes begun? While she sat waiting for him to sign the finished letters, and watched the fine firm hand draw the paper toward him, grasp the pen, bite into the page with the remembered signature, she thought of that first time. It was when she had forgotten to give him a letter that had been left at the house for him. The letter had waited unnoticed for two days. With its discovery, he had turned on her quite furiously, and she had apologized, but when he had revealed his feeling at other and unallied lapses on her part, she had been drawn into defense, and the hour had become incredible. After that, some veil seemed to have been torn away. Their relationship was never the same.

She stole a glance at the dignified, contained man at his desk. Could he have been the angry, violent creature, with face distorted? . . .

"Not sixteen thousand, Miss Belloy—sixty thousand," he said suddenly.

She flushed and faced the moment of supreme panic in her profession. She brought her note-book and turned the leaves, her hands trembling. Sixteen thousand there too.

"I dare say I spoke indistinctly," he said merely, looked at her as if weighing the need to say more, and said nothing further.

Edith, her face burning, murmured an inarticulate "Thanks," gathered up her letters and went.

For the rest of the afternoon she thought of nothing but her hideous error, and his generosity. Generous—yes. But another such error might cost her her position. She pictured him discharging her—no, Daniel Steck would do that. And Steck would not have been so considerate at such a mistake, nor would any other employer. She had never known Donald so dignified and contained since her long-ago first meeting with him. Luckily, she thought, she knew now that it was all pretense. She had seen him when that had dropped from him.

He left the office before she did. She heard him make an appointment with someone for dinner. With whom? From the tail of her eye she saw him hunch himself into his overcoat in the old way—in the passage at home he had usually folded her inside the coat for good-by—and then his quick tread through the room. He said no good nights—these were not the way of the office. She heard the elevator door snap behind him. Where was his home, where was he living? He hated a hotel, he had been tired of his club.

She thought: "Thank heaven he is not coming home to *my* little apartment," and went out to the subway, repeating this thanksgiving.

At nine o'clock he called her. His voice was clear-cut and cold: "Edith, Mr. Steck and I are having a conference at his hotel. Is there a chance that you could join us here? We have in mind a rather particular mission, if you are willing to undertake it. Good! Mr. Steck will send round his car.''

She slipped into a blue velvet dinner frock which he would remember—she did not mean Mr. Steck—and waited in the lobby. When Mr. Steck's car arrived, it was Donald who came into the lobby to ask for her.

"This is Steck's idea of humor," he said, with a crooked smile. "He *said* he has a new driver whom he can't trust."

"I expect he thinks this sort of thing means nothing to modern people," said Edith, "and it doesn't, to me."

"Why should it?" said Donald, sank down beside her in the car, and lighted a cigaret. "You know, Edith," he said, "you're a terribly good sort—I hope you know I know that."

"I thought you were," she told him, "when you slipped over that fifty-thousand dollar error of mine this afternoon."

"Only forty-four thousand," he said, with a wave of his hand. "It couldn't shake our faith in you—you'll see when we tell you what we have in mind tonight. There's one thing," he said hurriedly—"if you don't like this thing we're suggesting, I count on you to say so. There's no reason why you should consent to it if you don't want to undertake it."

She asked nothing. If she had been married to him, she reflected, she would have begged him to tell her what it was they proposed. But there was a certain veil . . .

"I know you hate the North and the cold, and the woods in winter," he said, as they alighted. "Don't go unless you want to go."

Daniel Steck's apartment was done in the grand manner. He had been a poor man until he was forty, and his wife had been a poor girl when he married her. The apartment, with its height, its carving, its marbles, represented all that they had missed. Mrs. Steck, embroidering under a lamp which looked as if it had come from the tomb of Tut, greeted her mildly and went on with her beads, almost indecent in a kind of luxurious bath of leisure.

Edith, in her blue velvet and a high-backed chair, listened to



The struggle was over; now



she could rest. A shout, the sense of being lifted, came to Edith as no more than her dream.

Daniel Steck explain what he called his inspiration. He was slumped down in his chair, in wrinkled clothes and bedroom slippers. Having acquired luxury and manifested it in his home and his wife, he seemed to feel himself exempt.

"It's Beryl's woods, Miss Belloy," he explained. "The men at the camp have walked out again—and they've settled down for an all-winter rest. It's going to tie us up this time most awfully—something must be done. And I've got an idea. You see, it's the women that suffer the most. The women and the children. The men can stand it—the women can't. And I thought of sending you up there to get in with the women—find out if things are as bad for them as they seem to think—give us the truth about the whole situation. We don't want to grind 'em down. I've worked in the mills myself—that's what makes me know they can be thundering unreasonable—I've been that myself—but it's what makes me know they put up with a lot too." He stopped abruptly. "The first Mrs. Steck and I lived in a shack there at Beryl's woods for three winters," he ended.

"It's the women who have the key," Donald said. "You see, Miss Belloy, Mr. Steck doesn't care to handle all this as if it were nothing but business."

"I'm rich enough so I don't have to," Daniel Steck put in.

"He is thinking of the human end of it," Donald told her.

"Rich enough so I can be humanitarian," Steck grinned.

"And that's why he wants you up there, Miss Belloy," Donald said.

Really, this "Miss Belloy" came as lightly from his lips as in the days of their first meeting. What if these were the days of their first meeting? She looked at Donald suddenly as if she had never seen him before—his dignity, his poise, his good looks, his charm. "Nobody would believe that he could be so disagreeable as I know that he can be," she thought. "Sarcastic, critical, irritable, unforgiving."

"Would you be willing to go, Miss Belloy?" he was asking.

"How does any girl dare trust her happiness to any man, when he can look as nice as you look and be (*Continued on page 188*)

The Girl who gave him Wings

By *Ernest* Poole

WHEN I saw him first, he was just twenty-one, and lithe and slim, with thick black hair and big black eyes. He stood there holding a lantern high and smiling gaily out at us from the entrance of an old French barn, in a dark and silent suburb of Paris, toward the end of a cloudy night in the winter of 1908.

With a group of youngsters—two of them Americans and the others French—I had left a café in Montmartre when it closed at two A. M., and we had motored out to this spot. Behind us the mighty glamour of Paris filled the watery heavens with light. Out here it was pitch-dark, and still.

But all the gayer, by contrast, seemed the face of our young host with the lantern as he welcomed in his guests. Out of the automobiles they tumbled, most of them noisy and flushed with wine; but their gaiety was as nothing compared to the adventurous light shining in his big black eyes—though all night long he had been here at work with two men in this cold, shadowy barn.

A cavernous place it was inside, and strange; for as we entered, the lanterns revealed a balloon car hanging some feet from the floor—a rope ladder dangling over one side. Up it my companions scrambled, laughing, into the car. Their host below swiftly loosed the ropes, and the car began to heave and strain. With one stroke of an ax he cut the last bond, and then caught the ladder with a leap as, with a rush and a burst of cheers, the car shot through a great hole in the roof and disappeared up into the night!

And that was my first glimpse of the young Count Georges de Granier. This joy-ride into the sky, I discovered, was a monthly affair. A few minutes of blackness, then up through the clouds into the blue, the brilliant starry heavens, the dawn—and off they careered on the wings of the storm. They came down that day in the south of France and returned to Paris the next night; and I spent an evening with him that week, listening while he talked of his adventures in balloons and his experiments with airplanes.

"What do we know about the air?" he asked me, with a quick gay smile. "We breathe it, for it is our life; and we like to listen to the wind, or feel it cool upon our cheeks. And yet we know it not at all—for we live like mouses on the ground. Only, in these last few years, a few of us go up to learn—and begin to feel how deep it is—and strange it is—and wild it is!"

"How did you start to learn?" I asked him.

"Through my great-uncle from Russia," he said. And then he told me this strange little story:

"My great-uncle Gregor Mikhailoff was of an old Moscow family with the enormous country estates. As a boy, he always had just what he wished. One day when he was older and serving in the Crimean War, he wished to smoke a cigaret, just before a cavalry charge. Nobody had a light for him, so he rode straight out to the enemy line and quickly there he took a light from a young English officer. Then back he came to take part in the charge; and so hard he fought that day, he was given a decoration that night—but also he was dismissed from the army, because he had made the war to wait for him to light a cigaret.

"So he was sent by his family in exile down to the Caucasus; and there, on the shore of the Black Sea, he made friends with a Swedish engineer, who was spending his whole life in the making and flying of kites. He said to my uncle: 'Some day we shall fly. But first we must learn the laws of the air—and this we can do by means of the kite.'

"My great-uncle was interested at once, and all the four years of his exile he spent in making the kites and flying them—small ones, big ones, old Chinese and modern box kites. Closely and accurately, with the Swede, he watched those kites and made thousands of notes about their tricks up in the sky.

"When at last his exile came to an end, and the death of his father called him back to the management of his estates, they built one last tremendous box kite, plenty strong to carry a man, and its wire cables they fastened to a small boat. From the bow, two cables rose a hundred feet. At the point where they joined was a seat made of rope, and up on that seat my great-uncle rode.

"One day in the dawn, when a great wind blew up the Black Sea from the south, at sixty miles an hour he started north for Russia—and landed at Sebastopol, over five hundred miles away! Never again did he ride with the winds, for in Moscow came a love affair, and after it many heavy things to weigh him down close to the earth. But all his life he remembered that day; and, when he was an old man and I was just a little boy, often he told me:

" 'You shall ride. You shall ride on the winds, on the wings of the storm. For in your lifetime men shall start to learn the secrets of the air!'

"So he started me, too, in the making of kites; and from that I have come to balloons, as you see, and also to airplanes."

This was in the winter of 1908, the time of those early experiments, and he was one of the pioneers. I saw him from time to time after that, and kept in touch with his career. And then in the winter of 1916, in a small hospital in Paris supported by a group of Scotch, I found him again. His head was tightly bandaged, his left arm was bound to his chest, and his dark face was gaunt and lean, but his eyes and his smile were as gay as before.

"I have reached to the top of my life!" he declared, the first afternoon when I visited him. "My great-uncle Gregor would rise from his grave and hurrah like a Cossack if he could see the way that we are flying now! In this war, in one year we learn more of the air than in one thousand years gone by!"

And he told me many stories, of air pockets, winds and fogs, sky battles, games of hide and seek in and out among the clouds. During his long convalescence I went there many afternoons; and a little Scotch nurse would bring us a tray with three enormous coffee-cups. Her brother, who was a flier too, lay in the next bed with a broken leg. He was a long, lank, silent youth. Only his slow smile showed his deep relish in the young Frenchman's tales.

The little nurse listened silently, too. In her case it was the merest suggestion—a quick gleam or flash from her soft gray eyes—that revealed her interest in young de Granier's accounts. But as he sat up in bed and told of those games of hide and seek with death, high up in the wild, wild air, I thought I read her secret.

WHEN next I saw de Granier, some two years after the Armistice, he seemed old and fearfully bored and depressed.

"There is nothing left for me," he said.

He sat with me, that day in spring, at a table in front of a café, and looked out on the life of the boulevard as though it had all grown flat and stale. His family had been one of those ruined financially by the war. He was poor. He felt old. He had injured some valve in his heart, he said, and he could never fly again.

"Oh, a thousand feet perhaps," he remarked drearily. "For me the air is closed." He had lost all interest in life. Soon after that he left me.

And I did not meet him again till the autumn of 1926. But then, what a change! Ye everlasting Gods of Youth! De Granier was young again! Forty years old and soberly dressed and already with flecks of gray in his hair—and yet once more the adventurer! All day and often till late at night he sat in a silent little room and lived a life more wild to him than any he had lived before! When I came in that morning I found him completely engrossed in his work; but on catching sight of me, he sprang up with a gay laugh and came and gripped me by both hands.

"I shall tell you how it happened!" he said, in answer to my questioning. "You remember, in 1916, that hospital and the little Scotch nurse, and her brother, and the talks we had? Yes? You remember how quiet she was! Who could guess that she would be the one to open the air again for me? But listen to a miracle! About four years ago, she came. I had written to her brother, my friend, that I was so weary with my life, I was ready to leave the air and the light and dig myself into the ground. So together they came and found me in Paris.

"She said to me: 'You are sick again. You must come home with my brother and me.'

"I replied: 'Little sister, my trouble is too deep for you now.'



That was my first glimpse of the young Count Georges de Granier. His joy-ride into the sky, I discovered, was a monthly affair.

"'I know what your trouble is,' she said. 'You think you can no longer play with the winds. But in Scotland I will show you something in the air so strange that it will make you well, and teach you what you still may do.'

"The end of it was that at last I agreed. I went to the little old château of her family, in a high rocky place on the north coast of Scotland. And there she showed me a fairy-tale.

"Upon that coast, in the early spring, great flocks of wild fowl every year left by thousands for the north, on their way to Finland. And many old fishermen declared that for centuries those great flocks had always left Scotland just on the day when the ice broke up in the Gulf of Finland, over eight hundred miles away!

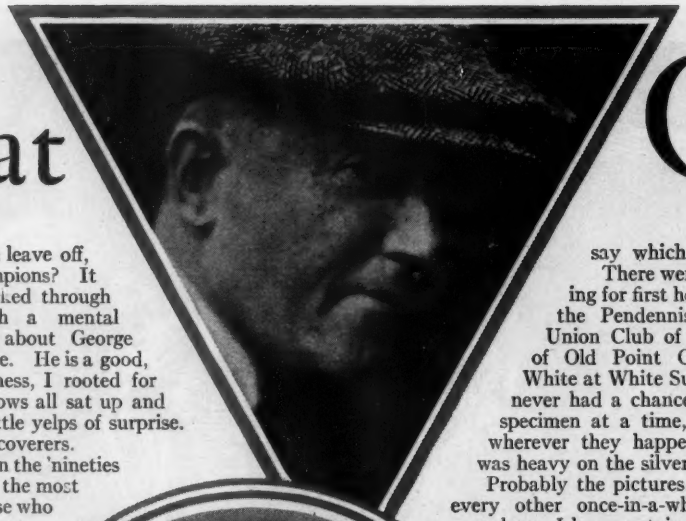
"To find out if this miracle could be true, the father of my little nurse, who had been an engineer and was something of a physicist, had arranged long ago with a friend in Finland to telegraph to him each year, on the day when the ice broke up in the Gulf. And every spring for thirty years he saw those birds by tens of thousands leave Scotland on the day when the telegram arrived!

"How did they know? What strange secret force in the air had flashed that news across the sea eight hundred miles, and told them: 'Come!'? I asked myself this, one bright cold day in the sunrise as we stood on a cliff and watched those mighty flocks depart, with a sound like that of great, great winds!

"My little nurse stood at my side, and with a smile she said to me: 'How stupid you were to feel yourself old, just because you could no longer ride in the sky—when the greatest secrets of the air can be learned by men upon the ground!'

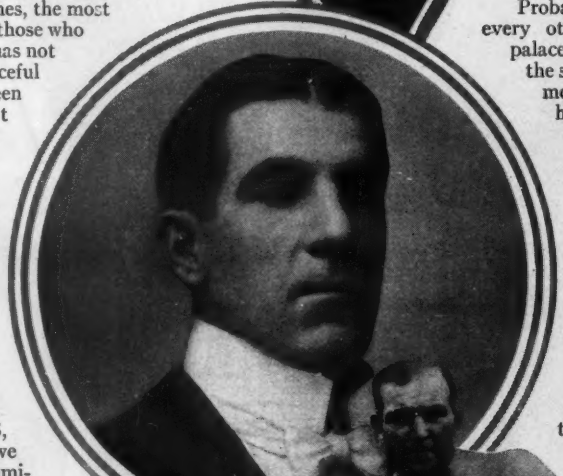
"From that day, the whole course of my life has been changed—for I saw at once that she was right. I begged her please to marry me, and she came to Paris as my wife. We are poor and we live in a very small house; but there she is happy; a child has come. And to me has come—what you see here." He threw a curious smiling glance around his laboratory. "For in this quiet little room I live once more in the wild, wild air—wild with secret forces—invisible—making not one sound—but strong enough to shake the world—when once we understand them!"

Great Ones



LET'S see, where did we leave off, in listing the champions? It seems that we hacked through the curtains with a mental promise to say something about George Cohan at the next appearance. He is a good, sizable topic. Thank goodness, I rooted for him long before the high-brows all sat up and began to discuss him with little yelps of surprise. They thought they were discoverers.

Since I came to know him in the 'nineties he has not been, at all times, the most compelling figure among those who write for the stage. He has not been the most resourceful director. He has not been America's nimblest "hoofer." Others have done a larger number of verses and tunes. As an actor he has been pretty much himself, but with a growing ability for quaint seriousness. He has not topped all of the other producers or opened more new theaters. *But*—as an engaging Jack-of-all-arts and as a candid symbol of US, as we are and not as we let on to be, he has been luminous and he will be unforgetable. In the lingo which he never has despised, he has been a square little guy, with a heart big enough for an ox—shooting at many marks and always scoring creditably.



Albert Davis Collection

¶ *Above, George M. Cohan—James J. Corbett*

Sculpture and painting will be omitted. They are dangerous topics for the casual bystander, especially one who pauses in front of the wrong masterpiece every time he visits an art gallery.

"Come away," says the Friend Who Knows. "Do you see anything in that?"

"Well, I did, up to the time you spoke."

I used to go to grand opera with a critic who had taken on so much music of an involved and intricate character that he was acidulated. He ragged me for preferring "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Bohème" to "Parsifal" and "Tristan." Ever since Ort Wells and I went to the Auditorium in Chicago and followed "Zingaro" for two hours with a "Pagliacci" libretto (Italian and English side by side), I have felt that I should relapse into dumbness whenever the talk deals with Art which must be worked at instead of merely enjoyed.

Getting back into my own zone, I can say with certainty that Walter Kelly, "the Virginia judge," is the best dialect story-teller in America.

Reverting for a moment to the lost arts, Harry Stiles, of the old Chapin & Gore place in Chicago, was the premier barkeep. When he made a Collins, or an old-fashioned toddy, or a julep, it was like one of the Mayos performing a major operation. The country was crowded with benefactors who could carefully concoct delicious life-preservers, but Harry was the only one who looked like the professor of Sanskrit at Harvard and discovered, in his calling, a fine set of ethics.

The eating championship goes East and must be declared a draw between Pete Dailey and Diamond Jim Brady. As for the Nobel prize in absorption during the days when it was illegal to sell anything *not* containing more than one-half of one per cent, there were so many peaks of achievement that it is impossible to say which one was Mount Everest.

There were four establishments striving for first honors in the julep division—the Pendennis Club of Louisville, the Union Club of New York, Chamberlain's of Old Point Comfort, and the ancient White at White Sulphur Springs. The judges never had a chance to sample more than one specimen at a time, so they always voted for wherever they happened to be when the frost was heavy on the silver cup.

Probably the pictures must be considered. Like every other once-in-a-while visitor to the movie palaces, I have certain aversions which produce all the symptoms of rabies. Most of those who drive me, gibbering, out into the night are said to be highly esteemed in Hollywood for their amiable dispositions and private virtues.

I have a friend in the picture game who can do no wrong. He is the decentest, squarest mortal that ever lived. His persevering loyalty to his friends is beyond belief. When I was a prospering playwright and he was an undiscovered actor, just escaping from stock, I induced a manager to engage him for a good part in "The College Widow" at $80 a week.

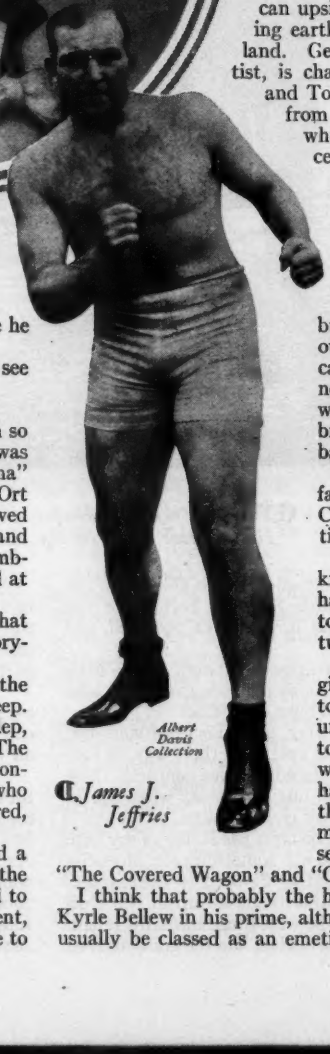
Now just stop and think how things can upside-down themselves in the heaving earthquake belt known as our native land. George, once the applauded dramatist, is chairman of the greens committee, and Tom Meighan, just a timid juvenile from Pittsburgh, receives compensation which, in its transcendent magnificence of five figures a week, passes beyond the boundary of salary, through the region of day-dreams and into the unclassified realm of miracles.

Has the celebrated star forgotten the friend of his youth, now trying to hide in a bunker? Not at all. He digs him out of his rural retreat whenever he can, and smothers him with kindnesses and attentions. Proving what I said years ago: Cast your bread on the waters and it will come back to you as sponge-cake.

I give a prejudiced decision in favor of Tom and add that Charlie Chaplin is the inspired comic of our times.

Doug Fairbanks, whom I have known and liked for many years, has done more than any other star to give large distinction to his pictures.

I think James Cruze should be given first place among the directors. Anyone who can juggle unwieldy movie ingredients into a convincing spectacle which will encourage all Americans to have a new pride and interest in their native land, has turned out a man's job and accomplished a real service. He wins on account of "The Covered Wagon" and "Old Ironsides."



Albert Davis Collection

¶ *James J. Jeffries*

I think that probably the handsomest man I ever knew was Kyrle Bellew in his prime, although beauty, as a male asset, can usually be classed as an emetic.

I Submit Them *for* Your Disapproval

By George ADE





Albert Davis Collection

Above, Walter C. King—Kyrle Bellew



Albert Davis Collection

Peter F. Dailey

As for the homeliest specimen, there are a hundred claimants each of whom would win, hands down, in the absence of his rivals.

This selection of the All-American team is being made at haphazard and without division into classes.

I cannot name the best race-horse because I missed both Salvator and Man o' War, but I was in England when Tod Sloan upset all the traditions of riding, so he must have been the greatest of all jockeys.

I always thought that Bill Lange was the best fielder I ever saw on a ball field, but probably any good sporting writer can prove that I am wrong.

Likewise, it has always seemed to me that Connie Mack's team from Philadelphia, which defeated the Cubs for the world's championship, was the most formidable bunch of players I ever saw in action, but once more I am probably talking in my sleep.

I know that Grantland Rice is the cleverest writer on general sporting topics who has broken into print during my time, and "Bill" McGeehan is the wisest and most entertaining commentator within his field.

Frank O'Malley put the best "josh" stuff into the daily press, and for descriptive copy, with a good tinge of literary method, no one has excelled Langdon Smith, who may be remembered as author of those incomparable verses about evolution beginning, "When you were a tadpole and I was a fish."

When it comes to the fighters, I must say that Jim Corbett was the fastest and most skilful big man I ever saw in the ring. Young Griffo was the most marvelous boxer. Joe Gans was probably the best all-round man, counting the whole bunch, although Kid Lavigne was the toughest, knottiest and ruggedest mankiller who ever scaled at 133 pounds.

No doubt you have discovered that these selections are being made by a has-been who, presumably, stopped reading the papers a long time ago. Well, I try to keep up to date but probably I have a subconscious preference for those I saw in battle when fighting consisted of fighting instead of dodging.

I believe that Jeffries was the most formidable giant who ever stepped into a ring and that Jimmy Barry, of long ago, who never was defeated at 105 pounds, and Fitz, who was a demon at his weight and a freak of nature, and George Dixon and Joe Walcott, two dusky amalgams of steel and gutta-percha, were not merely the advance agents of a new era of physical excellence but were premier gladiators as well.

I make no apology for being interested in the fighters. All of us are interested in them. A championship contest sells more papers than a national election. Many of the hangers-on of pugilism are grafting yawpers, but the fighting lads are worth all the attention we give them.

Here is a plea for the past. When I was going to all the fights, nearly every contest was "to a finish." When two boys put their white bodies through the ropes they were there to do or die, instead of imitating Pavlowa. Each battle had an epic quality and a Spartan essence which are lacking in these ten-round exhibition bouts, which are won or lost by acrobatics instead of attack and defense.

If, in the good old days, championships had been determined by these ten-round waltzes, then there would have been no real champions. For instance, Jim Corbett never was defeated in less than ten rounds. In every one of his battles he was always winner by a long margin at the end of ten rounds.

It was not until the fourteenth round that Fitzsimmons was fortunate enough to deliver that solar plexus blow and Jeffries had to wait twenty-two rounds before he could put one effective glove on the elusive Mr. Corbett.

Back yonder, when the gong sounded for a great fight, there was an expectancy and a dramatic tension in the air which are lacking today.

All the spectators knew that they were going to witness a chapter in history instead of the display of a lot of beautiful Delsarte.

These later ring events may be more humane but they are not half as real.

Just as I am checking up these lists and stating my preferences, a candid friend tells me that every man who is well past fifty would now insist that Maude S. was faster than Dan Patch, were it not for the stop-watch.

He says:

"All of you are living in the past. The idols of your youth are still idols and the great examples of now, this year, 1927, are merely imitations.

"Did you ever stop to think that every performance which can be timed by the watch or measured by the tape has been improved upon in this century?

"We know that our runners and jumpers are greater than ever before because today we are able to measure their achievements.

"You sit around and brag about your pugilists and actors and ball-players and Shakesperian stars and vaudeville actors of 1890 and insist that they were ever so much bigger and better than what we produce today.

"How lucky you are that no one held the stop-watch on them or applied any cold system of measurement to their achievements!

"If we had any real record of these old-timers, no doubt they would come into a class with the nag that did a mile in two-twenty and the college champion who was a little worse than ten seconds."

I hope my friend is wrong. He has filled me with doubts and misgivings.



Illustration by
Douglas Duer

¶ *The forces wrapped in these two savage beings struggled with each other in naked daring. And Lola was conscious of a great exultation. Here was what she was born for!*

Leopards

By Don Marquis

A Drama *of* The Untamed

MISS LOLA GOLIGHTLY looked at the leopard; she looked long and she looked longingly. And Tamerlane, the leopard, looked long and longingly at Miss Lola Golightly—stared as steadily as a wild animal can stare at a human being without winking.

They were both of them gorgeous creatures, the most gorgeous, each, of her and his respective kind—opulent, colorful, luxurious beings; feline, carnivorous-looking beauties; warm-blooded, and lithe, and prone to sudden, vigorously graceful movements; subject to quick, overwhelming impulses and whims.

One wondered how either of them had been lured into captivity. And yet both of them were, obviously, captives—Tamerlane in his cage, in the menagerie tent of Driggins's Great Show, and Miss Lola Golightly hanging upon the arm of little Freddy Hawkster, her husband.

"Peachey," said Miss Golightly, "I want that leopard!"

She had been Miss Golightly on the screen before she married Freddy Hawkster, otherwise Peachey. And no matter how many husbands she might accumulate in the course of a career that was not by any means drawing towards its sunset—that was, indeed, still in its morning hours with noon a long way off—she would always be Miss Lola Golightly. A blazing personality such as Lola Golightly's cannot be overshadowed by a mere husband, whether he be a permanency or but a transient guest within her house of life.

Peachey, who was small and rotund and pink and had a downy blond beard and downy blond hair on his head, had been asked for so many things—just like that!—in the two years since he had ceased to be Miss Golightly's manager and had become, as her husband, Miss Golightly's managed, that not one silken hair turned in surprise.

A woman who had made—or whose embattled press-agents said she made—a million dollars a year before she was married, and whose marriage had given her a reasonable interest in her husband's income without subtracting from her own, is entitled to mingle with her fancies and her notions a certain fiscal element, according to Peachey's way of thinking.

If Miss Golightly had asked for the Brooklyn Bridge, and had requested that the Woolworth Building be taken down and rebuilt in the middle of it, Peachey would merely have hemmed and hawed and giggled a little and said that he would see what could be done about it, but he would not have been astonished or shocked. Peachey had done so exceedingly well in the moving-picture business himself that the only way he could tell what he was worth, at any given moment, was to ask Morty Thompson, the head of his publicity department, and then divide Morty's answer by five.

But when asked for anything unusually spectacular, Peachey sometimes demurred a bit as a mere matter of form.

It had been that way when Morty Thompson had put into one of Lola's ads—Lola was then being shot in the rôle of Cleopatra, the well-known Egyptian vamp—the fiction that Cleopatra had bathed every morning in the milk of Abyssinian zebras, and that Miss Golightly, who studied every mood of the heroines she depicted, also bathed every morning in the milk of Abyssinian zebras while the great release was being filmed. Lola, upon reading the press notices, had demanded that Peachey get her some real Abyssinian zebras; and it was only upon proving to her that there no longer were any zebras in Abyssinia that Peachey got out of that situation.

Peachey stalled a bit now.

"Whatcha want with a leopard, Honey Bun?" If there was anyone in the world who should *not* have been described by the somewhat sticky, trickly appellation of "Honey Bun," it was the richly vital Lola; but love, and fatuity, are occasionally blind to these incongruities.

"I don't want just any leopard, Peachey—I want *this* leopard," said Lola.

And she continued staring at the wonderful Tamerlane, who blinked and looked away, and then looked again at her with an intensity that might have frightened a wiser or less courageous person. "I want his hide! I want his fur!"

"His fur?" said Peachey stupidly.

"Uh-huh," purred Lola, with a feline vibration of her throat and chest. "I must have his fur! I *must* have his fur! It would make the most wonderful coat in the world!"

She purred, it has been said, and as if in answer to her purring the leopard, Tamerlane, couchant on the floor of his cage with his paws before him and his muzzle upon his paws, looking at her and looking away again when he could stand the human gaze no longer, began to emit a low, growling note, a kind of restrained, jarring breath that was like a 'cello accompaniment to the tones of the woman.

"I *will* have his fur!" purred the woman again, gazing as if fascinated on the terrible, animal beauty of the beast.

And the leopard, fascinated in his turn, unable permanently to withdraw his eyes, was saying so plainly that no one who understood animal talk could mistake it: "I will have that woman! I will eat that woman!"

Tamerlane he was, and a conqueror, born a ranger of the wilds and a fierce and mighty hunter, but never before had his imagination, his latent instinct for preying upon living beings, received such an awakening fillip. He did not think or reflect any more than the woman herself thought or reflected; he looked at her and yearned, in the grip of a new and strange and overwhelming desire—here was food for the kings of the wild and the gods of the wild!

And the woman, who had never denied herself anything she wanted, and the leopard, who had never wanted anything with such imperious intensity before, looked upon each other hypnotized, curiously alike in their trance of longing, and each vowed the other's death—the barbaric appetite for adornment facing the savage lust for food, life seeking to take life and add it unto itself.

MISS GOLIGHTLY and her husband had left the circus early, and were lingering in the animal tent on their way to their big purple-and-gold limousine outside, when the leopard and the lady caught sight of each other. Now Peachey, on his wife's reiteration of her wish, began to get active immediately, as was his wont.

"Would you mind," he asked a clown, off duty, who was idling near by, "asking Mr. Exeter Dallis to come here, if he is anywhere about the grounds? Tell him that Freddy Hawkster wants to see him."

Mr. Exeter Dallis is the press-agent of Driggins's Great Show. When an elephant swims down the Hudson and is rescued by a battleship, when a giraffe steps out of the parade and restores a baby to a lady who has carelessly dropped it from a second-story window, when a faithful seal sacrifices his life to save a beloved trainer from the onslaughts of a maddened ostrich whom someone has given a cigaret to eat, Mr. Exeter Dallis is the poet who has dreamed these things first and has sung them to the strafing of his wild harp in the ears of the reporters of the daily press. Mr. Dallis has the air of not expecting anyone to believe anything he says, but for all that he is one of the best fellows in the world.

"Ex," said Peachey when Mr. Dallis arrived, with his ever-genial smile, and with the gold-headed cane, made out of a bone from an elephant's tail, which once was the property of Phineas Taylor Barnum himself, and which Mr. Dallis always carries, "Ex, Lola wants that leopard."

Mr. Dallis began to say, quite by force of habit, "It's the easiest thing you know——" but, as the demand penetrated to his understanding, he checked himself and asked instead: "Which leopard, Lola? Not *that* leopard?"

"Yes, that leopard, Ex," said Lola. "Tamerlane."

And Tamerlane, watching her every moment, purred again: "I want that woman! I will have that woman!"

A cloud passed over the face of (*Continued on page 107*)

The Ex-Champion

WHEN the thousands who sat through that soggy drizzle in Philadelphia saw Gene Tunney's mighty right held aloft in signal of victory, they were stunned. The high-stake gamblers wagered on Tunney but the crowd expected Jack Dempsey to win.

Dempsey had his following but his popularity had begun to wane. They had jeered him as a war slacker, a fight dodger and a "pretty boy" of the movies. Only victory could save him. With defeat it seemed certain he was headed for pugilistic oblivion. In ring argot 'he was through."

He, who had crawled from under the freight-cars to receive the world's accolade, was left slumped in his corner—bruised, beaten and alone.

Tunney in a twinkling had become the dashing pugilistic fair-haired boy. His gallantry in flying to the ringside gave impetus to the hero worship. He was a new sort of champion—good-looking, clean-living and bookish. Admiration for him is still strong.

In the meanwhile Dempsey slunk off to his Philadelphia hotel to await the coming of his wife speeding overland from California. She arrived the next morning and rushed to his quarters. From the streets came the incoherent roar of the Tunney celebration and Dempsey rocked alone in a window chair.

Mrs. Dempsey's pet name for him is Ginsberg; throwing open the door, she inquired with what little merriment she could command: "Well, Ginsberg, what happened?"

A smile struggled for expression through the purplish blue swelling indicative of the pummeling Dempsey had received and rather sheepishly he replied: "Honey, I forgot to duck!"

Even in that anguishing hour of defeat Dempsey proved a trifle magnificent. He had no alibi then nor has he had since. All the usual stories of drugging and bribing in the wake of every championship fight swirled around him. He did not dignify them with denials. He stuck by his guns. He forgot to duck.

Many months have elapsed since that valiant struggle when Dempsey's world collapsed. And somehow came a change. A little sympathy at first and then a sweeping sort of public conviction that out of this supreme humiliation Dempsey had salvaged a remarkable triumph. Today, I believe, Dempsey is the most popular pugilist of his generation.

A few months ago I journeyed out to Los Angeles, Dempsey's home town. It was Anatole France who observed that a hero who remains a hero in his native town is more than a hero.

And, indeed, in Los Angeles Dempsey's popularity is a form of human idolatry, the like of which one rarely sees. This is not confined to the cauliflowered ringside *cognoscenti*. It is expressed by the most stalwart, forward-looking citizens of the community.

They believe that Dempsey is more than a boxer with a savage wallop. They regard him as an extraordinarily loyal friend, a forceful business man and one whose sense of civic devotion assays high. In short, a very high-class and useful citizen. He has been offered important executive posts.

Dempsey has not courted popularity. He has seemingly done nothing but be himself and has consistently shunned the spotlight. His public appearance has consisted in attendance at a few civic luncheons with a demeanor that is oddly grave.

The rest of his time has been devoted to looking out for his Hotel Barbara, a rather expansive family type of hotel, and his other real estate interests, and in building a palatial home in Hollywood. He shows not the slightest indication of going the roystering way of many former champions. Off hours are spent puttering around in his garden.

One of his closest friends is James Woods, formerly chief of police of San Francisco and now owner of one of the largest hotels in Los Angeles.

I could not be listed as one of Dempsey's admirers in the past.



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¶ *The Champion—*
Charles Dana Gibson's famous drawing bought by the French Government for the Luxembourg

By O. O. McIntyre

Jack Dempsey, *unpopular in* Success, *is* Popular *in his* Defeat



Frequently I have written of him in a not very complimentary mood. Woods, knowing this, suggested the three of us have luncheon together. He wanted me to see Dempsey away from the crowds. I told him I would rather not, for in view of what I had written on several occasions a friendly luncheon would be embarrassing, to me if not to Dempsey.

"Why," exclaimed Woods, "that boy never held a grudge in his life. He does not know how."

At any rate we did not meet and what I have learned of him was gleaned from others in varying strata of society.

Many of us during his championship days regarded Dempsey as an uncouth bully—a hobo ill at ease in politer society. I have yet to meet a man who knows him intimately who hasn't a decidedly opposite opinion. He has suffered public censure for years because of a shyness that is almost a phobia.

He may meet on the street or in a public place someone he knows well, make ready to greet him cordially and then, becoming stricken with that brand of temporary paralysis that affects deer hunters, cut him dead. And Dempsey goes on suffering more than those who feel they have been slighted.

It is difficult to blend this shyness with the Dempsey of the ring, for there he is the panther-like potential killer, dancing on his toes for the opportune moment to tear in and rip his adversary to ribbons.

His handlers will tell you that at the sound of the gong he is a Dempsey they do not know—a human anachronism whose gentle naïveté stiffens to a tigerish ferocity that thrills to the acrid smell of blood. That is the Dempsey the public knows best. And it is not a pretty picture.

This dual personality cost him countless friends when he wore the crown. Only his intimates know the other side. The bashful boy side that surges red at the polite compliment, that seeks the obscure corner in a well-filled room and will walk away in confusion and with apparent rudeness in the midst of conversation.

"Something hits me suddenly and I feel like a dub," he once explained to a friend. It is, doubtless, atavistic, for Dempsey came out of the obscure nowhere to find the world at his feet and at times it overwhelmed him. He is like a bashful boy trying to be a man of the world.

It is related that shortly before he was dethroned he was walking through the corridor of a Los Angeles hotel. It was the luncheon hour and the place was thronged. Some enthusiast yelled: "There's the champ!"

There was a flurry and craning of necks and Dempsey disappeared through a convenient doorway. Twenty minutes later a watchman in the basement discovered a thoroughly agitated young man trying to make his way through a coal chute leading to a rear alley.

When he does unbend it is only among those he knows well and has known for a long time. James Woods, who is a gentleman of erudition, tells me that Dempsey's manner at such times is for all the world like that of a J. M. Barrie. He likes to bestow amusing nicknames and his quaint drollery is quite infectious. He has a childish gentleness and lives in dread of offending. His love of children is strong and he is frequently in their company.

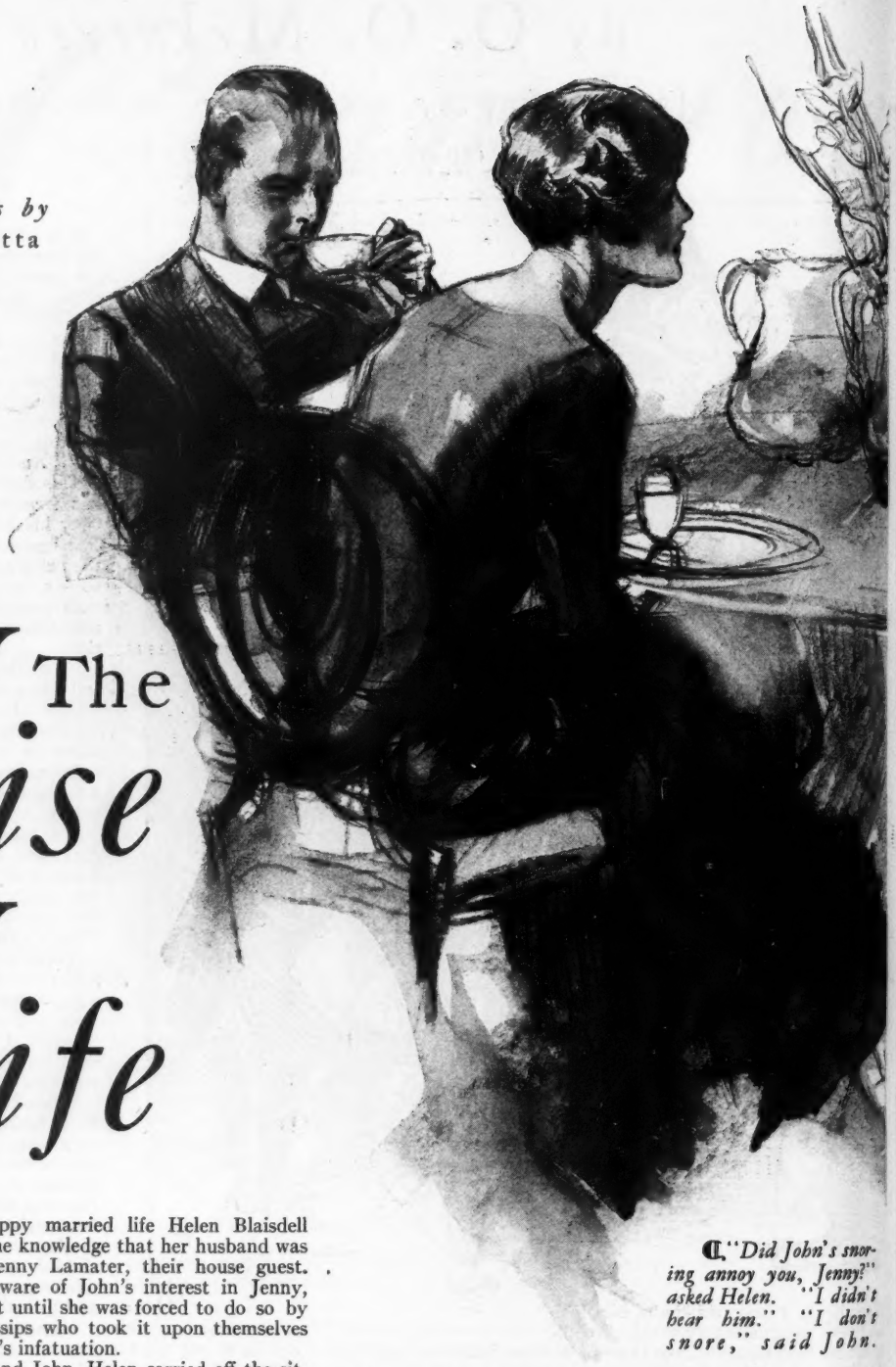
Dempsey is by no means a great scholar but he is not the low-brow he has often been pictured. He is able to discuss books, paintings and world politics in a fashion that at times is slightly professorial.

He has a dogged loyalty to friends and this devotion has caused him to accept much bad advice. He is not unconscious of this softness. Of a former confidant who turned on him spitefully when help was needed, he said: "He is not at fault. I am to blame for trusting him. But he was a friend of long standing."

Those who know the former champion best say he is happier than he has been since those care-free days when he battled with plug-uglies for ham and egg money.

He has tasted the fruits of success and found them wormwood. The evanescent quality known as popularity which he wanted more than money came only with defeat. Today the roar of the crowd is far away. He has health, wealth and youth, a triple combination hard to beat, but apparently, best of all, Jack Dempsey has, through a merciless socking, found the warmth of public friendship so long denied.

Illustrations by
John La Gatta



The Wise Wife

The Story So Far:

AFTER ten years of happy married life Helen Blaisdell was confronted with the knowledge that her husband was in love with young Jenny Lamater, their house guest. Although Helen had been aware of John's interest in Jenny, she had said nothing about it until she was forced to do so by the action of a group of gossips who took it upon themselves to inform her of her husband's infatuation.

In the presence of Jenny and John, Helen carried off the situation with a high hand, and the busybodies left the Blaisdells' home convinced of her faith in her husband and her guest. But with the departure of the disgruntled mischief-makers Helen's attitude changed. She told the guilty pair that for weeks she had known of their affair, and finally goaded them into a confession of their love for each other. But, she reminded John, he had once loved her—and now he was unhappy in their marriage. He might be mistaken again.

So, under threat of divorcing John and naming Jenny as corespondent, Helen forced the unhappy pair to agree to a plan she had formulated ostensibly for insuring their permanent happiness. For two weeks Jenny must act to outward appearances as John's wife. She was to have a foretaste of marriage. She was to be mistress of John's house, with Helen the guest. She was to see John not as the romantic lover, but as the prosaic husband—as Helen had seen him for ten years.

Later Bert Calhoun, one of the group of gossips, telephoned to apologize for his part in the sorry affair. Helen invited him to dinner, enlisting his aid in carrying out her plan; and she flirted with him, to her husband's unaccountable anger. At the end of a most uncomfortable evening Jenny retired to Helen's room, adjoining John's, for the night. But before she slept there was a final unpleasant episode for the culprits.

Helen paid an unexpected visit to Jenny, who at the moment was applying cold cream to her face and was looking particularly unattractive. With a grin of delighted malice Helen screamed loudly for her husband, who burst into the room with the froth of tooth-paste on his lips. "What is it?" he gasped.

Helen shook with mirth. "N-nothing much, except that I—w-wanted you two to see each other as I've seen you, John, and as you've seen me hundreds of times. Jenny, look at a husband; John, observe a wife."

Then, silently, as one who withdraws from the scene of a cruel destruction which one has wrought, she left the room.

¶ *"Did John's snoring annoy you, Jenny?" asked Helen. "I didn't hear him." "I don't snore," said John.*



Conclusion
of a Story
About Marriage

By

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

HELEN reentered the dainty chamber which had sheltered her house-guest. But as the door closed behind her, not even the picture which she had carried away from the other room could keep the smile upon her lips. Ridiculous had been John and absurd had been Jenny, and mighty had been the revenge which she had wreaked upon them.

Yet, careless of the dainty counterpane, the delicate slips upon the pillows, she hurled herself upon the bed, buried her face in the coverings, and sobbed heart-brokenly. The counterpane and slips were laundered with her tears.

Fully ten minutes she lay thus, giving way unrestrainedly to the agony that possessed her. Slowly the wrenching sobs ceased, the tears dried. She sat up and contemplated ruefully the destruction done to the delicate lace. She rose, a trifle heavily, and walked to the dressing-table. Turning on two powerful lights, she surveyed herself.

"I can't fool myself; which means that I can't fool anyone else. I'm thirty-two and I look it. But thirty-two is as beautiful —it's *more* beautiful than twenty-two. Helen Blaisdell, assay yourself! Your hair—as good as ever. Your forehead—maybe a tiny line, but interesting. Your eyes—they have something they didn't have at twenty-two. They—well, they're wise. Not vulgarly, but — more alive, alive in more ways. Your nose —as good as ever. Cheeks—not quite so smooth, and the mouth isn't as soft—isn't as weak, that's the word. Darn it, Helen Blaisdell, no man of sense would hesitate a moment between the you of ten years ago and the you of now. He'd take the now.

"Only," and she sighed, "John isn't a man of sense; he's a husband. What we possess loses its glamour, its romantic quality. Stupid things, husbands. And also wives. But stupid or not, to fight, to hold to what one wants——"

A knock interrupted her reflections. Her hand went, lightning-like, to the table and the fingers dipped into a cold-cream jar. One deft pass of her hand and the traces of tears were obliterated beneath the cream. Another swift motion, this time of both hands, and the whiteness left her face, leaving it shining. Then she glanced at her reflection. No woman can be entirely lovely at such a moment, but no one, seeing her, would guess that a few minutes ago she had been sobbing her heart away.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"It's Martha, Ma'am."

Helen shrugged. She didn't care how she looked before Martha. It might have been John or Jenny.

"Come in, Martha," she called.

Fat, bulking so that she filled the narrow doorway, Martha the cook entered. She had cooked for Helen's parents thirty years, and, when Helen married, Martha had been the most precious gift bestowed upon the bride by her parents.

"Ma'am, Miss Helen, I come to ask ye quistions," began the cook.

"Yes?" Helen was cool.

"Ye'll say it's sorra business of mine, mebbe, but whisht with that. I've known yersel' thirty-two years, and the divil take me if I can't speak my mind whin I have wan. This foolishness, now, Miss Helen; what does it mean?"

"Martha, there are some subjects which need not be discussed," rebuked the mistress.

"The divil ye say!" Martha cocked red hands upon ample hips. "Ye sleepin' away from yer husband, and lettin' that blond hussy sleep in the nixt room to him. I've read novels, and the Sunday papers, and been to the movies, but I niver heard the likes of that. Sure, the man's on'y human, Miss Helen, and the young girl ain't the North Pole. Beca'se ye heard a lot of talk about thim huggin' and kissin' is no reason ye should push thim into each other's arms."

"How do you know I heard—gossip?"

"Sure, Jason has ears. And the tongue of the man! I on'y

asked him a dozen quistions and he told me all he'd heard thim tabby-cats say. And thin you shift out of yer room; you give her yer place at the table. Glory to be St. Agnes, I niver heard the like. Surely ye'll put up a fight for the man ye love, and not be listenin' to tales."

"I *saw* them kissing," said Helen.

"Ye might have saw worse, and thin what?" demanded the cook. "Shall I go in now, and drag the hussy out of bed and spank her a bit?"

"That isn't the way, Martha," said Helen.

"Thin there is a way?" asked Martha.

"Do I look like the sort that will surrender what I want for myself?" demanded the mistress.

"Glory be! I knew ye wasn't so modern as ye seemed. Well, my darlin', ye know yer own business and I know me place, I hope, but a bit of a slap in the right place would do the young lady a world of good. The rest of the help wanted to give notice, but I told thim to wait, and so they will, Ma'am, ye blessed darlin'."

"Martha, don't you d-dare to s-sympathize with me," wailed Helen. "I—I don't believe I could stand it. Please go."

And reluctantly Martha left.

Clothed, even her slippers not removed, Helen lay upon the bed. Was she adopting the wrong tactics? Was she being mad? But she couldn't vulgarly denounce Jenny, order her from the house; nor could she simply sue for divorce, and admit defeat.

THE late summer sun slanted through the windows and touched the eyes of Helen Blaisdell. She sat up in bed and stared around the room, bewildered. Then, as remembrance of the preceding evening came back to her, the gray eyes clouded and the lower lip, so childishly full, trembled. But she fought back the threatened tide of tears. Tears were so ravaging to the complexion; they aged one so. And action, of any sort, aids in dispelling sad moods.

So she reached for the telephone by the bed and was connected with the bachelor establishment of Bert Calhoun.

"Bert, your career interests me," she stated.

"This is flattering," he told her.

"Not at all. We non-creators owe something to art, which gives us so much pleasure. In our humble way we must help. Your novel, Bert, is art. You are practically the only artist of my acquaintance. I must help you. Therefore, come over to breakfast. You'll doubtless see and hear things of value to your new novel. Will you come?"

"Of course," said Calhoun.

Helen smiled as she hung up the receiver. Calhoun had been embarrassed last night, but no one could refuse an opportunity to witness further developments of the extraordinary domestic tangle which Helen had precipitated. She knew that; she had counted on that womanish curiosity which was part of Calhoun's make-up. Other men might refuse to become involved, even as spectators, in a family row, but not Calhoun.

She made a meticulous rite of her toilet this morning and when she appeared in the breakfast room, Calhoun, already awaiting her, gasped with astonishment.

"You seem surprised," she smiled.

He stammered. "I knew that you were beautiful, but—this morning—you're amazing."

"And you didn't expect it?" she asked. "And you a novelist! Supposed to be a portrayer of human hearts and emotions, and then to expect that a woman must necessarily look her worst because her husband has fallen out of love with her."

"But you and John have been so devoted for so long," he said.

She shrugged her pretty shoulders, set off delightfully this morning by the silken yellow sports sweater which she wore.

"Devotion sometimes is a matter of habit," she countered.

"But I thought that you—well, I don't follow you at all. Last night I thought that you were—well—making them ridiculous because—you wanted John back——"

"Yet I held your hand—a moment," said Helen. She permitted her eyes to drop a trifle, and Calhoun felt an unaccountable leap in the circulation of his blood.

"Oh, well, that," he said lamely.

"Well? You sound bored at the reference," said Helen.

"You didn't mean it. You were making John jealous."

"The vanity of your sex!" she exclaimed. "You can't conceive of a wife doing anything save with reference to her husband. Well, have it your own way, if you will."

Calhoun, flushing violently, still a victim to an accelerated pulse, would have answered but that the arrival of John and Jenny precluded further intimacy.

Blaisdell's face wore a set and determined grin; he seemed to have decided to smile, to carry off the affair jauntily. But the sight of Calhoun seated beside his wife shattered his resolution. The smile became a frown.

"I thought that Bert would enjoy gathering more material, John," said Helen gaily, "so I rang him up and just insisted that he come to breakfast."

"That's fine," said Blaisdell with bluff heartiness. "Glad to see you, Calhoun. Gosh, but I'm hungry."

His wife's eyes opened with amazement; then they flickered with something akin to pride. John had shown an amazing ability to meet a situation. Evidently he had done a lot of thinking in the wee small hours.

She greeted Jenny, who also wore a smile, but its artificiality was more easily discernible than that of John. Her hands patently shook, and not even a generous treatment of rouge could hide the pallor of the skin beneath.

Helen seated herself at the table, waved Calhoun to a place opposite her and smilingly invited the others to sit down.

"Although I'm not hostess, of course," she said. "But, Jenny, you show a certain diffidence about placing your guests. Did you sleep well?"

"How could I?" demanded the girl sulkily. She looked appealingly at Calhoun. Last night that appeal had roused his chivalry, but this morning the hints of Helen had turned Calhoun's chivalrous impulses in another direction.

"Why not?" asked Helen, digging her spoon into the grapefruit. "I did, and I'm sure that I had more to harass me than you. John, did you slumber well?"

"Like a babe," he replied. "Mind at rest, at peace with everything—why not?"

"Why indeed?" said Helen. Again she stared at this husband of hers. Yesterday he had been so futile, so like a child caught stealing from the pantry. But this morning he was assured, more like the man who was so successful in business.

"It's great arriving at decisions, Calhoun," said John. "Jenny and I were up in the air—you know. Or perhaps you don't. Women don't appeal to you, do they?"

Calhoun stiffened. "I'm very fond of them," he declared.

"Oh, *fond*. What's *fond?* Well, I can't educate you." His sneer of contempt was unveiled.

It was time, Helen thought, to burst this bubble of security. She turned pleasantly to Jenny. "Did John's snoring annoy you?" she asked.

The girl flushed. "I didn't hear him."

"No?" Helen was politely surprised.

"I don't snore," said John.

HELEN inwardly smiled. The armor wasn't impregnable at all. "I'm glad you think so, my dear. One of the most delightful things about you is your self-delusion. But it doesn't matter." She turned again to the girl. "Did he clear his throat interminably in the bathroom?"

"No," said Jenny. Her voice was agonized.

"That's unfair, John," said Helen accusingly. "Clear your throat for the little girl."

"By heaven, I won't!" cried John.

"Oh, well, we'll spare Bert. But, Bert," and she turned to him, "make a note of the throat-clearing. The realists, so determined to print everything, have strangely neglected this item of domestic life. I don't know why."

"Because they aren't that vulgar," snapped Jenny.

"Vulgar is as vulgar does," retorted Helen. "But I'm disappointed in you both. I hoped for recrimination, for biting speeches—Bert, I'm not being as helpful as I hoped."

The novelist waved a deprecating hand.

"And you're not going to be helpful," declared Blaisdell.

"No?" Helen was coolly amused.

He shook his head decisively. "Jenny and I have talked this matter over this morning."

"In whose room?" demanded Helen.

"In the hall outside," answered John placidly. "No use, Helen. You can't get a rise from us. Our minds are made up."

"Really? To what?" she asked.

"To let you do as you darned please, and to do whatever we darned please," he told her. "Threat, scandal, nothing could be any more unendurable than what we've already gone through with you. So—do what you like. We'll give you a reasonable time in which to think it over."

"But I haven't anything to think over, except——" She paused thoughtfully. "You do as you please, and I do as *I* please. Well, that makes it different."



¶ *"Only yesterday you said that when you kissed me you forgot time, space, life —everything," Jenny said. "Well, that was yesterday," replied Blaisdell.*

Blaisdell eyed her suspiciously. "I don't know what you mean, and I don't care." he declared. "But no more ordering us around. We were frightened last night, afraid of what people would say. But we aren't slaves to other people. So—your bullying has ended."

Helen's face was crestfallen. She opened her mouth as though to reply, but remained silent.

Blaisdell looked at her triumphantly. He laughed and turned to Jenny. "How about a round of golf?" he asked.

The girl rose from the table. She, too, glanced triumphantly at Helen. Her blush of embarrassment was gone.

With a nod to Calhoun the couple walked from the breakfast-room.

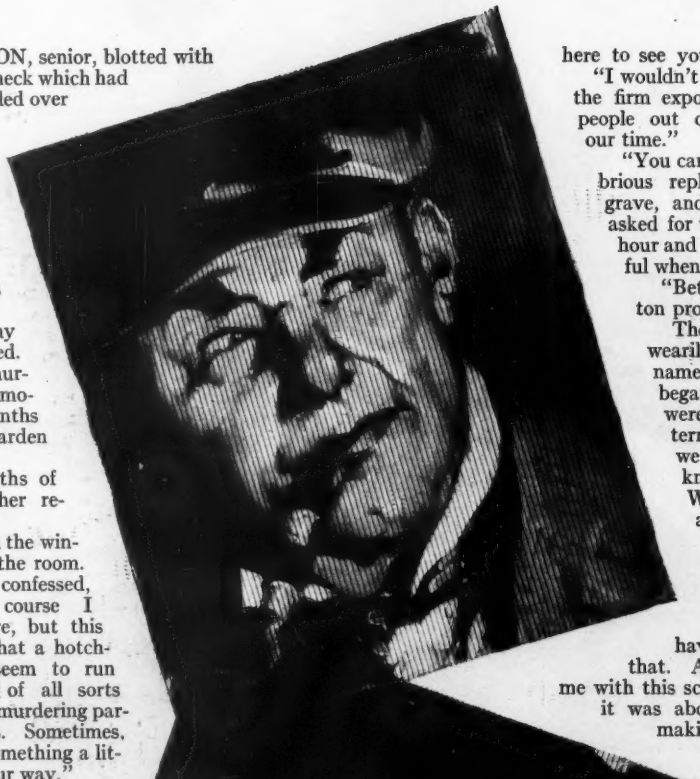
Helen leaned back in her chair. "Well," she gasped, "I seem powerless."

"Did you think that threats could (*Continued on page 116*)

By E. Phillips

The Expected

Illustrations by



MR. JENNERTON, senior, blotted with loving care a check which had just been handed over by a grateful client. He looked at the figures and smiled. Gerald, his son, had just thrown open the window to admit the soft April air, already, even in the unpropitious locality of the Strand, buoyant with its promise of coming spring.

"Money easily earned, my lad," Mr. Jennerton observed.

"Too easily," Gerald murmured, wondered for a moment whether the hyacinths were out in a certain little garden on the slopes of Fiesole.

"You've had four months of work here now," his father reflected. "What about it?"

Gerald turned away from the window and came back into the room. "I've liked it, Dad," he confessed, honestly enough. "Of course I miss the other atmosphere, but this one is full of interest. What a hotch-potch of humanity we seem to run across—men and women of all sorts and types—Spanish dukes, murdering parsons, blundering financiers. Sometimes, for a change, I wish that something a little simpler would wander our way."

"We have to take what comes," Mr. Jennerton remarked. "You can't say you've had to be idle."

"No, I can't say that," Gerald admitted.

"And you've got the flair, too," his father acknowledged. "You start at the right end."

Mr. Brigstock, manager of the firm, came bustling in. "Mr. Jennerton," he announced, "there's a little man down-stairs asked to see the manager, said his business wasn't important enough for the principals of the firm, but I can't make head or tail of him. Could you just have a chat with him? You have no appointments until the afternoon, and I've four people waiting now."

"Send him up, Mr. Brigstock," his Chief enjoined cheerfully. "Mr. Gerald and I will find out what he wants."

Mr. Brigstock departed, and a few minutes later a thin, haggard-looking man of rather under medium height and timid presence, neatly dressed in transatlantic fashion, was shown in. He sank into, rather than reclined in the chair which Mr. Jennerton pointed out, and he had the air of a man in a desperate state of nervous unrest.

"Mr. Jennerton," he confided, "I am afraid I have come here to see you on a hopeless errand."

"I wouldn't say that," the principal of the firm expostulated. "We've helped people out of pretty bad scrapes in our time."

"You can't help me," was the lugubrious reply. "I've dug my own grave, and I'm sinking into it. I asked for what I'm getting, hour by hour and day by day. I'll be thankful when the end comes."

"Better explain," Mr. Jennerton proposed tersely.

The visitor passed his hand wearily over his forehead. "My name is Ben Hammond," he began. "Me and Silas Brocken were partners in some oil territory over in Texas, and we did pretty good. I've known Silas all my life. We were at school together, and though he could be kind of rough when he wanted, we always managed to keep good friends. Likely enough his sister Ruth might have had something to do with that. Anyway, when he come to me with this scheme I figured it out that it was about as good a chance of making a pile as might ever come my way, and I joined up willing."

"Oil's rather a speculative proposition," Mr. Jennerton remarked. "What sort of luck did you have?"

"The best," Mr. Ben Hammond declared drearily. "We kept on striking oil until we got so that we was both of us worth many more dollars than we'd ever dreamed of. Then Silas wanted to quit, but I wasn't exactly willing, for it seemed to me the boom was only just coming along. I didn't want to take on his share, though, and he didn't want to take on mine, so we drew a line north and south, and Silas he went off to New York to see what was doing. He got in with some of the crowd that knew the territory, and it seems they were anxious enough buyers, for one day I got a cable—'Take your pick, north or south. I'm selling the other.' I wired back, 'I choose the south.' Silas cabled, 'O. K. Have sold the north.'"

"Well, that seems all right," Mr. Jennerton observed. "An old-fashioned way of doing business, perhaps, but fair enough."

The little man squirmed in his chair. "That's just what it wasn't," he moaned. "Silas hadn't been gone more'n three days before seven of the wells we thought dried up on the south end began to gush. In just the time it took Silas to get going in

Oppenheim Murder

A Story of a Man With a Guilty Conscience

Dalton Stevens



New York, the south end of our property had got to be worth three times as much as the north, and I never let on. When he offered me my choice I took the south, like a skunk, sold out to a company of millionaire prospectors who came round, hopped it to San Francisco and started for Honolulu."

"Sharp practise," Mr. Jennerton criticized, "but still you American gentlemen aren't in business for your health, are you? If you're worrying about it, why don't you own up and make an arrangement with your partner?"

Mr. Ben Hammond groaned. He produced a sheaf of cablegrams from his pocket. "He ain't that sort," he declared mournfully. "He's got it up against me good, and I tell you, gentlemen, when Silas Brocken is out after anyone there's trouble afoot. I knew what to expect, and I can tell you I've kept going. It ain't no good, though. He's followed me around until I'm fairly worn out. Look here at these cablegrams. I get one of them every few days.

"He's always on my heels. I've been round the world twice. He missed me by one hour in Yokohama. This morning, at my hotel in London, this one was handed to me from Paris: 'Flying over today. Shall get you this time. Silas.' "

"Exactly what are you afraid of?" Mr. Jennerton asked.

Mr. Ben Hammond looked almost scornful. "You don't know Silas. He'll drop me sure. Why do you suppose he's followed me for two years, except to get his own back? He'll drop me on sight, and I've got about as much chance as a rabbit. I've seen him handle his gun out West, and he's no bungler."

Mr. Jennerton smiled reassuringly. "That sort of thing doesn't happen over here, Mr. Hammond. If your partner so much as lifts a gun at you in this country it's prison for him pretty quick, and the gallows if he shoots and brings it off."

"What do you suppose Silas cares about what happens to him afterwards?" Mr. Ben Hammond groaned. "He's not that kind. What he makes up his mind to do, he'll do, and it ain't no fear of the law that's going to stop him. If you'll just look through these telegrams you'll see it pretty clear, what's in his mind. I got a million dollars the best of that deal, and I'd hand the lot over tomorrow if it'd square matters with Silas. I doubt he'd ever listen to me, though. Before I could open my lips I'd get mine."

"Well, what do you want us to do about it?" Mr. Jennerton inquired.

"There ain't much that anyone could do," the little man sighed. "I found out many months ago that he travels all the time with a detective so as to keep on my track. I wondered, though, whether there was any way I could put him off the scent altogether, or any place I could hide where he'd never get at me."

"You can't do that for the rest of your life," Mr. Jennerton pointed out. "You say he has a detective watching you all the time. Well, I would suggest that you follow suit—that you engage us, if you choose, to watch him. If he's on his way to London now, we should be able to discover him before long. Get back to your hotel and we'll find out where he is, interview him, and if you like to make an offer, see what we can do."

"But Silas won't listen to no offer," his late partner lamented. "He never was one for reason in a quarrel. He sees red quick, and red never changes to any other color. I got a gun too, but it's no use my pretending I'm as quick on the draw as Silas, because I ain't."

Mr. Jennerton became a little impatient. "My dear Mr. Hammond," he expostulated, "all that talk about guns is out of date here. Unless your partner is an idiot, he'll have realized that by this time, too. Go and do as I suggest. Tell me your partner's name again and all you can about him, and we'll see what we can do."

"His name is Silas Brocken," the other confided cheerlessly. "He's a bigger man than me—not so tall, but he's as strong as a bullock. He didn't used to have no hair on his face in the way of beard or mustache, but it's two years since I saw him. Fair hair he had then, with a bit of gray, and a nasty scar on the left temple. He got that in a scrap when we were staking out our claims. I don't know who you're sending to tackle him, but he's apt to be pretty fierce."

"I can assure you," Mr. Jennerton promised, "that the emissary we send to interview Mr. Silas Brocken will not carry a gun, and that he won't need one. Now, where are we to communicate with you and what is your offer?"

"I'm at room 387, the Hotel Cecil," Mr. Ben Hammond announced. "I'm willing to pool up, north and south, and divide fair and square, and if he wants more than that he can have it." He made his cautious way towards the door. Arrived there, he hesitated. "Would you mind taking a look along the corridor, young man?" he begged Gerald. "Silas is close on my heels now."

Gerald escorted his client to the elevator.

"Like to take this on, Gerald?" his father inquired, when he returned to the office.

"I fancy I would," Gerald acquiesced. "The picture of this bloodthirsty prospector from Texas rather appeals to me."

GERALD JENNERTON, very bored, had been seated in the lounge of the Hotel Cecil for twenty minutes. Suddenly he was aware of the approach of a large clean-shaven man, with very small eyes, dressed in a light gray suit, narrow brown boots, a shirt of flamboyant fashion and an indescribable tie. The man had been piloted to his presence by a small page boy.

"This is the gentleman as was asking for Mr. Brocken," the boy announced, and after a few minutes' lingering in case a tip was forthcoming, departed.

"Are you Mr. Silas Brocken?" Gerald inquired.

"I guess not," was the emphatic response.

"Then may I ask——" Gerald began.

"Mr. Silas Brocken ain't feeling quite o. k. today," said the large man. "I'm his companion, so to speak—secretary, if you like it better. Just what might you be wanting with him, eh?"

"My business is of a private nature," Gerald replied.

"My name," the newcomer announced, "is Tonks—Syd Tonks. I'm pretty well known in the States, though I haven't seen much of this little burg. One of Pinkerton's men I was for years. Now I'm on my own, and I'm looking after Mr. Brocken."

"Does he need any looking after?"

"He does and he does not," was the judicial response. "He's a strong, violent man, is Mr. Brocken," the latter's guardian went on. "He's the right sort to have on your side in a scrap, but I wouldn't trust him when his blood's up. His hand's a darned sight too familiar with his hip pocket for this country."

"He might find it expensive," Gerald suggested.

"Sure," the other agreed; "but the devil of it is, he don't seem to care. I've been traveling with Silas two years now, and my job has been to keep him and the man he's after apart. I've done all I can to make Silas Brocken see reason. I've taken his six-shooter away twice, but each time I've had to give it back or he'd have been off on his own and the whole business over. I've tried him with dummy cartridges but that don't go either. He fires one shot out of his gun each morning, wherever he is, just to be sure it's in good order. He's a hard man to fool."

"He sounds like a most unpleasant person," Gerald admitted. "I suppose you can guess at the nature of my business?"

"I'd say that you were from Ben Hammond. How's that?"

"Right first time," Gerald acknowledged. "Look here, Mr. Tonks, can't you make your man see reason? We want to get these two together."

"There will be bloodshed if we do," Mr. Tonks said.

"What rubbish!" Gerald declared impatiently. "Mr. Hammond is tired of being chased all over the world. He wants to come to some friendly settlement."

"I guess any guy'd weary some of having a man like Silas on his heels, but I don't see what he's going to do about it."

"He wants a friendly settlement," Gerald repeated. "There was some sharp practise in connection with that partnership split-up, and Mr. Hammond's perfectly ready to admit it and have it put right. He can't do more than that. You know as well as I do that all this talk of shooting and revenge is out of date. It's up to you to get your man into a reasonable frame of mind, and then we'll bring them together."

"I'm not looking to be a witness on a coroner's inquest."

"Well, let me see your client," Gerald suggested. "Let me see what I can do with him."

"You keep out of mischief, young fellow," Mr. Tonks advised. "If your man's anywhere round in this vicinity, you get him away quick. I'll give it to you straight. I want to keep my job and I want to keep Silas Brocken from the gallows, and the only way I can do it is to keep on Ben Hammond's heels all the time, but to take darned good care that the two men don't meet."

"You're absolutely convinced, then, that Brocken wouldn't listen to any agreement?"

"It's the surest thing in this little planet," Mr. Tonks declared. "Dollars don't count with Silas. He's out for the cold stuff."

Gerald rose. "You wouldn't care to help me get a few words with Mr. Brocken," he asked—"just to satisfy my client?"

"Not on your life. I'm not opening the gates of any cemetery for strangers. You take it from me, young fellow, there's no person breathing could live in the same room with Silas if they so much as whispered the name of Ben Hammond."

"Very well, Mr. Tonks," Gerald concluded. "I will report our conversation to my client. Can I offer you a drink?"

"We'll get together down in the bar for a while," Mr. Tonks proposed. "There's no reason for you and me to fall out, young fellow. Our job is to keep these two guys apart, and as long as we do that everything will be beautiful."

They made their way to the bar, and it appeared that Mr. Tonks liked his whisky neat. There were other kindred spirits lurking about, whom Gerald cunningly inveigled into the little circle. Before long Mr. Tonks was drinking a great deal. Gerald slipped away unnoticed.

The waiter on the third floor accepted the treasury note, but prophesied difficulty.

"I can let you in all right, Sir," he admitted, "but I don't know that the young lady will let you see Mr. Brocken. Kind of queer he seems, especially when the other gentleman's out of the way."

"So there's a young lady there, is there?"

"Mr. Brocken's sister, Sir. Her room's across the way. She's in with him now."

"Just open the door," Gerald begged. "Don't announce me."

The man led the way to the suite and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" demanded a startled feminine voice.

"Waiter, Madam," the man replied.

He threw open the door and hurried off, clasping the treasury note in his hand. Gerald, with a slight tremor of excitement, crossed the threshold. A woman apparently about thirty years old was looking at him with dark perturbed eyes.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" the woman asked.

"My name is Jennerton," Gerald explained. "I came to see Mr. Silas Brocken on a matter of business."

THE girl hesitated. Gerald took a step forward. A tired-looking, nervous man rose from the depths of an easy chair.

"I am Silas Brocken," he announced. "What do you want with me?"

Gerald was silent for a moment, a little perplexed. There was nothing menacing about Mr. Brocken's appearance. "I came to see you on behalf of Mr. Ben Hammond," Gerald announced boldly.

"On behalf of Ben Hammond!" the girl gasped.

"Old Ben!" her brother faltered.

Gerald nodded. There were no indications of the storm which he had been led to expect.

"It seems there was some little trouble between you and Mr. Hammond over the division of some oil property in Texas," Gerald continued. "Mr. Hammond would like to have matters put straight."

"Put straight," Silas Brocken repeated. "Say, that sounds queer to me. What have I been trapesing round the world two years for?"

"Who are you?" the girl asked.

"I'm just an acquaintance of Mr. Hammond," Gerald explained—"perhaps a little more than that. My father and I are private inquiry agents, and Mr. Hammond has consulted us to see if we could help him bring about a settlement between you two. He is very anxious indeed to straighten matters out. Personally," Gerald went on, with a glance around the room which convinced him finally that there was no sign of any stray weapon, "I think that an interview between you would be the most satisfactory thing, if you would guarantee that it would be of a peaceful character."

"Say, what sort of a scallawag do you think I am?" Silas Brocken demanded. "Why should I want to hurt old Ben?"

"Is Mr. Hammond near here?" the girl asked eagerly.

"Within a few yards," Gerald replied. "I'll fetch him."

"Fetch Ben Hammond!" his late partner exclaimed. "Well, that sounds good to me!"

"You'll promise that there shall be no quarrel?" Gerald insisted.

"Not on my part," was the hearty response.

Gerald, with his fingers upon the handle of the door, felt impelled to ask a question. "Tell me," he begged, "if you don't want to quarrel with Ben Hammond, why did you keep on sending him those terrifying telegrams?"

"Telegrams?" the girl repeated.

"Telegrams?" Silas Brocken echoed in a dazed tone. "I never sent him a telegram in my life. I didn't know where to find him. It was Tonks who was always on the point of locating Ben, but

Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for June, 1927

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The flavor lasts

we always missed him—sometimes by only an hour or so."

"Tonks!" Gerald reflected.

The girl took him by the arm. "Please go and fetch Mr. Hammond," she begged.

"I will," he promised, "only if Mr. Tonks comes up before I get back, better not say anything about it."

Gerald crossed the corridor, knocked at the door of the room Mr. Hammond was occupying, and whispered a few words in his ear.

"Wants to see me!" the latter cried.

"Look here, Mr. Hammond," Gerald assured him, "there's been some mistake. I'm sure of that. Your partner is in a most harmless frame of mind. He and his sister are only too anxious to meet you in a friendly fashion."

"Ruth!" Mr. Hammond exclaimed. "You don't tell me she's here, man?"

"She's with her brother."

"Ruth won't let him get rough," Hammond declared. "She was always the peacemaker. Ruth! Say, that's wonderful!"

They crossed the corridor and entered the suite opposite. From a distant corner Ruth came hurrying forward. She held out both her hands, which Ben Hammond grasped. He was suddenly not in the least afraid.

"Ruth!" he murmured. "Why, this is good, Ruth!"

"Ben—you dear!" she whispered.

Then she stood aside. Silas Brocken came a few steps forward. He and his partner looked steadily at one another. Their expressions were indescribable.

"Silas!" Ben Hammond faltered, in a half choked tone. "You're not mad with me?"

Silas Brocken looked more dazed than ever. "Me mad with you, Ben!" he cried. "What've I got to be mad about, except that you wouldn't answer my letters and made me chase you round these two years?"

Ben Hammond gave one last nervous glance around the room. There were no signs of any six-shooters. There was nothing in the least threatening in his partner's tone or expression. He extended his hand a little timidly, to find it suddenly clasped in the other man's.

"I done a dirty trick on you, Ben," his late associate confessed humbly.

"Getting me scared, you mean? That's nothing to what I done to you, Silas, but there hasn't been a moment that I haven't been sorry for it. You know what I done—I guess Ruth knows too. When I chose south—those wells had begun to gush."

"They didn't gush long," Brocken confided grimly. "Lucky you sold out when you did, Ben. Them wells was faked."

"What's that you're saying?"

"Faked, that's what they was," Brocken groaned. "Faked by me. I wanted you to choose south, Ben. I knew where the oil was. I'd found it up north before I went to New York, only I wouldn't have the wells sunk until we'd closed our deal. You got two millions for your south lots, and you done well—but I got four and a half for mine. Yours weren't worth the money. You did them prospectors in the eye without knowing it."

The dawn of a beatific grin appeared on Ben Hammond's face. "Done them in the eye, did I?" he repeated. "Gosh, Silas! One of them was Crooked Solly."

The reflection of the smile softened Silas Brocken's anxious face. "Didn't I know?" he rejoined. "Gee, it's the only thing that's made me smile for two years! But listen here, Ben, I was a skunk. The deal was no sooner closed than I began to get ashamed of it. Then Ruth caught on, and she gave me the devil. That's when we started off after you. But do you think we could do more than just get on your tracks? I hired one of them detective chaps, and it seems to me as though we'd dragged him round the world two or three times with you just a beat ahead—and never answering a letter."

"I never had a letter from you," Ben Hammond declared. "But what about them telegrams, Silas?"

"I never sent you a telegram since I quit New York," Silas Brocken affirmed.

At this point Gerald ventured to intervene.

"Look here," he said, "I think I can see daylight in this matter. It's Tonks who's been keeping you two apart. He got hold of too good a job to let go. He was pretending to track down Mr. Hammond, and instead he was sending telegrams to frighten him away."

"My, how I always have hated that man!" Miss Brocken cried bitterly.

For the first time there was a look in her brother's face reminiscent of those days when he handled six-shooters with aptitude.

"If we ain't a couple of boobs!" he declared. "Gol-darned blithering boobs, that's what we've been. There was you trying to keep out of my way because you was scared, and there was I chasing after you, with Ruth, to make good."

They shook hands once more.

"I sure am a gol-darned fool," Ben confessed.

"No worse than me to have been fooled by a man like Tonks," his partner acknowledged.

"I was scared of Ruth too," Ben Hammond admitted.

"You don't need to be scared, Ben," she whispered softly.

"Four and a half millions I got for the north and two millions you for the south—darned clever cuss you were, too!" Silas summed up. "That's three and a quarter millions each, which means I owe you one and a quarter."

"What's money?" Ben Hammond demanded, as they made a simultaneous movement towards the whisky-bottle.

Mr. Silas Brocken paused to ring the bell. He seemed to have grown in stature and in fierceness. One could almost picture him handling one of those six-shooters.

"What are you ringing for?" Ruth inquired.

"I'm ringing for another glass for this gentleman," Mr. Brocken replied, suddenly remembering Gerald, "champagne for you, Ruth, and a messenger boy to look for Mr. Tonks. When we've done our bit of celebration," he concluded, with the light of battle in his eyes, "I'm going to wait right here—for Mr. Tonks."

Leopards *by Don Marquis* (*Continued from page 95*)

Mr. Dallis, usually so genial and open. He hated to deny anyone anything. Finally he said:

"Lola, I know you won't believe me, but that leopard's the only animal in this whole show that the Old Man wouldn't part with. Wouldn't some other leopard do?"

"No leopard in the world, Ex, but that leopard! I want his hide for a coat! Look how he matches me!"

Mr. Dallis looked at her vivid coloring, at her warm golden eyes with the changing lights in them, at the luxuriance and magnificence of her hair, and he looked at the wild beauty of the gorgeous, spotted Tamerlane. He spoke with a sudden enthusiasm:

"By gad, Lola! You two *are* affinities! I'll tell the world so!"

"I will have his coat!" purred the woman.

"I will have that woman to eat!" purred the leopard.

"You oughta have him!" said Dallis, "but as I said, it's the one thing the Old Man owns that he won't sell."

"Why not, Ex?" said Peachey, who was willing to buy Lola a leopard if possible, but more than willing not to see the money spent if it were really impossible.

"It's a matter of sentiment, Peachey."

"Sentiment? Is he so attached to it?" asked Lola.

"I know you won't believe me," said Mr. Dallis, "for it's a funny yarn. You've got to understand that these circus people, especially the old-timers, are the most sentimental people on earth, or you won't get me.

"The old man had a daughter. Beautiful girl. Fine girl. Looked a good deal like you, Lola, only she wasn't as big. Brought her up away from the circus. Girl's college, and all that sort of thing. But circus was in the blood. Her mother had done a turn herself under the big top, twenty years ago. The Old Man himself was born with the smell of sawdust in his nostrils. What's born in you has to come out.

"The Old Man had planned a society life for that girl, but when she got out of her college, you couldn't club her away from the big top. Where she learned to ride the way she did, I don't know—in the blood, I guess. But she surprises the Old Man one day by turning up as a lady bareback rider in his own show. Collusion amongst his underlings, he said, but he wasn't really as mad as he made out to be.

"And animals! Animal was that kid's middle name. Her and Tamerlane here struck up a special friendship. He was captured when he was almost full-grown, and he had the reputation of being a tricky beast and hard to handle. But he did follow her. For she had the nerve to let him out of his cage one day—and lead him around the tent here and you'd have thought he was a tame tom-cat.

"Well, the kid died about two years ago. It broke the Old Man all up. He hasn't got over it, and he never will get over it. But that's the reason he won't part with that leopard."

"But he's really a dangerous beast, isn't he?" said Lola.

"They're all dangerous, all these wild animals," said Mr. Dallis soberly. "Any time you are told they aren't, it's all bunk. They're never really tamed. Tamerlane, here, would eat you in a minute if he took a fancy to."

"I want that woman! I will eat that woman!" purred the great beast, in his own language, as if confirming Mr. Dallis.

"I want that fur!" said Lola, the compunction that she had felt for a moment vanishing under Mr. Dallis's information that all wild animals, no matter how seemingly docile, are dangerous.

"You're going to have a deuce of a time getting him," said Mr. Dallis, "unless you buy the circus outright, and him with it."

"Oh, Peachey, *couldn't* we?" cried the spoiled beauty.

Peachey came nearer to giving a gasp of surprise than ever before. But he choked it back. His training conquered.

"We'll see about it, Honey Bun, we'll see."

"Would it cost such an *awful* lot of money?" asked Lola, innocently, of Mr. Dallis.

"It would if you could buy it," said Mr. Dallis. "But I doubt if the Old Man would sell it at all. He likes to think it's his."

"Honey Bun, I'm afraid we're gonna have to give it up," mildly offered Peachey.

"I want that fur!" said Lola.

"I want that woman!" purred Tamerlane. "I'm going to eat that woman!"

"Exie, where is Old Man Driggins now?"

"He's at Bridgeport, Connecticut, today," said Mr. Dallis.

"Come on Peachey," said Lola, "we'll get into the car and go to Bridgeport."

They were then in Brooklyn, where the circus was showing for a week after its early season engagement at the new Madison Square Garden, New York. Lola spoke of going to Bridgeport to buy the circus as casually as another person might have suggested going to the corner drug store for a chocolate sundae.

"Why not wait until tomorrow, and he'll be here?" suggested Mr. Dallis.

"Why not, Honey Bun?" pleaded Peachey.

"No," Honey Bun said with finality. "He might be considering an offer from somebody else right now, for all you men know. That's the way with men! Women have all the business sense, really. We'll go to Bridgeport right away. It's only fifty or sixty miles."

And as they started out of the tent she cast

one final lingering look at Tamerlane. "I'm going to have that fur!" she murmured.

"I'm going to eat that woman!" answered Tamerlane, returning her gaze.

"Now aren't women hades on wheels!" said Mr. Exeter Dallis, not without admiration.

That night, during the show, and after the show, and well on towards morning, there was uneasiness in the animal tent, the sort of tension that the old timers know how to appraise, and which they fear. The lions gave voice from time to time, the elephants grumbled and trumpeted, and a polar bear made oration to the world. There was a feeling of hysteria in the enclosure, which communicated itself to keepers and trainers and attendants; the beasts were on edge.

There was no storm on the way, no electrical tingling and prickling in the air, no unusual and unseasonable heat to excite the brutes, but excited they were, and the men in charge experienced little waves of unacknowledged fear.

There was a night watchman who felt that he might have cleared up the mystery of this agitation, which had in it a vague sense of menace towards man and all his works. This was old Jim Hagerty, who had been a trainer in his prime. Now his daughter was a trainer—Florence was her name, and she was billed as Fearless Flo—and he was merely a helper in the menagerie.

Old Jim had lived all his life among animals in many parts of the world, and even claimed that he could understand their talk. He used to report long conversations to his daughter, things that he heard o' nights, and they were so nearly like what the animals *might* have said that he often left Florence gaping in amazement, almost wondering if, indeed, her father really could understand animal talk. She was convinced that he at least thought he could.

Old Jim had been an eye-and-ear witness of the mutual fascination of Miss Golightly and Tamerlane; and his daughter had been indignant at the possiblity of a moving-picture actress aspiring to own the great show.

"What could *she* do with animals?" said Florence contemptuously. She walked among them herself, with pistol and whip, as confidently as if they were puppies.

"Never fear, Old Man Driggins won't sell it to her," said Jim. "The animals were all worked up last night," he continued presently. "They were all talking about Tamerlane and his wanting to make a meal from that woman."

It is a version of Jim's report that is given here.

"I will have that woman! I will eat that woman!" Tamerlane told the leopard in the next cage again and again.

"What is the matter with that fool leopard that he will let nobody sleep?" complained a two-humped camel, who desired nothing better than to continue in the way of placidity which had been marked out for him by his gods.

"He is a fool, indeed! A fool! A fool! A fool!" gibbered a malicious little monkey.

"If I were out of this cage," muttered Tamerlane, "that monkey would soon see whether he or I is the bigger fool! I could kill six monkeys with one blow of my paw."

"I wish you were out of your cage, then," said a polar bear. "I have undergone many indignities and discomforts in my life, and much suffering, but my chief sorrow is that I must listen all day long and sometimes all night long to the mouthings of these accursed monkeys. A monkey is neither a man nor a beast, but something between the two, and to be despised by both, for he has the faults of both."

"Oh, be silent, you!" interrupted a zebra. "You grumble eternally and you are worse than the monkeys."

"Lie down upon your ice," another monkey advised the bear.

"Silence!" roared a lion. "All of you!" And he shook his bars.

The monkeys giggled and mimicked him, and then fell into discussion again.

"Why is it," said one of them, "that the foolish leopard wishes to devour this particular woman? I had rather have an orange."

A tiger, who had been listening, and who had said nothing hitherto, stirred with a recollection of an incident that had occurred in his youth in Bengal, and sniffed the air. And then there leaped into this tiger's heart a reawakening of an old desire, and he gave a sudden loud cry of such ferocity that all the men and monkeys and all the herbivorous animals shuddered with terror. And all the carnivorous beasts cried out, while the tent shook with a naked blood-lust and the fear of it.

"I will have that woman! I will eat that woman!" said Tamerlane, the leopard.

A wise old elephant then lifted up his voice and spoke solemnly and seriously.

"Listen to me," said the elephant. "I am old and I have seen many things, in many parts of the earth, and I tell you, my friend, as one animal to another, beware of women!

"Up and down the world have I traveled, upon my own legs, and in many trains and ships, and I have seen troubles here and troubles there, troubles by land and sea, troubles in the jungle and in cities, and I tell you, my friend, that the greater part of these troubles were due to women. My friend, beware of women!

"This is not my wisdom alone, although my wisdom is great, but it is also the wisdom of men, who have made themselves our masters. And they are wiser than we, because although their strength is less than our strength——"

"We obey them too much!" roared the old lion.

"Too much!" cried the tiger.

And the word went around the tent, until one of the great lethargic snakes, behind his glass plate and his bars, uncoiled and took it up, and said it over and over again.

"I will have that woman! I must eat that woman!" moaned Tamerlane the leopard.

But when all was quiet again the elephant went on with his tale.

"I have been with white men and with brown men," said the elephant. "I have worked with them, piling logs and pulling stumps, and I have hunted with them. And I have listened to them, while they talked about their camp-fires. And the boldest hunters and the greatest workers had ever this to say to one another, as the moral and the warning of the tales they told: Beware of women!

"I have seen much, and I warn you from what I have seen. I have heard much, and I warn you from what I have heard: Beware, my friend, beware of women! Put this yearning from you, for it will lead to trouble."

"I will have that woman! That woman I will eat," said Tamerlane, fierce and sick with the intensity of his longing.

"I will have that peanut! I must eat that peanut!" mimicked a monkey, safe behind his bars, and all there who were of the simian species giggled until the lion roared them to silence again.

So passed the night in the animal tent, but towards morning the noise died down and only the old elephant and Tamerlane the leopard talked with one another.

"Beware," said the elephant, "of women. Let me tell you a story of a woman who was aboard a ship on which I was brought to this country. It was because of her that the ship was very nearly lost at sea. It happened in this way." And the elephant told the leopard that story.

"I will have that woman," answered Tamerlane, at the conclusion of the tale.

But towards dawn the leopard began to listen to the elephant more quietly, and about the time of sunrise a sagacious orang-utan, who had said nothing before, joined in the discussion and supported the elephant. A toucan bird, a camel and a sad giraffe spoke also to the leopard, laboring for his conversion through the hour before the dawn. And then a cobra allied himself with them.

"Listen," said the cobra, "listen! I once lived near the bungalow of a Christian missionary in Burma. And because I heeded his precepts, my life has become a different thing. Listen, and I will tell you a story."

"Mr. Driggins, if you were going to sell your circus, how much would you take for it?"

Mr. Driggins named a figure that might have given pause to anyone but Miss Lola Golightly. But Lola's idea of money had always been that it was something to be spent, and figures did not mean as much to her as they might have done to a woman who had not seen press-agents toss millions about.

"But what on earth do you want with a circus?" asked Mr. Driggins.

"It's Peachey, here, that wants it," said Miss Golightly, with feminine guile. She had a habit of saying that Peachey wanted things, and she had the gift of almost making Peachey believe that he wanted them.

"Yes, Sir," said Peachey loyally, playing up to Lola's lead, "I've wanted a circus all my life—ever since I was a kid. And now that I've got money enough to buy one, I'm gonna do it, if the price is reasonable." Then he added vaguely: "It'll work in with my moving-picture business, you know."

Mr. Driggins was sympathetic, but not quite convinced. He could understand a person wanting a circus very badly, but somehow it didn't seem to him that Peachey was quite spontaneous. Peachey and Lola had found him at his Bridgeport home shortly before dinner, and had dined with him there, broaching the object of their visit at once. He had been a trifle puzzled to make them out; but he knew who Peachey and Lola were, he had confidence in their financial responsibility, and they evidently meant business. He was convinced that it was Lola who really wanted the show, and not Peachey, and he was piqued because he could not find out just what her sudden, overwhelming desire was due to; he felt sure that it was sudden and it seemed to be overwhelming.

He had told them at the beginning, automatically, as he told everybody, that Driggins's Great Show, which he owned outright just as he owned the hat upon his head, was not for sale to anyone at any figure. But that had not jarred Lola. She had treated it as an entirely irrelevant statement. And as he talked to them there recurred to him a feeling that he had experienced several times since his daughter's death—the feeling that it was about time for him to retire. Before dinner was over, he had made up his mind to sell. But he wished to draw the transaction out until he discovered Lola's real motive.

Lola had no intention of telling. She had been too wise to mention Tamerlane.

Finally Mr. Driggins put it to her directly. "Mrs. Hawkster, I *know* it is you who want the show. Tell me why—and maybe I'll sell."

"You'll think I'm silly, maybe," she said, not troubling to make any further denials, "but it's because—well, I love animals!"

Driggins looked at her, and believed her, and fell into a muse, thinking of his daughter. "I'll sell it to you," he said finally.

Lola also thought of his daughter—and of why she was really buying the circus—and had the grace to feel ashamed, for a moment.

But only for a moment. All the way from Bridgeport back to New York she talked of little else than that gorgeous coat, that wonderful coat which now rested upon the back of Tamerlane and would one day clothe herself.

"Peachey," she said, reproaching him for a lack of enthusiasm, "you don't seem to see the business possibilities in this deal!"

"Honey Bun, I don't," Peachey confessed.

"You men never do," said Lola. "It's a good thing you have me to look after you, Peachey, or your old moving-picture business would go to pieces in no time."

"Maybe you're right, Honey Bun," said Peachey submissively. But inside of him Peachey was saying, numbly and dumbly: "My Lord! A circus! I've bought a circus to get a coat for her! My Lord! A circus!"



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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

"If I wasn't a practical business woman, Peachey," continued Lola, "there's no telling how much money you'd lose in your ventures."

"Yes, Honey Bun," said Peachey.

"You're too good-natured with people, Peachey. You let 'em do you all the time."

Peachey flushed to a deeper peach-blow pink, and was silent. He had been thinking something of the sort himself.

"Now, honest, Peachey," Lola went on, "you haven't seen where this deal is good business. 'Fess up! Have you, now?"

"I ain't," said Peachey, losing his hold on grammar completely.

"Why, Stupid," said his loving spouse, "don't you see the idea? Lola Golightly buys a circus just to get a wonderful coat! Just think what Morty Thompson can do with that for a starter! With Exie Dallis to help! Why, Peachey, the ad from that will more than pay for the old circus, and you'll have the circus besides. Now, is your little Lola clever, or isn't she?"

"She is," responded Peachey dutifully. But he added, with a sigh: "It's gonna take quite a lot of reading matter, Honey Bun, to be worth as much as that circus costs us!"

"Don't you be a spoil-sport, Peachey," said his spouse, conveying her affection in a caress.

The caress was the sort of caress that also conveys something very like a warning. Peachey felt it so, at any rate. He made no further, feeble struggle. The die was cast so far as Peachey was concerned. He wouldn't be a spoil-sport. He was even grateful that Lola hadn't made it stronger, as she sometimes did. Sometimes she said, witheringly: "I *hate* a spoil-sport!"

It was a week later, after all the formalities of the purchase had been concluded, that Lola stood before Tamerlane's cage again; and again that strange fascination seemed to possess both creatures. It was late in the afternoon, "between shows," as the profession terms that particular part of the day.

"I'll have a hard time with that leopard tonight."

Lola turned and saw Fearless Flo at her elbow; she recognized Florence, from her costume, as the woman who had put two lions and a leopard—Tamerlane himself—through their stunts at the afternoon performance. And she was conscious of a certain hostility in Florence's speech and manner. She looked her interrogation.

"When you were here before," said Florence, answering the look, "you got him so excited that it was two days before I could get him in hand again."

"Is he so dangerous?" asked Lola.

"All the big cats are dangerous," said Florence, "unless you keep your nerve."

Lola turned back towards the cage, and she and Tamerlane stared at each other once more. Florence broke the silence with a cool interrogation, which she was at no pains to render inoffensive.

"Who is going to kill him for you?" she said. "You haven't got the nerve to do it yourself."

Lola felt the girl's antagonism unmistakably now, and in spite of herself she flushed. "I suppose," she said quietly, "that *you* have?"

There was a brief pause, and then Florence replied: "Yes, I could kill him. But I wouldn't kill him. I'd be ashamed of myself to kill an animal like that just for a whim—just because I'd got stuck on his coat."

Florence was a slender brunette, and there was fire in her eyes as the two women faced each other. The idea that Driggins's Show was now the property of someone who cared nothing for circuses—the thought that the great, beautiful beast was to be slain to satisfy the frivolity of someone who had not the slightest interest in animals—was too much for her; she was outraged, personally and in her inherited traditions. She continued, letting her honest contempt take command of her voice:

"If I wore a tiger's coat, or a leopard's, it would be because I'd killed him myself—and I'd kill him only because I had to kill him. And it would only be an animal *that had had his fair chance to kill me!* But you wouldn't give him his chance! Everybody knows you have doubles for all the dangerous stunts in your pictures."

This was a home thrust, this latter sentence—the one thing calculated to make Lola more furious than any other insult in the world. For when she had first gone into the moving-pictures there had been none so daring as she. Later, when her fame and salary grew, it was her employers who had insisted that she give up risking herself personally; she was too valuable. And Lola had yielded reluctantly. But she was too proud to explain to this circus woman who so evidently hated her.

"I'll do anything that you'll do," said Lola evenly. "I'll go in the cage with you tonight and help you with your act."

"You won't be allowed," said Florence.

"I won't!" blazed Lola. "We'll see! I own this circus!"

Florence laughed: "You haven't got the nerve!"

"Get me a costume like yours," said Lola.

Florence saw she meant it; she weakened; she thought swiftly of the possible consequences of an amateur in the arena among the big beasts. She paled a little, courageous as she was. "You mustn't do it!" she cried.

"Get me a costume like yours," repeated Lola. And she clutched the girl fiercely by the shoulder. "Or shall I rip this one off of you?" she said.

Florence led her to the dressing tent.

And that night, when she faced the three great cats and watched Florence put them through their paces, she was not in the least afraid. For Lola was used to facing crowds and cameras, and this thing seemed to her, at first, no more connected with the realities and dangers of existence than just another appearance on "location." She stood quietly in a corner, observing the other woman and her marvelous handling of the animals; and once her reluctant admiration uttered itself:

"I've got to hand it to you!"

Florence gave her a quick glance and went on with her job. Presently she murmured:

"There's only a moment more of the act now. You'd better beat it." And she motioned towards the back of the steel-barred enclosure, sitting on its platform, in which the performance had taken place. The helpers were already there, with the portable steel chutes which connect the performing arena with the vans in which the animals live and travel, ready if necessary to assist in that transition from the door of the arena back to the cage which is the really ticklish business of most animal acts.

Lola, her whip and her pistol still in her hand, stepped out of the door of the arena and stood a moment on the margin of the platform beside it, looking at the crowd.

And even as she looked, she was aware that something had happened. A single spasm went over that great mass of faces before her as if it were one face—a spasm of fear. There was a gasp, a great involuntary whisper with the wind of terror in it; and then a hush.

Turning, she faced Tamerlane.

What had gone wrong, she never knew; whether the great silent cat had bounded after her with one leap before the door could be shut, or whether the helpers with the chute had hesitated and somehow bungled—but there he was, couched, as if for a spring, motionless, except for that slight twitching of the tail which showed the blood-lust trembling through the feline nerves.

"Don't move, for the love of God, don't move!" whispered Florence, through the bars.

But the leopard moved first—as you have seen a cat move before it leaps; a movement slight as the caress of a breeze upon the water, a ripple that started at his claws and shivered through his body; an undulation that was less physical action than the shuddering expression of a fatal idea. It was neither experience nor conscious thought which bade Lola be beforehand with the animal, when she perceived this movement; it was an instinct as primal as his own.

She struck first; again and again she lashed him, with a flailing whirlwind of blows across his muzzle and his head; blows that beat down the rising hell in him just before it reached its flaming crest and leaped; slashes edged with surprise that threw the beast off his psychic balance; blows that carried consternation, for an instant, from the stricken nerves to the brute soul; and Tamerlane the mighty crouched and backed and snarled and tried to box with the flying whip itself, and failed to gather himself for the swift spring that meant death. Twice Lola desisted, and then at a renewal of movement in the beast lashed and lashed again.

And then there fell a pause, while the forces wrapped in these two savage beings struggled with each other in naked daring, without the aid of whirling whip or bared claw; a pause wherein they seemed to hang together, grappling, in a hypnotic trance. That courage which is more primal and deeper than anything that can be expressed in action glowed from the woman and seized upon and wrestled with the essential wildness of the stark brute before her.

And she was conscious of a great exultation. Here was the real thing, the woman told herself—the thing she was born for! Here was what she had been searching for, what she had been thirsty for; here was the strong drink of peril to slake the restlessness that had expressed itself in a hundred whims and escapades. All her other hunting had been for small game! She did not reason this, but in the dangerous trance that held them both she knew it.

To be conscious of peril, and not conscious of fear—that is something that is given to but few people; but her emotions were deeper than fear. They were deeper than thought; deeper than consciousness itself; they were deep as the stream of primal life that flowed through both the pagan woman and the savage cat, the stream which had shaped them both and borne them on and flung them both together. And in some strange way, which she could never express, the woman felt herself and this leopard blended together in their sources; he was she and she was he; a sensation too profound and overwhelming for fright, and which comes mystically to every handler of snakes and feline animals and is precedent to the mastery over them.

It was the woman who broke this spell. She stepped forward and raised her whip again. The great cat turned and glided into his cage, her slave. And five thousand people burst forth into a roar of applause.

"I got to hand it to *you!*" said Florence.

It was tribute from a professional which Lola knew how to value. She smiled and put her arm over the girl's shoulder for a moment. And then the smile faded. She gazed after the cage of Tamerlane, which was being wheeled from the tent, and said, almost somberly for Lola Golightly:

"I don't think I want his coat." She struggled, but in vain, to express some slight hint of the great joy that had possessed her, and of the strange trance that had held her. "I sort of *like* that leopard," was the best she could do. And then: "I think he's going to like me."

He did. In three months he followed her like a dog. Some of his friends in the animal tent said sneeringly that he had changed his spots and become a moral leopard; but Tamerlane did not waver in his devotion. When she was filmed as Semiramis, as the Queen of Sheba, as Zenobia, Queen of the Desert, Tamerlane figured as the leading feline.

Somehow her conquest of Tamerlane got into the papers.

"You see, Peachey," said Lola, looking at the clippings, "your old circus has almost paid for itself already! Now, who's a good business woman?"

"You are, Honey Bun," said the little pink man.



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The Shortest Way Home *by Kathleen Norris* (*Continued from page 57*)

the set of those shoulders! I called out to Hannah, 'Light my fire up-stairs, will you, Hannah? And could you bring up some tea for Mr. Pomeroy and myself?' I *knew*, you see, Alice, as if it had been a story I was writing.

"He said afterward, when we were talking wedding plans, 'Jacque, strange that you should have on one of the gold-brown dresses I love so!'

"I didn't tell him, then or ever, that for weeks I'd been dressed for my part. For weeks I'd been thinking: 'Perhaps this is the lucky dress, perhaps this is the golden day!'

"And then, the gravity and beauty—the *decorum* of our marriage, Alice, with everyone's approval and blessing. The first dinners, the wet Sunday afternoons settling our books in the bookcases, sharing tea, talking about books and tennis—everything, everything! I used to look at him and say to myself: 'Hugh, are you *mine*? Is this real?'

"It was all part of the plan, part of the story I was telling myself, presently to go to him—we'd been married almost a year then!—and say: 'Hugh, what would you think of a person you'd never seen, who sent you a wireless that he would like to come and live with you forever?'

"I remember his bewildered, good-natured look as he glanced up, Alice, and then the light in his eyes, and his: 'Jacque—not really!'

"Ah, well, I can say that I have lived in Arcady, anyway; that's more than some women ever can say! But life won't ever have a reason—a pattern, again. It'll just be days—days, one after another.

"And every little while I'll see our gate—we were practically home, Alice!—with snow banked each side and tufted on the dark red bricks, and the black trees, and the sun setting like a fire behind the woods—and everything suddenly slipping and tipping, with that horrible grinding of glass and shattering of wood."

"You'll see it less and less," Alice said practically and placidly, as Jacquetta paused and covered her eyes with her thin white hand.

"Alice," the convalescent presently said, with a surprising touch of her old animation, "do you know what I've been thinking? I've been thinking that some day if I could find a gorgeous, straight, splendid child, one of those hard, rosy, clear-eyed little boys—about three, perhaps, or perhaps younger—I would adopt him and give him Hugh's name!"

Alice looked more than a little doubtful.

"You wouldn't?" Jacquetta asked quickly.

"Well, I wouldn't be in any hurry," Alice hesitated.

"I'm not in any hurry!" Jacquetta said proudly, and was still. "To have a Hugh Pomeroy playing tennis again," she went on musingly after a pause, as if thinking aloud, "racing in the gate, slamming doors, shouting out to me as Hugh used to do! I'd tell him of Hugh, tell him he must ride straight and shoot straight, and play hard, as Hugh did. And after a while everyone would forget that he wasn't Hugh's own son, and the world would be richer for having another Hugh Pomeroy in it!

"Alice, come back; you're a million miles away! Do you know anything about this orphanage up in the hills here, the Beulah Something-or-other Memorial Home where they have babies? That place where they had the incubator experiments, and all that? Do they have babies for adoption there? Might they have a really fine baby boy? I mean one whose parentage we could find out about—one with good blood in his veins."

She laughed ruefully, shamefacedly.

"There is my pride again!" Jacquetta said under her breath, with a little impatient jerk of her head. "As if his blood mattered. But it *would* matter to me, if he were to have Hugh's name. Alice, could you investigate, do you suppose? Very cautiously—we wouldn't want anyone to know! And he must be—unusual. Something out of the ordinary."

"Wait," Alice advised lightly, as Jacquetta fell to musing. "Frank and I are coming up to have dinner with you tomorrow night, and Doctor Jim says he will come in for bridge afterward. And next Sunday you're coming to us! Wait a while, Jack, wait until life gets back to normal. Your nurses only went yesterday; you aren't quite on your feet yet. And more than that, Dear," Alice pursued, "these things take time; there are legalities. You're only thirty-something anyway, you know. You might even——"

Jacquetta silenced her with suddenly opened eyes, with a hand quickly spread and raised as if she warded off some danger.

"Please, Alice dear! Not yet, and not ever. My bubble of life has burst, once and for all. I'm gray—I made Hannah give me a mirror the instant the nurses were gone. And I'll always walk with that!" She glanced at the stout cane that lay on the grass near her. "It's all gone, youth and tennis and golf, Hugh, and morning rides and tramps in the snow, gone with the dream of my son—my rosy, eager, noisy boy! I've got to begin life on new terms, Alice, and it has seemed to me that to have some child the better and happier because of that little empty place beside me——"

She brooded, her eyes far away.

"But you're quite right! Time enough for that," she said presently, in a firmer tone.

Alice left her on that note. They went into the house for luncheon, Jacquetta walking strongly enough, steadily enough, if with that slight limp that became her so strangely in this new sobered rôle; and over the salad and the chops she was charmingly reasonable. Time enough for everything. The duty now was to get well, wholly well.

When Alice went away, a little before three o'clock, Jacquetta was to try for a nap. A little before five Aunt Sally would come in to have tea and dinner with her. And after dinner, as usual, genial old Doctor Jim, who had played the part of physician, uncle, guardian, friend, confidant, since the hour of her birth, would come in for an hour after Hannah had got Jacquetta safely into bed.

"And I'll be here in the morning!" Alice promised, departing.

"Alice, what a bite I've taken out of your life, you angel!"

But Alice only laughed. Jacquetta went out to wave her a good-by, and watch Alice's little car whisk out of sight.

Cameron came respectfully toward her, as he had respectfully approached her now for several successive days. Judge Madison's fine old driver, with the closed car. Would Mrs. Pomeroy and Mrs. Richie like a little drive?

"Oh, no, thank you, Cameron; and be sure to thank the Judge. But Mrs. Richie has just gone——" Suddenly a change came into Jacquetta's face, into her voice. "Wait a minute, Cameron!" she said. "I'll ask Hannah for a wrap. It's such a delicious day I believe I would like to drive!"

"You'll take a nurse with you, Mrs. Pomeroy?"

"My nurses have gone, Cameron. I'm discharged!" She slipped into the thin light box-coat. Black—all black! How strangely one's arms looked in it. "Don't look so idiotically pleased, Hannah," she said affectionately, secretly a trifle alarmed at the perspiration that this little effort made spring out upon her. "You knew that eventually I'd feel like driving again!"

Oddly awkward yet surprisingly simple, too, this management of a lame foot and a cane. And it was exquisite to sit back in the car, with the balmy, fragrant spring air fanning her cheeks, and go safely and alone through the familiar—yet so changed—streets of the town.

"You're sure you know where it is, Cameron?"

"Oh, sure, I've been there manny's the time wit' the Judge. He's on the Board."

"Of course! And what's the name of it?"

"The Beulah Michelson Memorial Home."

"That's it."

She walked quite easily, quite comfortably, through a clean, empty hallway. How exquisitely they kept these forlorn waifs, at least to the outside eye! Sunshiny windows, closed doors, and behind them small high voices and murmurs of more adult tones.

It was all strangely simple. The Superintendent? This was Mrs. Wallace. Mrs. Wallace, accustomed to secrets, made only a perfunctory inquiry as to her caller's name.

"Does the name matter? I only wanted to inquire——"

"Not at all. Not unless we are to do business. In that case we have to have references, of course—that sort of thing."

"But you *do* have babies for adoption?"

"Oh, yes—and others with one parent living. We have one splendid child here with both parents living. I could find fifty homes for her, poor baby."

"I wanted a boy."

"A boy? Well, that's fortunate, for I haven't but one or two girls at the time. We have eighteen—nineteen—we have about twenty-two little girls here, but not many for adoption. Everyone wants girls, curly-headed girls under three."

"Not really?" Jacquetta widened amused eyes. "I wouldn't have thought that! Do you have"— her heart began to beat hard in sudden excitement—"have you a nice boy now?"

"How old a boy?"

"Oh—tiny. But a perfect child, strong and healthy."

"Legitimate? Would that matter?"

"Oh, I think so. I—I suppose so. I wanted to give him my husband's name."

"You're"—the woman's eyes softened, traveled over the slender blackness of the figure opposite her—"you're——"

Jacquetta smiled composedly, nodded. Then her throat thickened and her eyes brimmed, and she looked away.

"Well, now I'll tell you what I think would be a good idea," the superintendent said briskly and hospitably. "I've got an appointment I've got to keep. But suppose you just walk about and take a look at the babies we have—there are fifty—forty-nine, I think it is, here now, and I'll have one of my nurses go about with you. You look about—see what you think. And meanwhile," she added, "I'll get through my business, and perhaps see you before you go."

She smiled pleasantly, relegating Jacquetta to the shy and charming escort of a small, friendly undergraduate nurse, Miss Dobie.

Immediately they were in a long shining room full of babies, toddlers, scamperers, crawlers, and imperious occupants of high-chairs. One eager, enchanting colored baby, other babies almost as swarthy. Curly golden heads, little dark heads scarcely less engaging. Clean, busy babies in faded rompers, banging things, carrying things, eating things.

On the sunshiny porch, other babies, three marvelous babies, all asleep under nettings.

"Oh, what a darling! Is he for adoption?"

"I really don't know. Miss Watts, is this one to be placed?"

"Yes, I believe so. Isn't she a duck? We're all mad about her—she's our pet. She's seven months old—everyone who sees her wants her. Have you seen Benny?"

"Benny? I don't think so."

"We're isolating him because he was exposed to measles. Here he is. Isn't he lovely? How do-do-do-do, Mister Benny?"

A penned porch. An enchanting occupant; three years old, gravely suspicious, gravely friendly. Curls. Eyelashes. Deep dimples.

"Say how do-do-do-do, Ben."

"How joo-joo-joo-joo."

Jacquetta, trembling, half knelt before him.

"How do *you* do, Sweetheart?"

"Here's the dearest little fellow in the

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place," the nurse said in an undertone. "Father and mother d-e-a-d," she spelled, engineering to Jacquetta's side a beautiful boy of four.

The hazel eyes were alert, wide apart, the firm little feet touched the linoleum floor squarely; the boy smiled under a blown wave of light brown hair—Hugh's very hair. "I have a gun," he stated boastfully. "Have your boys guns?"

Jacquetta was almost dazed. "Is he to be adopted?"

"Oh yes, both parents d-e-a-d. And a lucky thing for him, too, wasn't it, Roy? He doesn't understand me, of course."

"And Benny, is he an orphan?"

"I think he is. We usually have someone here who knows, but our head nurse is away this afternoon. She knows about them all. Mary, is Benny to be adopted?"

"Oh, I think so. This is Paula—nine months old," Mary, who had picked up a seriously staring armful of pink-and-white beauty, said interestedly. "Isn't she wonderful—she's an incubator baby, think of it! She weighed five pounds when she came in."

"Five pounds! Can they live?"

"Oh yes—five pounds isn't so bad. We have one here—Miss Murray practically saved her life. Mary, is Betty in here? Could we see her?" Miss Dobie nodded toward an almost closed white door. "This baby was almost dead when she was born, and for three weeks she was in an incubator," she explained seriously. "The doctor took Miss Murray off all other work, and she took this case on. They thought the baby was blind, and she *is* crippled—they operated on her foot before she was an hour old—imagine! And she weighed—— Mary, what did Betty weigh?"

"Three pounds one ounce," Mary said, accompanying them into the small white room.

They stood beside the little white crib. Jacquetta had thought the pale, motionless little baby, lying on the tiny pillow, asleep. But as she bent over her in fearful fascination the deep, sunken, reproachful eyes met her own, the dark little monkey-face was agitated into a scowl. A bandage about the forehead gave the putty-colored features the aspect of a dignified and annoyed old nun.

"Hello, Betty, you're getting to be a regular bruiser!" Miss Dobie said encouragingly.

"Why the bandage?" Jacquetta whispered.

"Stitches—her little head was cut. But that could come off now," the nurse said, "only she puts her little hands up and plays with it."

"Plays! She doesn't look as if she would ever play with anything!"

"Betty? Why, you should have seen her a month ago. They couldn't even dress her; she was on a big pillow. She's getting regular bottles now, but for the first three weeks she had nothing but whey. Miss Murray didn't sleep for more than an hour at a time—she's out taking a constitutional now, and she goes to bed and everything—we consider this baby well! Except the poor little foot. They have to operate on that again."

"And that eye—will that be all right?"

"Oh, yes!" Miss Dobie laughed the cheerful laugh of youth accustomed to tragedy. "It looked like a baked potato at first," she said. "But now it's fine. She weighs—wait a minute—it's on her chart. 'Baby Betty.' She weighs all but an ounce of seven pounds."

"And is she an orphan?"

"I believe she is. But they don't tell us about the cases," confessed Miss Dobie. "Mary," she said, "is Betty to be adopted?"

"I don't know—I think she is."

"Who," Jacquetta asked, "who would adopt this poor little scrap?"

"I was thinking that!" Miss Dobie confessed ingenuously. "Isn't it a shame? Everyone after the pretty ones! And she may grow up real sweet," Miss Dobie suggested kindly.

Jacquetta had advanced a finger toward the still reproachfully staring baby; the moist little fingers, as soft to the touch as butterfly antennæ, had gripped it with amazing force. They clung there, and the sunken eyes reinforced their hold with a look of desperate and drowning appeal.

"Look at that! How's that for a bottle? That's the way she is now," Miss Dobie, displaying a fat, small, drained bottle, said triumphantly.

"She'll never walk?" Jacquetta murmured.

"Probably not," the nurse said.

"Dear God," the woman said, in an involuntary prayer. "Why save her? Why save her?"

"Isn't that right?" Miss Dobie said, sympathizing. "But you don't know—her folks may think the world of her!" she added.

"You don't know who they are? She's so dark she might almost have Latin blood," Jacquetta suggested, her finger still caught tight in that strangely touching, strangely determined little grip.

"Oh no—she'll whiten out! But you know," said Miss Dobie sensibly, "what fun can that kid have in life?"

Jacquetta spoke rather to the baby than to the girl beside her. "And she may live seventy years—in some slum, handicapped, bitter——"

"You bet it'd make me bitter!" the nurse agreed brightly.

"Baby, I have to take my finger away," breathed Jacquetta. Suddenly she laid both her warm, vital hands under the microscopic shoulders, and murmured, in so ghostly a shadow of a whisper that Miss Dobie heard nothing at all: "But I'm coming back for you, Dear! I rather think—I rather think you are my perfect, glorious, sturdy, beautiful little specimen of a boy!"

And suddenly it seemed to her that color came back into life again, into the shaded room, and the nurse's face and uniform and hair. Her feet, cane and all, felt an impulse toward leaping—springing into the future that held such miracles for this lump of unresponsive baby clay.

Cameron, alarmed at the extension of the convalescent's first outing, came anxiously seeking her: she could only scribble her name and her address on a piece of paper and leave them for Mrs. Wallace, with the underscored postscript: "I will telephone. But I so much want dear little Betty that I am almost afraid to ask for her."

Then she drove home slowly, smiling, and went, still smiling, up-stairs to the sitting-room in which she and Hugh had talked of their boy, only a few weeks ago.

Jacquetta stretched herself on the deep couch, pillows piled about her.

Hugh's picture looked down at her understandingly; she could look back at Hugh tonight.

"That shall be my service, Dear. Not a well, whole, happy child, whose life would be smooth and serene anyway. But this poor broken little wreck—this little drowned rat—she shall be given her life, from me, as much as any child is ever given life by its own mother!

"She'll have the garden, Hugh—our garden, and birds and puppies and kittens. She'll have music. She'll hang up her stockings, and have the other children come in for her Christmas tree—and I'll read her stories. Betty. Betty Pomeroy. Elizabeth was my mother's name—I love it."

Jacquetta, sipping her tea, rallied her arguments. Alice would protest; the old doctor would object. This project of adoption was all too rash, too unadvised, too sudden. But Jacquetta would override them. Once again, with that certainty that had given her the serene completeness of her daughterhood, of her wifehood, she felt herself sure. This child, this crippled, sunken-eyed scrap of derelict babyhood, must be hers—and none other, none other, none other!

This beautiful old colonial room, in the beautiful old colonial house, the mellowed garden—in this spring dusk they came again into their own, ready to be the scene of one more phase of beautiful and ordered living, the setting for one more sheltered childhood, one more happy girlhood.

Aunt Sally had sent a message that she would be late; it was delightful to have Alice suddenly appear in the living-room doorway, Alice with Doctor Jim behind her.

"Ah, what luck! You're just the very two persons I had to see. Sit there, Doctor darling. Alice, sit on my feet."

"Jacquetta, you imbecile!" Alice, her face all concern, was kneeling beside her, feeling her hands. "Did you half kill yourself going out this afternoon? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't think of it until after you left, truly, Alice."

"And you went up to the Memorial Home!"

"Who told tales on me?"

"Mrs.—what's-her-name—Wallace, the matron. She telephoned the doctor and he telephoned me."

"Did she tell you what I'm going to do?" Jacquetta said. "I gave your name as a reference, Doctor Jim. Darling, it's all come to me—this is my way out. It's my way round. You'll sympathize, if you can't understand, I know. I've found the weariest, sickest, saddest little scrap of babyness you ever saw—and there's the Pomeroy pride, in the dust at last. I want her! She needs me and I need her. *If* I can have her—and you'll say a good word for me, Doctor?—if I can have her——"

"My dear child," the doctor said, "you can have her just as soon as you're strong enough. You can have her tomorrow, if you'll only calm yourself—*calm* yourself."

She sank back, actually pale, her eyes traveling from one face to the other. Her companions both were smiling; there were tears in Alice's eyes.

"She's for adoption, then? It's all right?"

"It's all right."

"Oh!" Jacquetta's smiling face wrinkled into tears. "I'm so glad!" she said. "Hannah," she faltered, as the big middle-aged serving woman came in with hot water, "you know you said they'd let me have her. Hannah," explained Jacquetta, "when I was telling her about it, said: 'The ways of God are not our ways! That baby'll be in this house tomorrow night!' Didn't you, Hannah?"

"I did," said Hannah shortly. "An' I was all for lettin' you have her from the first. I've two grown ones of me own, an' there never was a mother yet didn't think her own child handsome, if *both* its eyes were out, an' *both* its legs broke! But no, it was off to the inkybator with her, an' off to the thrained nur'rses as if Miss Betty was a chicken itself!"

"Look sharp there!" the doctor's tense voice said. Alice was at the couch, her arm about Jacquetta.

"May God preserve us all, I thought you'd told her!" gasped Hannah.

"You're all right," Alice was saying, steadily and tenderly. "You're all right, Jacquetta—don't you s-s-see, Dearest, how *more* than all right it is! We couldn't tell you, Dear, you were too frightfully ill—and *she* was too ill. For days it seemed as if it would only be another sorrow, on top of the first!"

Jacquetta gulped obediently the hot tea somebody held at her lips, pushed away the cup and lay staring from one face to another. Her face was pale, tears lay on her cheeks, there was a sort of touching faith, an entreaty in her look. Hannah, aghast, stood frozen with remorse. The old doctor did not move. Alice, tearful, beaming, knelt beside her, holding tight to Jacquetta's hands.

" 'Miss Betty!' " Jacquetta faltered, with trembling lips. "It sounds sweet." After a moment's silence she said: "You'll bring my baby home to me tomorrow, Doctor Jim?"

The old man took off his glasses and wiped them. "In my own car. Carefully. And you and Hannah and Alice be ready for her!"

"Oh, we'll be ready for her!" Alice stammered.

"Don't—don't joggle her, will you, Doctor Jim? Go the long way, by the mill. She's so *little*. And she's—all I have."

"I'll take her the longest way round, Dear, don't worry."

"For that," said Alice, frankly blowing her nose, and wiping her eyes, "that is *sometimes* the shortest way home!"

"Six months ago I was miserable, unhappy"

"I WAS ACTUALLY LOSING *all my strength. I had a terrible case of constipation. I was very thin; my skin was sallow, and I was extremely nervous.*

"I had been taking several different kinds of medicines but all in vain.

"After reading a number of Fleischmann's Yeast advertisements I decided to try this much talked of food, and immediately I purchased a number of cakes.

"Several weeks passed and I began to see my complexion clearing up, my old pep and vitality returning. I gradually regained my normal weight and I am now enjoying wonderful health. I feel it is due entirely to Fleischmann's Yeast and I am more than pleased to have the opportunity of relating my experience."

MRS. CORA M. GREGORY, Dallas, Texas

IN the past year over three quarters of a million more men and women have started eating yeast. Today one person in every third American family is making this remarkable food a part of his daily diet.

To feel the way that Nature meant everyone to feel you must keep your system *clean*—and *active*. That is what yeast does. It purifies the entire digestive and intestinal tract, counteracting putrefaction and preventing the absorption of dangerous toxins by the body. It strengthens weakened intestinal muscles, daily aiding the sluggish processes of elimination.

Fleischmann's Yeast is the easy, natural way to banish constipation and its attendant ills—indigestion, pimples and boils and that constant, discouraging feeling of weariness.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine; it is a pure corrective food—a living plant, rich in the nutrients of the grains in which it is grown. Unlike harsh drugs and purgatives, which merely whip the system into temporary abnormal activity, yeast gently, naturally tones up the whole system.

Start today to eat your way back to health! All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. K-53, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., N.Y.C.



MRS. CORA M. GREGORY *in the garden of her home at Dallas, Texas*



LEFT

MISS JEAN McLEAN likes the outdoors and thinks horseback riding is by far the nicest thing to do in it. She was made particularly miserable when she fell victim to a series of painful boils. Her mother writes, "My daughter Jean had such a bad boil on her leg that I persuaded her to try Yeast. She did and had no more trouble until she stopped eating Yeast. Then she had another boil—on her arm. She began the Yeast again, and again was all right—until she stopped. This time the boil came on her eye but after this third one she ate the Yeast more faithfully. This was a year ago and she hasn't had a boil since. I believe that the Yeast keeps her system in such good condition that there will be no further trouble with boils."

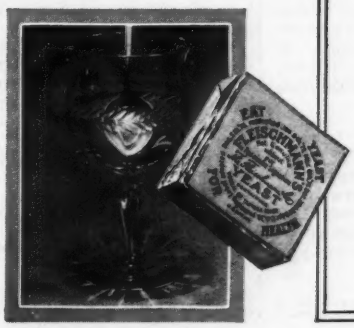
MRS. DANIEL MCLEAN, Glendale, Los Angeles, Calif.



JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, *Well-known Theatrical Producer, N.Y.*

"THEATRICAL PRODUCTION, demanding as it does constant rehearsals and irregular hours, is a severe strain upon the constitution. I find that the best way to counteract that run down feeling and to keep in perfect trim is the regular daily use of Fleischmann's Yeast. For several years now I have made it a practice to take Yeast every day. I drink it in a glass of milk and find it very pleasant. It relieves all traces of indigestion and keeps my system functioning normally."

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON, New York City.



Keep well this easy, natural way

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

Pipe Smoker Finds the Right Tobacco for the Tropics

Evidently, one of the problems of pipe smokers who live in the tropics is to find a tobacco that high temperature will not spoil.

Mr. R. G. Rigg of Colombia, S. A., was happy to find that he could enjoy in South America the same tobacco that had been his favorite since 1908 when he lived in Iowa.

Read his letter:

October 6, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.
Gentlemen:

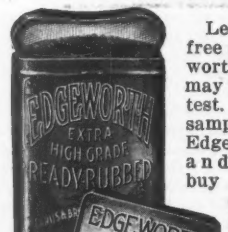
Most all well-known tobaccos smoke well in a cold or temperate climate, but very few in a tropical climate. They are mostly too heavy, don't seem to be blended right—at least that is my opinion gained from practical experience.

However Edgeworth is the same in any climate. Again that is my opinion gained by practical experience.

I cannot get the same pleasure out of any brand of tobacco that I can out of Edgeworth, and I have tried many—and paid fancy prices too. It costs real money to smoke imported tobaccos here; the import duty is very high.

Anyway, we cannot have everything we would like in these countries, so we hold on to all the little pleasures possible. Now you know why I smoke Edgeworth.

Yours respectfully,
R. G. Rigg
Cartagena, Colombia, S. A.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 4 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.*]

The Wise Wife (*Continued from page 101*)

control two adults for long?" asked Calhoun. "Blaisdell isn't the kind of man to yield easily to fear."

"So I seem to have learned," said Helen. 'But—it wasn't ordinary fear; it was the fear of ridicule, and——"

"It didn't work," said Calhoun.

"You sound pleased," said she.

"I'm not that—exactly," he said. "Only—it seemed so undignified of you——"

"To fight for what I want?"

"But I thought that perhaps—you didn't want it," he said.

She looked at him, more closely than he suspected. She sensed the racing pulses of the man. Like a good general, she could change her plan of campaign when an unexpected reverse occurred.

Suddenly she put her hands before her face; her body shook with convulsive sobs. In an instant Calhoun was beside her. All thoughts of Jenny's last-night attractions had been wiped from his mind.

He dropped on his knees and seized her hand; he pressed it to his lips, while from his own lips issued incoherencies.

"Don't cry—he's left you—I love you——"

She took the other hand from her face; in the doorway, a pot of fresh coffee in his hand, held rigidly before him, as though he were turned to stone by the sight he beheld, stood Jason. He gasped as his mistress, leaning forward, brought her lips nearer and nearer to the thirsting mouth of Calhoun.

"Kiss me," said Jenny.

She held up her mouth, whose parted lips even in this moment hinted at petulance. Blaisdell cast a hasty glance around. But the golf links, at this early hour of the morning, were deserted. He complied with her request.

"You kiss me as though you were thinking of something else," she charged.

Blaisdell sat down upon the top of a grassy bunker. "Well, I am a bit worried," he admitted. "Who wouldn't be?"

"Only yesterday," she accused him, "you said that when you kissed me you forgot time, space, life—everything."

"Well, that was yesterday," he replied.

"Have your feelings changed since then?"

"Certainly not!" he disclaimed fervently. "But I've been through a lot since yesterday."

"Any more than I've been through?" she retorted.

"Well, it's different with you," he evaded.

"How is it different?" she asked.

"Darn it, Jenny, just look at the situation!"

"I've been looking at it—and living through it. I don't understand you. Unless you're perfectly selfish and thinking only of yourself."

"Of course I'm not. I've been thinking of you all along," he declared.

"As, for example, just now, when you admitted that while you kissed me you weren't thinking of me."

"I didn't say anything of the sort," he told her. "I said that I was worried."

"And then you said that you had more to worry about than I have; that you'd endured more than I have, and—once again, tell me how."

"Let's not quarrel, for heaven's sake," he pleaded.

"Who's quarreling?" Jenny's laugh was slightly shrill. "I merely said, when you talked about your worry, that I'd worried a lot, too, and you pick me up and fight——"

"Fight? That's a ridiculous word, Jenny, to use to describe an argument," he interrupted

"You admit, then, that you've been arguing, don't you?" asked Jenny.

"I don't admit anything of the sort," he almost shouted. "I've been through a most embarrassing situation——"

"So have I," she stated loudly.

His body sagged; he passed a trembling hand across a moist forehead. "Please, Jenny," he begged. "Let's not—debate—any longer."

"Isn't that like a man?" she asked the atmosphere. "Whenever a man's wrong he won't admit it; he simply changes the subject."

"You seem to know a lot about men."

"Why shouldn't I?" she inquired sweetly. "You don't suppose that you're the first man that ever deigned to honor me with his regard, do you?"

He sighed. "I don't see how any man could fail to fall in love with you at once," he stated. He drew her to him and kissed her.

"That's nicer," she said, releasing herself at length. "Oh, John, is it so very wrong of us to love—to kiss?"

"Of course not. Love is above all law."

"I wonder," she speculated, "just what people will think of us."

He shrugged. "My dear girl, there are hundreds of divorce cases every day in this country. Why should people think about us at all? If, of course, there's nothing unpleasant about the case."

"But Helen will be unpleasant," she reminded him.

He shook his head. "Not after this morning. We defied her, and she knows that we mean it. There's nothing malicious about Helen."

"No?" Jenny was acid. "Wasn't she malicious last night—and didn't she try to be this morning?"

"But she had a reason," said John. "You see, she wanted to stop this affair between us, and thought that by making us ridiculous she'd succeed."

"By making you ridiculous, you mean."

Blaisdell grinned. "You were rather funny with cold cream smeared all over your face, Jenny."

"But I didn't look as—as—disgusting as you did with your lips covered with toothpaste," she snapped.

"That's right," he said soothingly. "But anyway, now that we've shown Helen we don't care what she does—why, she'll let up on us."

"Kind of her," said Jenny with something very like a sneer.

"Be fair," said John. "After all, it isn't pleasant for Helen to learn that her husband has fallen in love with her guest."

"Of course you'd take sides with her," said Jenny. "All right, if she's so fair and so just in acting as she has acted, suppose you go back to her!"

He stared at her, then suddenly reaching out, gathered her into his arms again. This time their kiss was longer. Disheveled, Jenny finally released herself.

"I guess I'm bad-tempered, John," she smiled at him.

"You've been through a great deal."

"So have you," she said.

"Not at all. It was worse for you," he said. "I—I didn't mind, really."

"No? Why not? Is it because you are used to being caught in affairs by your wife?"

"Good heavens, no! You're the first——"

"But you didn't mind it? I should think that, despite your own callousness, you'd have had some consideration for my feelings, and suffered because I suffered."

Blaisdell put his hands on his temples. "Lord, there's no pleasing you, Jenny. First you're angry with me because I said I'd suffered more than you; now you're angry because I say I suffered less."

"Not at all. Because you're deceitful; you say one thing one minute and another the next. How can I tell what you mean?"

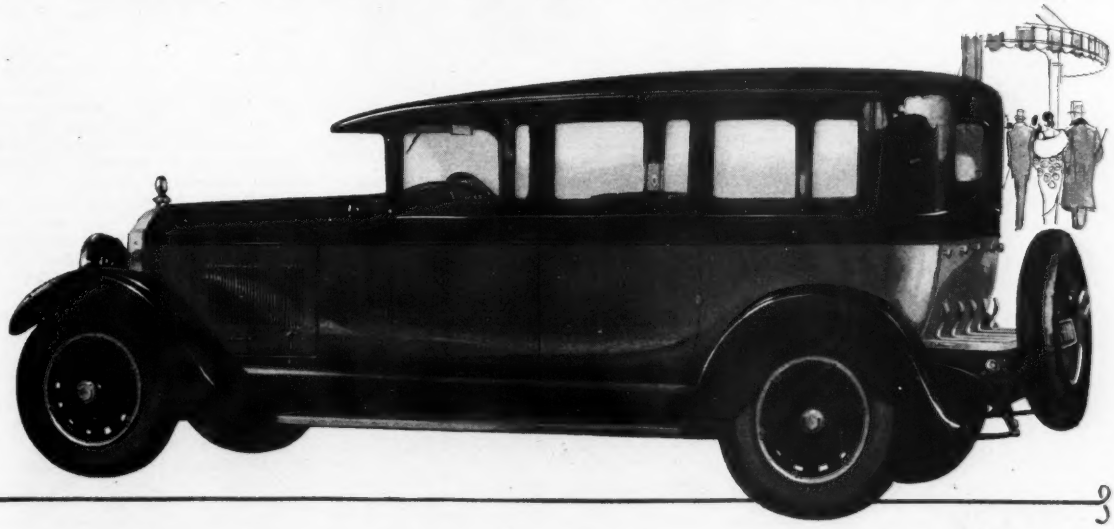
"Only believe me when I say I love you," he said, "and that will be enough."

"It's all very well for you to make love to me," said Jenny. "I suppose, because you're so old——"

"I'm slightly beyond forty," said John. "I resent being called a decrepit old man."

"No one called you anything of the sort. I simply was about to remark that because I'm young you seem to think that you can fix anything by telling me you love me."

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The 6-75 5-passenger Sedan illustrated above lists at the factory for only $1695. A 7-passenger Sedan, a Limousine, a Coupe, a Cabriolet Roadster, and a smart Phaeton are also available on the 6-75 chassis at similarly low prices. The complete Paige line of twenty models offers a wide variety of selection at prices from $1095 to $2795, f. o. b. factory.

(893)

PAIGE



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Ordinary brushing has failed to combat film successfully. Thus thinking people, chiefly on dental advice, are adopting a new way in tooth and gum care called Pepsodent.

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By running your tongue across your teeth, you will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. Ordinary brushing does not remove it.

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PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

"And what on earth was I trying to fix, as you term it?" asked John.

"Your deceit," she answered.

"Will you please point out one deceitful thing I've done?" he requested.

"*One!* Weren't you deceiving Helen? And if you'd deceive her, wouldn't you deceive me?"

"The cases are entirely different."

"Oh, it's all right to deceive your wife, eh? But I'll be your wife some day. I suppose then it'll be all right for you to deceive me. Oh, you're not to be trusted at all!"

"But I promise you——"

"Why waste the words? Didn't you promise Helen, and haven't you broken your promise?"

"Well, I declare," exclaimed John. "The woman I make love to reproaches me because I do so. You kiss me, and then berate me because I kiss you."

"I suppose you're trying to put all the blame on me now," said the girl.

"I'm not blaming anyone. I don't see any reason for anyone being blamed."

"You think it's all right for a married man to make love to another woman than his wife?"

"Jenny, I won't keep this up another minute," said John. "You're just misconstruing, deliberately, everything I say. Let's play golf."

She stared at him. "Oh, very well, if you're too cowardly to continue a conversation; if you'd rather avoid an issue——"

"All right; I'll meet the issue. What is it?"

"I don't like your tone," said Jenny.

"I'm sorry. I don't mean to sound offensive. But, Jenny, I'm so worried—I've been so afraid that Helen would drag you through the courts——"

"You darling! Then you did worry about me?" The girl beamed at him.

"Of course I did!"

She threw her arms about him again. "Kiss me!" she commanded. Reluctantly, at length, she withdrew from his clasp. "I've been horrid."

"Not at all," he said gallantly.

"Yes, I have. Almost as horrid as Helen. Oh, John, it's all very well for you and me to defy her, but—what are we to do now?"

"Let's go back to the house. She's had time to think it over. Let's see if she's amenable to reason now," replied John.

They both leaped to their feet and rounded the bunker. Coming toward them was Jason the butler. He grinned familiarly.

"Well, Jason?" said Blaisdell. His tone was peremptory.

"I'm here to tell you something," said Jason. "I know what's been going on, Mr. Blaisdell. We servants talked it over last night and this morning. Well, Sir, it doesn't matter, the rights or wrong of the affair. I'm a man and I like you, Sir, and I want you to get a square deal."

"If you advance some reason for this impertinence, and advance it at once," said Blaisdell, "I may overlook it."

"Yes, Sir. Well, Sir, just now I went to the breakfast room, not knowing you'd left, bringing some fresh coffee, and there was Mrs. Blaisdell and Mr. Calhoun, Sir, kissing like all get-out."

"My wife kissing Calhoun! How dare you——"

The butler shrank away from the infuriated Blaisdell. "I thought, Sir, Mrs. Blaisdell making things unpleasant for you and the young lady, that you'd like to know. It's true, Sir."

Blaisdell gasped for breath. Jenny put a hand on his arm.

"Why, John, this makes everything all right. If Helen's in love with Calhoun——"

"Ridiculous! That mincing fop, with his talk about art and letters and heaven knows what other junk! Helen—why, Helen couldn't fall in love with *him*. I'll thrash him——"

"Why?"

"She's my wife, and so long as she bears my name I'll not have her disgracing it!" cried Blaisdell. "Let's go."

He walked rapidly on, Jenny being forced into a trot to keep pace with him. Behind



Vibrationless beyond belief

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At home and abroad, Buick has long been recognized as an outstandingly fine American motor car.

American boundaries never have confined Buick popularity. All over the world purchases prove that Buick is the car most people would like to own.

The world thinks well of Buick today because of Buick excellence already demonstrated, Buick value already familiar, and because of that rugged day-to-day dependability—always a characteristic of this famous motor car.

Now Buick has given the world a new reason to pay its tribute to the genius of American engineering—an engine *vibrationless beyond belief*—without question the century's finest contribution to the pleasure of motoring.

* * *

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Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ont.*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

them stumbled the butler, grinning hugely at something that seemed to afford him great merriment.

Helen Blaisdell was sitting on the upper step of the veranda. The posture exposed a pair of enticing calves, to which Calhoun was not entirely insensible. She glanced gaily up at the novelist.

"You seem sad," she remarked.

"I'm not sad—I'm bewildered," he said.

"Do you mean frightened?" she inquired.

"Be-because the butler saw us? Not frightened, but—I've never gone in for this sort of thing, you know."

"Kissing other men's wives, you mean? But now that you've gone in for it, how do you like it?" she asked.

He flushed painfully. "You know I—never dreamed that you—*like* it? You're the most wonderful——"

"Sh-sh. Here come John and Jenny," she told him.

His face fairly blazed now. "Perhaps I'd better go," he suggested.

"Fear? Or sense of honor?" she laughed.

"I'm not afraid—of any man," he replied angrily. "But—but—this new thing——" He rose awkwardly to his feet.

"Stay right where you are," cried Blaisdell.

Calhoun dropped limply upon the veranda. He cast an agonized glance at Helen, but she was smiling happily. She beamed upon her husband as, breathing heavily, his doubled fists pressed against his sides and his elbows jutting aggressively forward, John Blaisdell came to a stop. Behind him, a look of triumph in her eyes, stood Jenny.

Blaisdell's lips curled in a sneer of anger. "Well, what have you to say for yourself?" he demanded.

Helen leaned back against a post. "What do you mean?" she inquired, almost idly, it seemed.

"You know!" cried her husband. "Berating us—making fools of Jenny and myself—scorning Jenny—jeering at me—yet, the minute our backs are turned, what do you do? Kiss Calhoun!"

Calhoun leaped to his feet. "How dare you make such a statement?" he challenged.

"Isn't it true?" countered Blaisdell.

"It's an absolute falsehood," declared Calhoun.

Blaisdell stared at him; a look of doubt crept into his eyes; he turned to Helen. "Jason just told me that he saw you," he said.

"And you took his word?" cried Calhoun. "The accusation of a servant!"

"That isn't fair, Bert," said Helen. "A servant knows as much about kissing as an employer, probably."

"This isn't a time for jesting," said Blaisdell. "I ask you—did you kiss Calhoun?"

Helen shrugged. "That's ungallant, John. The lady is always kissed, isn't she? For instance, do you kiss Jenny, or does Jenny kiss you?"

"Never mind about Jenny and myself kissing," said Blaisdell. He was breathing heavily. "We've admitted about ourselves. But how about you, who were so high and noble? Did you kiss Calhoun, or didn't you?"

"Of course she didn't," interposed Calhoun.

"Bert!" Helen's voice was reproachful. "Any man, no matter how unversed in kissing, should be able to tell whether or not a lady is kissing him. Of course I kissed you."

"And you have the audacity, the brazenness, to sit there calmly and confess it?" cried John.

Her eyebrows raised. "Why shouldn't I admit it?"

Calhoun's face was agonized. "Helen—John——"

"You keep out of this," ordered Blaisdell. "I'll talk with you later. Just now I want to hear what she has to say."

"To say?" Helen echoed his words. "Why, all I can say is that it was extremely enjoyable."

"It will be less enjoyable by and by, perhaps," said John.

Helen pursed her lips judicially. "I suppose so. Have you and Jenny already found that out? The stolen ones have the more zest, haven't they? Still, Bert and I won't have worn off the novelty for a while yet——"

"Have you no shame? No remorse?" demanded Blaisdell.

"Don't be absurd, John!" Jenny spoke for the first time. "What do you care whether or not they kissed each other?"

"Because I'm her husband," answered John.

"But you're not going to be," objected Jenny.

"But until I am not, I won't have her acting like—like——"

"Like Jenny?" suggested Helen blandly.

"You needn't sneer at Jenny any more," said John. "In what way are you any better than she is?"

"Well, you're prejudiced, John," said Helen. "But Bert probably isn't. Now, he's only kissed me—not Jenny. Suppose he kisses her, and then reports to you if I kiss as well—or worse?"

"You're being vulgar again," charged John.

"Is kissing vulgar? No? Then is talk of kissing vulgar? John, you're incomprehensible to me." Helen shrugged as though completely bewildered.

"And you to me," cried Blaisdell. "But I won't try to understand you. I'll let you understand me. And the first thing for you to understand is that you'd better see your lawyers and arrange for a divorce."

"Of course," said Helen.

"And there'll be no naming of Jenny," went on John. "We'll be divorced because of incompatibility of——"

"Kisses?" Helen sweetly supplied the word.

"Temperament," John coldly corrected her. He turned to Calhoun. "You may thank your lucky stars that the situation is as it is. Otherwise, I'd teach you that no man may kiss my wife without trouble."

"Bert didn't find it at all troublesome," said Helen. "But where are you going, John?"

"Inside to telephone my lawyer," he replied.

"Then I'll go in, too, and as soon as you're finished, perhaps I may phone mine," she said. "Don't go, Bert. Keep Jenny company. You two should have much in common."

Smiling, assured, confident, she strode into the house. Calhoun stirred uneasily; he laughed feebly.

"I suppose," he said to Jenny, "that we *have* something in common."

"Do you think so?" demanded Jenny. "I assure you that I don't see it. A man who'll make love to a married woman——"

"You made love to a married man, didn't you?" demanded Calhoun.

"How dare you say such a thing?" blazed Jenny. "He made love to me, and——"

"You let him," said Calhoun.

"Anyway, it's none of your business."

"That's true," said Calhoun. "I—I've been very sorry for you."

She tossed her bobbed blond head. "I don't see why."

"Well, Helen was so—severe, and——"

"She isn't severe any longer," said the girl. "But I'm sorry for you. And surprised at you. I didn't think you were the sort of man to do the sort of thing you did. How long," she suddenly demanded, "have you and Mrs. Blaisdell been in love with each other?"

"Why—why—I don't know. I—only discovered—an hour ago——" He stopped, utterly at a loss.

"She's much too old for you, you know," said Jenny judicially.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. I'm thirty-five," said Calhoun.

"And she's not so much younger. That's catty of me. But I don't care. When did you first kiss her? An hour ago?"

"Why—yes," admitted Calhoun.

"And how long before that had you wanted to kiss her?" she insisted.

"Why—er—I don't know. I'd never thought of such a thing, and—it just happened," he confessed naively.

"Just like John and myself," she said. "I had no more idea. But I happened to stumble as we were walking along the golf course, and he caught me—I suppose you think I'm shameless to talk this way?"

"Not at all," he hastily assured her.

"It's funny—you and I having the same sort of thing happen to each of us. Neither of us intending—or thinking——"

"Love works strangely and suddenly," said Calhoun ponderously.

"Love? Do you call it love when you kiss a married woman suddenly, never having thought of it before?"

"Well, do you call it love in your case?"

The girl wrinkled her brows. "I don't know. I—was surprised—at first—even angry, when John kissed me, but later—oh, I'm so miserably unhappy!" she wailed. She covered her eyes with two small hands and her young shoulders shook with stifled sobs.

Calhoun leaned over awkwardly and patted her arm. "You mustn't," he said.

"Why mus-mustn't I?" she wept. "I—I've done something that I'm not sure I wanted to do——"

"When did you discover that you weren't sure?" asked Calhoun.

"J-just now, when you said that you hadn't intended kissing Mrs. Blaisdell, and didn't seem to know whether or not you loved her—it made me think—oh, I wish I were dead; I wish I'd never come here; I wish I'd never played golf with him!"

Calhoun did not smile at the succession of anticlimaxes. "This is just reaction from stress and strain," he told her.

She lifted her eyes from their hiding-place in her hands. "Are you happy?" she asked.

He stared at her. And as he stared he became conscious, as yesterday evening, of the youthful charm of her. Faintly he colored and the red was reflected in her face.

"I—I don't know," he said. "I—it's all so surprising—so—sudden——"

"If we'd had sense," said she with sudden judiciousness, "we'd neither of us have fallen in love with the person we chose. We'd have fallen in love with each other."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

She colored more noticeably. "I don't mean—anything. I simply said—oh, I don't want to make John get a divorce! I—don't know what I want." Again she buried her face in her hands and wept.

"But you can't divorce your wife for kissing," said the lawyer.

"Not kissing me! Kissing another man," cried Blaisdell. He gripped the telephone instrument savagely.

The lawyer chuckled. "I didn't suppose that you were seeking a divorce because your wife kissed you, my dear fellow. I'm just as modern as you are——"

"I'm talking a serious matter over with you," roared Blaisdell, "and you persist in treating it as a joke."

"Husbands complaining of kissing wives *are* jokes," retorted his lawyer. "You must have something more than that to complain of."

"But I've been kissing another woman," said Blaisdell. "And we both want a divorce."

"Ah-ha," said the lawyer. "Well, if your wife is agreeable, there shouldn't be much trouble. Come to my office." He was chuckling again as he hung up.

Blaisdell glared at his wife, who had followed him into the living-room. "He seems to think it's funny," he said angrily.

"Well, you sounded ridiculous," she told him. "Perhaps my lawyer can give us advice."

She picked up the telephone, asked for a number and was shortly connected with her lawyer. She went directly to the point.

"John and I have agreed to disagree, Mr. Sennett. We want a divorce . . . That is very sweet of you, but we're quite irreconcilable. John's in love with another woman, and I—you understand?" She listened a moment while her husband anxiously paced the floor. Then she spoke again. "Yes, I have evidence



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that he has kissed the lady in the case. He also has evidence that I've kissed the man in the case. That's all . . . Not enough? That's what John's lawyer told him, but I couldn't believe it . . . Of course I'll be in to see you."

She hung up and turned to her scowling husband. "I imagine we'll have to do as other couples do—go to Nevada, or Paris. I think I'd prefer Paris."

"Doubtless," he sneered. "Going to make it all gay and jolly, aren't you?"

"Isn't that the braver thing?" she asked.

"If you're *pretending* gaiety; but when you aren't, when you're really happy and overjoyed——"

"Why shouldn't I be?" she demanded. "Aren't you?"

"Oh, of course," he said with elaborate sarcasm. "Any man would enjoy hearing his wife tell, over the telephone, that she'd kissed someone else. What do you suppose Sennett thinks of me?"

She shrugged. "I couldn't say. But I imagine that he thinks you're pretty much of a fool to lose a woman like myself. And when he learns the age of the young thing you've chosen——"

"Huh!" jeered Blaisdell. "What about what he'll think of you when he takes a good long lingering look at Calhoun? If I'm a fool, what are you? Helen, you couldn't possibly be happy with a nincompoop like Calhoun."

"That's gallant of you. Calling names. I didn't call Jenny names."

"I admit you acted decently, so far as calling names is concerned," said Blaisdell. "But we're not talking of Jenny. I'm telling you that Calhoun couldn't satisfy you."

"He suits me, John."

Blaisdell threw a cigaret disgustedly in the fireplace. "Rather sudden, wasn't it?"

Her gray eyes took on a dreamy, rapt expression. "Not so sudden as you'd think, John. Not so sudden as I thought at first. Only when your love for Jenny released me did I discover that I'd been wanting something else——"

"And that something is Bert Calhoun!" he said scornfully. "Well, I don't admire your choice, Helen."

She shrugged. "Let's not quarrel. I don't admire yours, and there we are. You're to see your lawyer; I'm to see mine. Suppose, in the meantime, we declare a truce."

"That's fair enough," he said.

"Of course it is. Besides, you're in a hurry to see Jenny again. Run along, John, and kiss her."

"Look here," he said. "We've declared a truce to bickering. Let's—let's be dignified. Let's—not—well, make love to them until—until we've separated, and——"

"My goodness, you ask a lot of me," she scoffed. "Not make love to Bert! Not let him make love to me! Ridiculous."

"I won't be made a fool of in my own house!"

"Well, let's not debate. Shall we go outside?" she asked.

He rose and walked toward the door leading to the veranda. Three feet from it he stopped. He held up a warning hand to his wife; she tiptoed to his side.

On the veranda sat Bert and Jenny, closer together than they had been a little while ago. Calhoun's voice carried clearly.

"I can't tell you," he said, "how honored I feel at your confidence. To be permitted to peep into the heart of a good woman——"

"But I'm not a g-good woman," said Jenny.

"My dear child, what do you possibly know of good or evil?" he asked.

"I let a married man kiss me. I kissed him."

Calhoun gestured magnificently. "A kiss isn't sinful. The thought behind the kiss is what counts. I say that I'm grateful for the glimpse of the pure depths of your heart into which I've been afforded the opportunity to look."

"You mean you saw me cry?" said Jenny.

In the living-room, Helen smothered a chuckle. There was a certain practicality about the younger woman that tickled the elder's sense of humor.

"Smiles may hold deceit, but tears never," asserted Calhoun.

Helen whispered to her husband. "It's wonderful what novelists know about human nature."

Blaisdell looked at her in surprise. Her voice sounded mocking, but it was impossible that she could be jeering at Calhoun.

"I hate to weep before you," Jenny told the novelist.

"Why? I understand," said Calhoun.

"That's exactly why I hate to," said Jenny. "I'm afraid you'll understand too much. It embarrasses me to—to be with a man who—who reads right through me."

"What makes you think I do that?"

"Wh-why, you discovered—before I knew it myself—anyway, you made me discover that—that I wasn't in love with John."

Blaisdell started violently. His wife's hand went swiftly to his shoulder. He glanced at her; she was grinning delightedly.

"Well, you made me realize that I wasn't in love with Mrs. Blaisdell," said Calhoun.

It was Blaisdell's turn to grin, and he did so fervently. But, to his surprise, Helen's merriment seemed in no wise diminished by Calhoun's statement.

"Funny," said Jenny, her voice bewildered. "We didn't ask each other any questions; we just sort of poured out to each other the truth."

"And when you said that we should have fallen in love with each other, instead of with the Blaisdells—was that truth?" asked Calhoun.

"It was sense, anyway," evaded Jenny.

Calhoun leaned toward her. "Jenny!"

She leaned away from his grasping hands. "Oh—it wouldn't be right—Bert—don't. Only half an hour ago—we thought ourselves in love with John—with Helen. Now, to yield to each other—it's wrong."

"Wrong? It's the only right, the only possible right," he declared. "Everything else has been wrong—mad—insane!"

"But John loves me! Helen loves you!" she protested.

"We must be true to ourselves," he told her. "Jenny—please—you do love me——"

"I—wouldn't have wept before you, unless—Bert, can you forgive me?"

"Can you forgive me?" he returned.

Slowly, inevitably, they leaned toward each other; their lips met, melted together.

Blaisdell took one longer breath; then, shaking off Helen's restraining hand, he stepped through the door and out upon the veranda. With a startled cry, Jenny released herself from Calhoun's embrace. The novelist leaped to his feet. Blaisdell sneered.

"You needn't be alarmed," he said. "I'm grateful to you. My wife may object, but——"

Helen stared at Calhoun. "To think that—so soon——" Emotion prevented further speech to Calhoun. She turned to Jenny. "I congratulate you. To win two men from me, in so brief a time, is real triumph."

The girl whitened. "I know what you think—but, please—I didn't really love John, and——"

"There is nothing to be said," stated Helen. "Explanations, in matters like this, are so futile. John, shall we leave the young people together?"

As he walked into the house again, Blaisdell felt a strange elation.

"Well, life resumes its humdrum course again," said Helen. She had preceded her husband from the dining-room, and they were now in the living-room, awaiting coffee. She looked around the comfortable apartment. She sighed. "I'm so glad that it isn't to be done over in Japanesy fashion. Really, John, the room wouldn't stand it."

"Neither would I," said Blaisdell.

She laughed. "So you say now. Jenny is on a train; she is engaged to marry Bert Calhoun. But before these interesting events developed——"

"I suppose," he said, "that for the rest of my life I'm to be reminded of this past week."

She wrinkled her forehead. "By me? But we're getting our divorce just the same, aren't we? The fact that Jenny fell out of love with you and Bert never was passionately attached to me makes no difference in our plans, does it?"

"Confound it, we can't name them!"

"But we'd decided to name nobody. Just incompatibility of temperament, wasn't that it?"

"But everybody will know," exclaimed Blaisdell.

"Being made ridiculous makes you unhappy, it seems," she ventured.

He glared at her. "How do you get that way? Aren't you as ridiculous as I am? I guess an onlooker, seeing both of us, would decide that you'd been as silly as I've been."

"You admit, then, you were silly?"

"I don't admit anything," he blazed.

"I rather hoped that bickering was ended—for a while," she said. "With the source of quarreling removed——"

"You thought we could go back to where we were before the—er—sources—appeared?" demanded Blaisdell. "Isn't that like a woman? Kisses another man——"

"You kissed another woman," she interrupted.

"Hang it, I at least *tried* to be discreet. I didn't sit on the veranda and kiss my—my—— Oh, I won't talk about it," he raged.

"Let's not," she said.

She looked up brightly as Jason entered, bearing the coffee tray. The butler put the tray down and lingered deferentially.

"That will be all now, Jason," she told him. The butler bowed and left the room. "One lump, John?" she asked.

"That's what I always take," he snapped. "But you've changed, you know."

He made no answer, accepting silently the proffered cup. He drank it slowly.

"The house seems quiet," she remarked.

"Look here," he said, "just what are we going to do?"

"What do you want to do?" she countered.

"I want to do whatever you want," he returned.

She pondered the matter silently. Finally she spoke. "This is chivalrous of you, John. It arouses in me a desire to be equally chivalrous. Are you really sincere in wishing to know my wishes?"

"Try me," he said.

"I will," she said. "Here we are, John, two people on the edge—the near edge, happily—of middle age." She raised a hand, stilling his disclaimer. "I know, and it's sweet of you to say it—I'm younger than you. But woman's middle age arrives earlier than man's, so—we're both equal in that respect.

"We've been married ten years. A dulness, a sameness, a touch of routine creeps into our lives. You feel that you know all my capabilities, my potentialities; perhaps I feel the same way about you."

"Well, I certainly made a mistake about you," he said bitterly. "I didn't dream that you'd do the things you did."

"And perhaps I was surprised in you," she admitted. "Nevertheless, possibly we both *thought* we'd exhausted each other. And along comes a pretty girl."

"And a cunning little novelist," said John jeeringly.

"We'll come to him later," said Helen. "Let's begin with Jenny. You see her, are attracted, fall in love——"

"That's the whole trouble with women; they assume so much," said John.

"Weren't you in love with Jenny?" she asked.

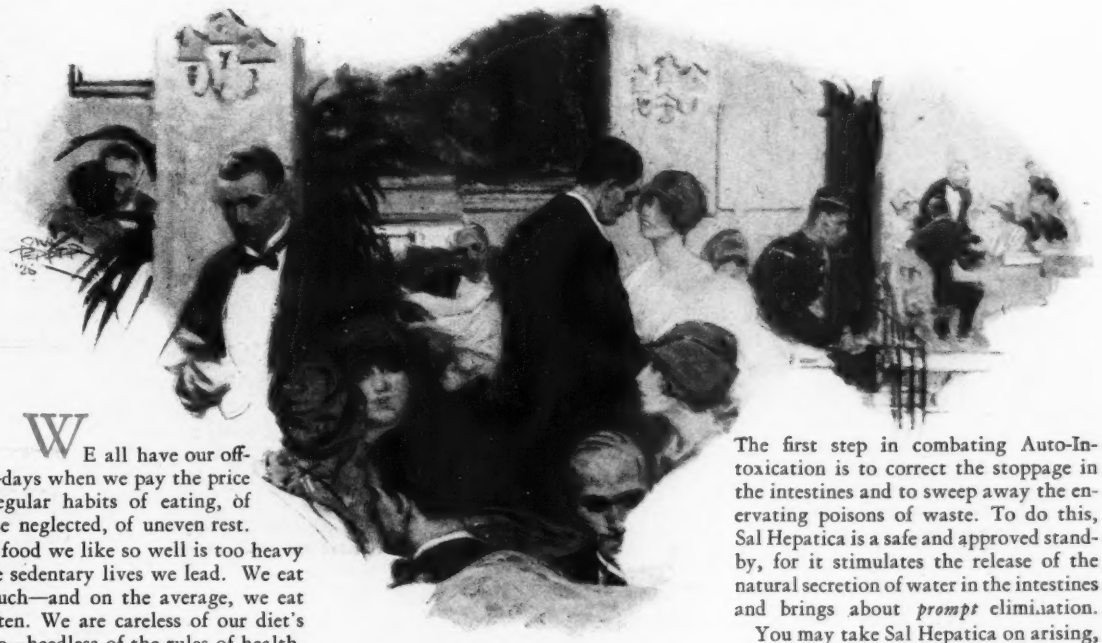
"Well—no. Certainly not. I—confound it, Helen, you threw her at me. Left us together all the time. I'm human, and—I kissed her accidentally, and——"

"Accidentally?" smiled Helen.

"Well, it wasn't premeditated. And she—well, she returned the kiss, and—there was a moment of midsummer madness, and—then you taxed us, and—I fancied I was in love with her, and—then—confound it, let's come to

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Cosmo. 6-27

Calhoun! All the time you scolded us you were in love with him——"

"I haven't even the excuse of midsummer madness," interrupted Helen.

"What do you mean? You mean you pretended? To make me jealous?" he asked.

"What do you think?" she parried.

"Well, what does it matter what I think? We've got ourselves into this dreadful mix-up. I see only one way out—divorce. Do you see any other?" he asked as she made no reply.

"Why, ye-es," she said slowly.

"What?"

"Shut your eyes," she ordered.

"What sort of foolishness——" he protested.

"I said to shut your eyes," she repeated.

She was sitting in his lap, her arms about him, her mouth pressed close to his. For a minute they sat thus. Then, gently untwining her arms, he tried to speak.

"If—if you s-say a word, I—I'll cry," she sobbed. "And if you make me cry I'll never forgive you, and—you don't want that, do you?"

"Indeed I don't," he vowed.

It was ten minutes before, composed, she slipped from his knees. Her back turned to him, she repaired the ravages which tears had made. Then she faced him.

"Have you forgotten Jenny?" she asked.

"Forever," he vowed.

She shook her head. "As you said awhile ago—you're human. Also—male human. There'll be other Jennies, but—don't take them too seriously, John. You love me; I know it. You may forget it for a while, but you'll remember. We'll be too comfortable, and—a Jenny will come along. Kiss her if you must, but—don't think you want to marry her. For you really won't."

"I couldn't ever look at another woman again," he vowed.

"Much obliged," she laughed. "But—taking things for granted is something that happens to all of us. We grow careless; we look around——"

"Helen, I promise——"

"Promise nothing," she advised. "Only, just remember that—I love you, and perhaps that will remind you that you love me, and—let's not talk any more. I'll cry again and—I hate to."

"I made you cry," he accused himself.

"Not you. Life. Life makes all married women cry. We can't just be married and live happily ever after. Our men—wander. The Jennies see them. Our men see the Jennies, younger, looking always their best. It doesn't occur to men that the Jennies have moments different from their best. And we women are fools. We don't play up. We don't flatter with our rapt attention——"

"You make us men sound pretty conceited."

"Aren't you?" she smiled.

"What man wouldn't be conceited knowing that he was loved by a woman like you?" he demanded gallantly. His face suddenly darkened. "That confounded impertinent Jason! Running to me—oh, I'm a cad! When women accused me—you made them realize how vulgar they were. But I—didn't even put Jason in his place. What are you laughing at?"

"You," she said mockingly. "Do you suppose that Jason, dear old Jason, would have been so disloyal to me——"

"You sent him!" he cried.

She laughed. "Suppose I did?"

"Then you knew all along that I wasn't in love with Jenny. If you told Jason to tell me that you were kissing Calhoun——"

"Of course I knew! Haven't I been patiently explaining all along that I knew? Why else would I have done the dreadful—— Oh, John, you were the funniest thing I ever saw! Trying to be dignified and——"

"Go on, laugh; I deserve it," he said shamefacedly.

"I won't. Not another whisper of a chuckle."

"How can you love a fool?" he asked.

"You aren't a fool. You're just a man."

"Not much difference," he grunted.

She laughed again. "Do you want to look at the moon?" she inquired.

"With you?"

"With me."

Outside on the veranda, their arms about each other's waists, they stood staring at the moon. Then, silently, they turned back into the house.

In the middle of the night Helen awakened. Some rhythmic noise assailed her sleep-drugged ears; its insistence had wakened her. She stared at the open window through which the sonorous sound came. Suddenly her lips wreathed in a smile. John was snoring. Still smiling, she drifted back again into sleep.

The morning came, with chirping birds whose love-cries burst into her dreams. She woke, rosy from sleep, and lay quietly, musing on the recent past. She heard the sound of a curtain, its spring released, flying upward. In the next room John, too, was awake. She wondered if he would come to her.

He did; his knock sounded gently on her door, and he entered in response to her summons.

"Thought we might have breakfast together," he suggested.

"Why not? A gorgeous idea. I'll ring for it."

"I'll shave first," he said.

She rang and lay back in bed as he disappeared into the bathroom. She heard the sounds of running water, the swip-swip of a razor being stropped. Then she heard her husband clear his throat.

Her lips trembled; her body shook with mirth. She stifled it, waited a few moments, then called:

"John!"

"Hmph, humph, harnff," came his reply.

"John!" she called more insistently. "Please. Hurry!"

The bathroom door opened and a lather-covered face appeared. "Whashu want?" he asked through soap-covered lips.

"Not a thing in the world—except to look at you, you darling old thing," she told him.

He grinned at her, waved his razor and re-entered the bathroom. Again she lay back on her pillows.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," she quoted. "Also, sometimes, it breeds love. Real love."

THE END

For His Money (*Continued from page 77*)

all the time he's gone, wondering if some feller may not lead Anna May to the altar in the interim.

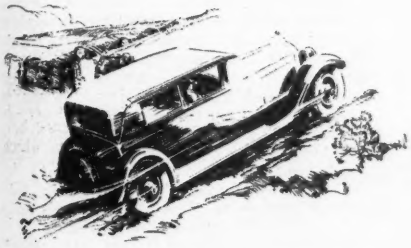
Well, to make a short story longer, Harve sends forty dollars' worth of orchids up to Anna May McGonnigle with a note telling her he's just found out she's in town and if he wasn't sailing on the Manchuria in the morning he'd sure make bold enough to ask permission to call and pay his respects to the daughter of his old friend, Judge McGonnigle. He tells her how he used to run cows in the Madeline and knows her two older sisters and admires them greatly. He ends up by stating he certainly aims to get acquainted upon his return and begs her to give his regards to her father and the family, and to expect a telephone call from him that night.

Well, Sir, after dinner, Harve calls Anna May up, but don't get an answer. He keeps on trying until close to midnight and then turns in for a troubled sleep. By morning he has fathered a bright idea to keep him in Anna May's mind while he's away.

He goes over to the garage where he stores a brand-new expensive roadster car and arranges a year's credit for storage, care, gas, oil and repairs and leaves an order that the car is to be turned over to Miss Anna May McGonnigle, after which he sends a messenger boy to the girl's apartment with a note, informing her of the fact that he can't use his car for a year

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knocks out that "knock"..
..turns *carbon* into *power*



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As carbon forms, both temperature and compression (pressure) are increased. Ethyl Gasoline neutralizes the higher temperature and the increased compression becomes increased power.

2 **It will give you more power, particularly on hills and heavy roads.**

3 **It will make your engine operate more smoothly.**

4 **It will reduce gearshifting.**

5 **It will increase acceleration, making your car easier to handle in traffic.**

6 **It will eliminate "knocking" under all driving conditions.**

7 **It will reduce vibration and engine wear and tear.**

8 **It will save the expense of carbon removal.**

9 **It will give you more power from each gallon of fuel that you use.**

IN SHORT, the advantages of Ethyl Gasoline over regular gasoline are so marked as to make the small premium it costs a real economy.

IT is important that you differentiate between Ethyl Gasoline and other "anti-knock" gasolines. Ethyl Gasoline is the *only* fuel which eliminates "knocking" under *all* conditions, thereby making present day automobiles perform more efficiently.

It was developed by General Motors Research Laboratories after 8 years of scientific research which resulted in these two important discoveries:

1 **That "knocking" is an inherent characteristic of *all* gasolines. What had previously been called a "carbon knock" or "ignition knock" or "engine knock" is in reality a *fuel knock,* due to the too rapid combustion of gasoline in the cylinders.**

2 **That "knocking" could be completely eliminated in gasoline by the addition of *Ethyl Brand of Anti-Knock Compound.* This ingredient was discovered by General Motors research engineers after experimenting with more than 33,000 chemical compounds.**

SO SUPERIOR is Ethyl Gasoline to other so-called "anti-knock" fuels that it has been adopted wherever unusual performance by a gasoline engine is required. That is why the United States Navy uses Ethyl Gasoline in its latest types of airplanes. That is why Ethyl Gasoline is used by the racing car drivers who are setting up new records.

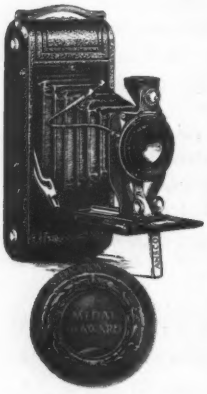
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Vest Pocket Readyset, $7.50
No. 1 Readyset, $10.50
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THE fresher the film, the surer the picture. The faster it sells, the fresher it is. Ansco has taken this into account in working out new plans which make popular Ansco Speedex a faster seller than ever.

In good stores everywhere, the convenient new Ansco Dispenser (illustrated above) is your positive assurance of fine, fresh film. Here are the reasons:

(1) The film itself is Speedex, product of Ansco, America's oldest maker of cameras and supplies; (2) every Dispenser contains an accurately gauged assortment of fastest selling sizes; (3) every Dispenser is kept freshly supplied from the nearest of Ansco's 105 Speedex distributing centers.

Speedex is the film that makes picture-taking easy under the widest possible range of light conditions. If there's a chance in the world for a picture, Speedex is sure to come through. The wider range of responsiveness means more and better pictures—and makes it actually easy for anyone to get "6 out of 6."

ANSCO

The early history of photography in America is woven about a few outstanding pioneer names—among them Anthony, Scovill, Adams and Goodwin—all now represented in Ansco. The record dates back to 1842. The distinction of originating roll-film, of being the first in America to make cameras and the first to establish a full line of professional supplies all belongs to Ansco.

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Binghamton, N. Y.

Ansco Cameras—Cyko & Noko Paper—Ansco Speedex Film

and he hopes she'll wear it out rather than let it rust out, for which purpose please find enclosed an order on the garage, etcetera.

At eleven o'clock Mrs. Hardacre calls at his club with her car to bear him off to the Manchuria, and her heart is gladdened by the kindly and almost tender greeting Harve has for her. He figures he can afford to speak kindly of the dead. For Harve has made up his mind that when she waves him good-by from the end of the dock it's sure going to be a Kathleen Mavourneen farewell. Maybe for years and maybe forever!

He's with a group of friends at the foot of the gang-plank, and the gong's beating for all visitors to go ashore and all intending passengers to come aboard, when a taxicab pulls up, and a steamer trunk, two suitcases and Anna May McGonnigle are deposited on that dock. And Anna May's wearing some orchids!

"Judas priest!" says Harve. "There she is again. I *am* a fool for luck."

Mrs. Hardacre recognizes Anna May simultaneous with Harve; likewise, Anna May recognizes Mrs. Hardacre. But what strikes Harve as strange is that this time there ain't no hint of mutual recognition! Mrs. Hardacre looks at Anna May and straight through her, drawing in return a sort of challenging impersonal look from Anna May. In fact, it strikes Harve at the time—so he tells me later—that there's a glint of triumph in Anna May's eyes too. As for Harve, he just stands there goggle-eyed.

"Well, Mrs. Hardacre," he says hastily, taking the lady's hand, "the best of friends must part or I'll be left standing on this dock."

"Good-by, Sweetheart," says Mrs. Hardacre. She raises her voice for Anna May's benefit, and when Anna May, being human, turns around for another look, Mrs. Hardacre ups and kisses Harve and begins to weep.

He's all fussed up with embarrassment and madder'n a settin' hen, but he has presence of mind enough to be a hypocrite and stand at the rail and wave and wave. Which Harve figures Mrs. Hardacre won't see him no more, if he can see her first, so he might as well be a sport to the finish.

As he turns away there's Anna May watching him. Harve lifts his hat and says:

"May I be permitted to introduce myself? I'm Harve Alcorn. And you, I believe, are Miss Anna May McGonnigle."

"I am not," says the vision, for she's all of that. "I am Miss Jobyna Hamrick."

Harve's floored. The young woman looks him over with the sort of look that says, "Well, who let you in?" but the look softens a mite when Harve's face starts flaming.

"I'm sorry, Miss Hamrick," he says. "I didn't mean to act fresh. I figured you for an old neighbor o' mine."

"Pray don't mention it, Mr. Alcorn," says Miss Hamrick. "Mistakes will happen in the best regulated of families, and it's easy to see you're a gentleman. Any man that can still blush like a schoolboy ain't exactly a brand ripe for the burning."

Harve's courage come back with a rush. "Where'd you get them orchids?" he demands, sort o' fierce.

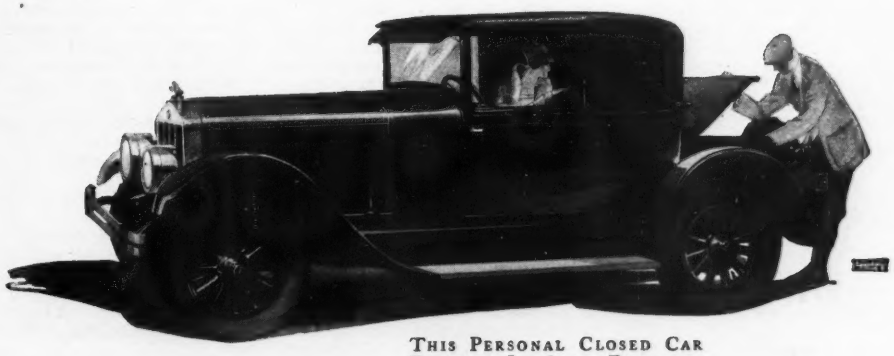
"My friend, Miss Anna May McGonnigle, who occupies the same apartment with me, had them sent to her last night by no less a person than yourself, Mr. Alcorn. Inasmuch as Miss McGonnigle was away at the time I thought I ought to wear them before they wilted and died." She gives Harve another searching look. "How come you send forty dollars' worth of orchids to Miss McGonnigle and turn over a five-thousand-dollar roadster to her, with all expenses paid for a year, when you don't know Miss McGonnigle when you see her? Ain't you taking a whole lot for granted?"

"Faint heart never won fair lady," says Harve. "I thought you was Miss McGonnigle."

Miss Jobyna holds out her hand. "Well, that makes it real nice, don't it, Mr. Alcorn? Aren't you the gentleman I saw standing in front of a jewelry store window yesterday with Pearl Hardacre, looking at wedding-rings?"

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The 25th Anniversary Franklin



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First of the modern personal closed cars, the Franklin Coupé has always been one of the fastest-selling. Today, new superiorities are again adding to its popularity.

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FRANKLIN

"There was cigaret-cases in the same window, Miss Jobyna," Harve defends himself.

"And aren't you the same gentleman I saw Mrs. Hardacre sweetheartin' and kissin' at the dock? And ain't she the same lady you been waving to long after a sensible man would have quit to rub arnica on his tired arm?"

"Guilty as charged," Harve admits.

"What I can't understand is how a man like you will leave his fiancée flat to run up the street after a girl he's never seen before, get her identity all mixed up and send her flowers and telephone and give her the use of a car and——"

"How do you know I telephoned?"

"Because I read the card that accompanied the orchids, and the ringing of the phone bell, at five-minute intervals, kept me out of my much-needed rest until close to midnight."

"Persistency," says Harve bravely, but blushing like a girl, "is the brightest jewel in the coronet of courtship. As the feller says, opportunities come to the feller who goes forth and drags them in by the tail."

"Oh!" says Miss Hamrick. "So I'm to be courted, am I? How frightfully interesting to be courted by an engaged man! Really, Mr. Alcorn, you make me feel quite devilish."

"I'm not an engaged man," Harve growls. "I'm as free as an eagle. If I was an engaged man, do you suppose I'd be headed on a trip around the world? I ain't heartless."

"Well, you won't be free very long, if I'm a judge of my own sex," says Miss Hamrick. "You're marked down for a morning suit with lilies of the valley in your lapel, while voices breathe o'er Eden. Here, let me tell your fortune," she says, and takes his hand. "You're about thirty-three years old and I see from this here line that you're familiar with ropes—been a cowboy or something—but you have left that sort of thing far behind you. I'd know that, even if I had not read your note to Anna May."

"You hadn't any business to do that," says Harve.

"Why not?" says Miss Hamrick. "While the note was addressed to Anna May it was meant for me, was it not?"

Harve grinned and said he guessed she was right, seeing as how he had mistook her for Anna May. I reckon he was too happy to think much about anything except how lucky he was to be aboard the same ship with her.

"You are very good-natured," Miss Hamrick continues, "but your good nature has limits. You're a free sperrit and hate to have your time monopolized. You have never been married and have never experienced a great love, but when you do the object of your affections will know she's being pursued. And she will have a rival. Yes, I see very clearly that a blond woman will very shortly cross your trail. Look out for her. Something tells me you'll meet her in Honolulu."

"How far are you going, Miss Jobyna?"

"Around the world, although I'm going to drop off at Honolulu for two weeks and then pick up the next steamer of this line, bound for Japan."

"Come to think of it, I think I'll lay over in Honolulu two weeks myself, Miss Jobyna."

"I wouldn't if I were you," she warns him. "Remember what I told you about the blond woman."

"I'll run the risk," says Harve. "Besides, I'm partial to brunettes," he adds, looking with frank admiration at Miss Jobyna's raven locks, black eyes and olive skin.

They chatter some more and presently Miss Jobyna excuses herself to go to her stateroom, while Harve hunts up the purser.

"What kind of a stateroom is Miss Hamrick berthed in, Mister?" he wants to know.

"The worst in the ship, Mr. Alcorn. It's small, with two wall berths, cheapest and meanest first-class stateroom in the ship. There's a Japanese woman with a baby in the lower berth."

Harve skins a couple of yellowbacks off his roll and hands them to the purser. "You find me some place where I can sleep and change my clothes until we get to Honolulu," he says.

"You can have my berth. I'll flop a mattress on the floor," says the purser, tucking the change in his pocket. "What do you aim to do with that suite de luxe you got, Mr. Alcorn?"

"You move Miss Hamrick into it. Tell her the feller who hired it failed to turn up at the last minute, and she might as well occupy it at no additional charge."

"I see," says the purser, and went and done it. He done more. He fixed it with the chief steward to set Harve and Miss Hamrick at a table for two in a secluded corner of the dining saloon. And here these two playthings of fate meet at supper-time.

"Much obliged for the suite de luxe, old-timer," says Jobyna. "That was thoughtful and very kind of you, and I'm enjoying myself. Anything de luxe is a novelty to me."

"It would be to me if I'd ever tried any of it, which I haven't," says Harve. "How come you credit me with such extravagance?"

"I looked you up on the passenger list as soon as I came aboard," says Miss Jobyna, and then they both got laughing and she told Harve he was a dear, gallant deceiver, which, as the British say, bucked Harve up no end.

By the time the meal is over he discovers Jobyna is an interior decorator and in the exercise of her profession she meets some of the socially elect, including Mrs. Hardacre, whose apartment she claims to have done over, and for the same she allows she's sure had to work hard to get her money.

That night, figuring it all out, Harve allows it's something scandalous the way apparently high-bred ladies will lie and tell the worst things they know about each other. He wished Jobyna hadn't told him about the job she had dunning Mrs. Hardacre, because it wasn't none of his business. He'd been dunned himself early and often in the cattle business and had a sympathy for whoever that happened to.

He finally decides that women are just plain peculiar and can't be figured according to cow country standards by no mere man. And he's interested to observe that from then on until they get to Honolulu, Jobyna never mentions Mrs. Hardacre's name again, although for that matter she can afford to ignore the lady, for Harve has fallen head over heels in love with her. He's just plain infatuated.

However, while he indicates by his actions exactly what he feels, Harve's a man from a country with wide horizons, and reserve and caution have been bred into him for generations. He realizes all he knows about her is what she tells him. So he figures to cut short his trip around the world, return to San Francisco, look her up and then act. If there's any repenting to be done after marriage, he can get it over with in jig-time.

Well, Sir, they get to Honolulu and there Harve puts up at a swell suite in the Moana Hotel, while Jobyna snaffles herself out a modest room at a cheap hotel down-town, which is no hardship on her because she's only in it long enough to get about eight hours' sleep. The rest of the time she's out playing golf with Harve, or swimming with him, or motoring around the island and lunching and dining somewhere. For three days Jobyna sure has some fine vacation. She tells Harve, which she's calling him Harve by now, while she's Jobie to him, that the Garden of Eden couldn't have been boot-high to this heavenly spot—and the very next day the Serpent crawls in.

Yes, Sir, the blond woman arrives as per Jobie's prediction. It seems that Pearl Hardacre gets to thinkin' of him all alone on that great ship, a prey to the designing minx that's hit him a knock-out blow only the day before.

So Mrs. Hardacre does the desperate thing. She hocks all her diamonds, cleans out her bank-account, makes a touch here and there, wires for accommodations on the next steamer and crosses Harve's trail again on the morning of the very day he makes up his mind to throw caution to the winds, ask Jobie to marry him immediately if she agrees to his proposition, and then continue their world trip on the next steamer passing through. He's even gone so far as to cable to San Francisco to reserve the de luxe suite on said steamer, and is setting in his room at the Moana all smoked up with love and longing when the telephone bell rings.

"Hello, Jobie, old pal," says he right off. "How's my darling little playmate this morning?"

"Harvey, you certainly are a fast worker," says Mrs. Hardacre's languorous voice. "Who might Jobie be?"

"I'm slow freight, delayed by washouts, compared with you, Pearl," says Harve, and his voice is lacking in enthusiasm. "What the—how come you're here?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd surprise you, Dearie," says Mrs. Hardacre.

"You succeeded," says Harve.

"But you don't seem a bit glad to be surprised," the lady pouts. "Are you going to make me sorry I came, Harvey darling?"

"Well, it wasn't such a surprise as you'd imagine, now that I think it over. Coming down on the boat I had my fortune told by a beautiful lady and she told me that in Honolulu I'd have my path crossed by a blonde."

"How delightfully interesting, Harvey dear. Did she particularize at all, my Dear."

"No, she didn't mention any name."

"You blessed lamb! And so, of course, you stayed over."

"No," says Harve, "I was going to linger a couple of weeks anyhow. I'm not the sort of man to let a fortune-teller sway my intentions. You just get in?"

"Yes, Dear. When shall I see you? What are you going to do today?"

"I'm busier'n a chipmunk in the acorn season. Got a friend waiting for me downstairs with a car right now. Going to shoot some golf and dine at the golf club afterward. I'm late now, so I reckon I won't get to see you until tonight sometime. What you going to do?"

Well, she didn't know and somehow Harve got the notion she wasn't pleased with him. She tried to get him to cut the dinner engagement, but he said he couldn't, so she sighed and said she reckoned she'd have to give him up to Jobie for today but warned him real pretty that he was to be her swain all day tomorrow and the day after. Harve hung up, the maddest man that ever barked his shins on the coral reefs of Waikiki.

His face is as long as an Airedale's when he joins Jobyna down-stairs a minute later, because Mrs. Hardacre lays for him in the lobby and walks to the entrance with him to see who his friend is waiting in the automobile. Jobyna bows and smiles with a "Why, how delightful to meet *you* here, Mrs. Hardacre!" while Mrs. Hardacre rushes out to the car, shakes Jobyna's hand and says, "How charming you're looking, Miss Hamrick! Why, I had difficulty recognizing you. You've got so stout and your skin has cleared up so! Lovely!"

"Oh, do give me the name of your hairdresser when I return!" Jobyna gushes. "So few of them know how to handle henna! Harvey, old dear, you're frightfully late. Talking with Mrs. Hardacre, of course. You bad boy!"

Harve climbed in like a whipped pup.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting, Jobie," he mumbles. "She rounded me up on my room telephone——"

"If I had been in your position I would have come down in the freight elevator and got out the back way," was all Jobie replied, and never referred to Mrs. Hardacre again all day.

But Harve's heart is mighty heavy. He can't get this nuisance of a woman out of his mind and as a result he don't propose to Jobie. Jobie don't appear to mind. She dances his fool legs off after dinner at the club that night, drops him at his hotel at midnight and goes into the lobby with him. Sure enough Mrs. Hardacre's there, so Jobie keeps her and Harve company until Mrs. Hardacre sees she's entered in an endurance contest and bids them both good night. I reckon she'd have cried

Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for June, 1927



H A V E A C A M E L

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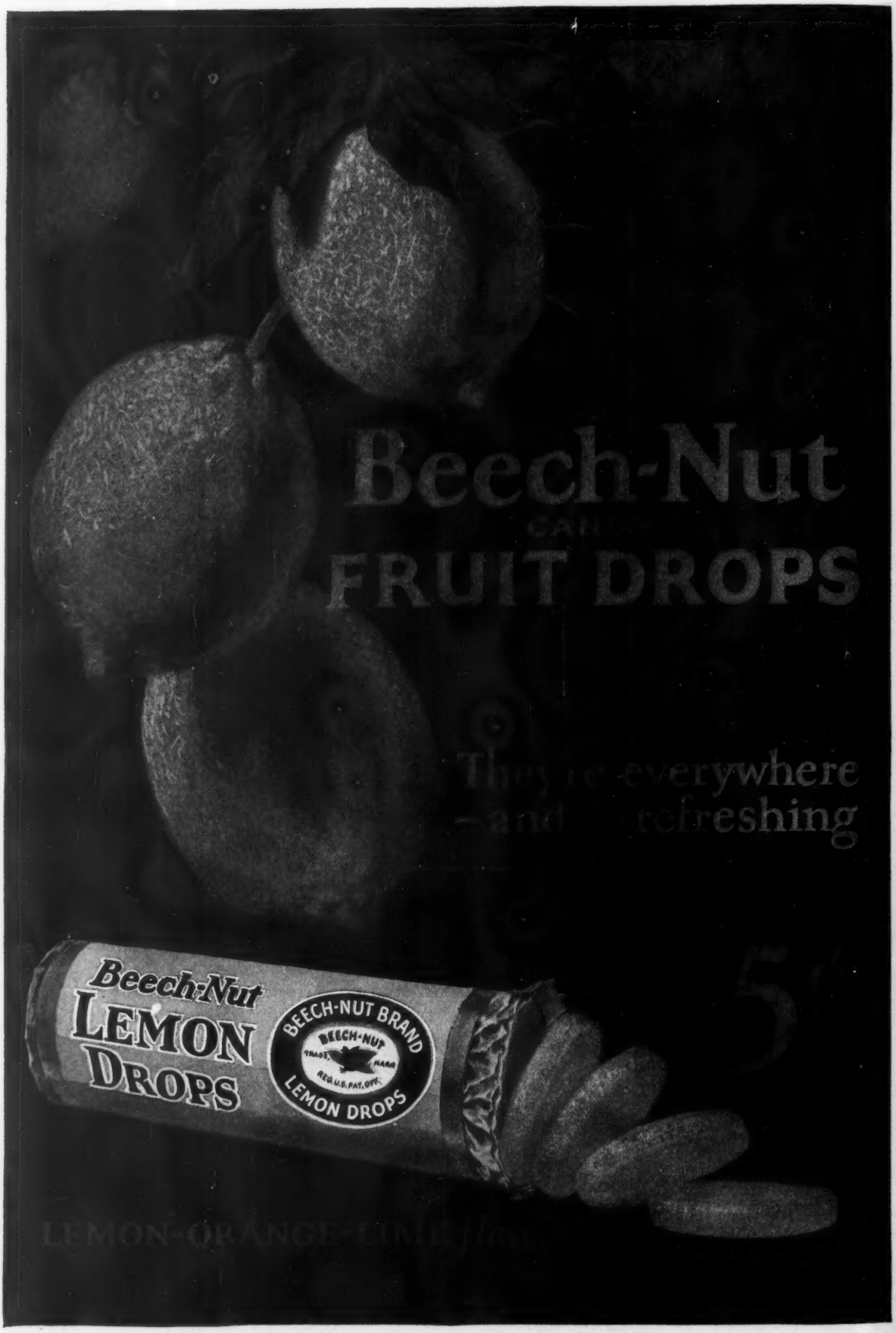
Experienced smokers, it is your patronage that enables us to produce the best. We spare no expense, we buy the best of everything for Camels because we dare look forward to your appreciation. And you give it beyond all bounds!

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with rage if she had stayed another minute.

"Well, Harvey," says Jobie, "how do you like me for a manager?"

"I hate to be managed," says Harve. "All my life I been a free sperrit an'——"

"Do you want that woman to spoil the perfectly lovely vacation I'm having?" Jobie demands.

"You know I don't, Jobie. But how can I help it?"

"She followed you here. You great, silly boy, can't you see she's angling for you? If you don't do something and do it quick, the first thing you know some preacher will be muttering things over you two and then where will your free sperrit be?"

"What do you advise, Jobie?" moans poor Harve.

"The Kalani, the steamer she arrived on, sails for Japan at eight tomorrow morning. I called the agents up from the country club this morning and secured passage for both of us. I also ascertained that they had room for six more passengers, so I engaged those accommodations also—in your name. It's worth all that extra expense to be a free sperrit, isn't it? You just write a note and put it in Mrs. Hardacre's box so she'll get it in the morning. Tell her you've just discovered that a very dear friend of yours is sailing on the Kalani and begged you to terminate your visit here so the two of you could do Japan together."

"Well, I got to do something," says Harve, and done it.

And when he and Jobie are setting out on the deck of the Kalani, all comfortable and happy as the steamer puts to sea, who should drift up to them but Mrs. Hardacre. She explains she happened to get up early to take a swim and found Harve's note, so as there was nothing to keep her in Honolulu and she knew she'd be dreadfully lonely, she concluded to continue her world trip on a steamer where she'd have company. Seems she'd told the purser she wasn't sure she'd take a two-weeks' stopover in Honolulu, so she'd retained her accommodations. What a jolly thing to surprise them so! Delightful, really.

Well, Harve and Jobie made the best of the situation and was as merry as grigs outwardly, although bleeding internally. The trip to Japan was one long endurance contest, and to make matters worse Mrs. Hardacre had induced the head steward to sit them all at the captain's table. However, she paid for it, because the captain fell in love with her and followed her all over the ship when he wasn't busy keeping the ship pointed straight.

The minute Pearl would beat Jobie to the punch and get settled down in a deck chair alongside Harve, this dumb-bell sailor would drag another chair up alongside her and monopolize the conversation, seeing which Jobie would nab Harve. She was open and aboveboard about it and took delight in vanquishing her enemy and keeping Harve a free sperrit. At least, that's what she told Harve, but as time wore on a notion sort of stole over Harve that the Mexicans are right. All cats are gray after midnight.

Well, in Japan he ditched them both, after considerable trouble and more lies than he'd told in all his life before, and was a free sperrit for three weeks. He left the ship without telling them a thing about it, did Japan, crossed over into Korea, and then to Peking. And in the lobby of the Peking Hotel he found them both waiting for him, and such was the man's childlike nature that he was right glad to see them both and they knew it. He showed them a good time impartially in Peking and then beat it for Shanghai on a night's notice.

The dear ladies followed next day and joined him on the steamer out of Shanghai. He threw them off the trail at Manila but two days later they found him again. When that silent, pleasant battle to monopolize him started again, Harve got embarrassed to the point where his reason just naturally tottered on its throne.

In Singapore Mrs. Hardacre captures him and carries him off to shop with her, in Penang he falls a prey to Jobie's strategy and in Ceylon the longing for a free range come back to him and he goes away for two weeks to watch the elephants juggle teakwood logs around. Both ladies are gone when he returns, but he runs into them again at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo.

By this time he figures he'll delay popping the question to Jobie indefinitely, because he's had a letter from a lady friend in San Francisco who chaffs him considerably about his gallantries with Jobyna Hamrick and Pearl Hardacre. Some folks they've met have sent the news back home, and Harve gets an earful of recoil information.

In particular he learns all about Jobyna. Jobie, it seems, is one of those girls that has the right of entry into the best social circles but not enough *dinero* to keep up appearances, and has took to interior decorating to shoo away the wolf. It's always been her ambition to marry a rich man. It's the gossip of the town that her and Pearl Hardacre are as friendly as two strange police dogs and as the talk in the idle set for months has been that sooner or later Pearl Hardacre lands Harve and the word comes back that Jobie is giving her a hard run, bets are being made that Jobie brings home the prize.

"This here is plumb disgusting," says Harve, and when he drops off the boat at Marseilles he beats it up to Paris and helps himself expensively to a lot of the same sort of fool enjoyment he could get for less money in San Francisco. Within a month he's tired of French grub and is longing for plain food, so he crosses to London—and who should he meet at the Savoy Hotel but Jobie and Pearl!

But a change has come over both. The fact is, Harve has proved a disappointment. If either can have a lone crack at him long enough they each figure he's their meat, but with the two of them in competition Harve proves he ain't no ways misrepresented as a man of repression and deep as they make 'em. Both ladies resent him now that they've given up the competition as dangerous—and they no longer take the trouble to pretend to be friendly with each other.

In fact, they ain't speaking and Harve's heart jumps with joy as he senses the change in their greeting of him. He's a free sperrit again when he evades them and boards a steamer for home and as the steamer comes up the harbor of New York and the Statue of Liberty looms up through the mist, Harve lets out a whoop.

"What I need," says he to a total stranger standing alongside of him—and a girl, at that—"is to get my travel-weary legs around a good active cow-horse weighing about eleven hundred pounds and ride for days through fields of green grass and kind-faced cows. If I ever look that Statue of Liberty in the face again it'll be when a tidal wave hits it and washes it clear out to Modoc County, California."

"Oh, do you come from Modoc?" the girl says. "What part of Modoc?"

"I've run cattle over nearly all of it, Miss, but my headquarters was over in the Madeline Valley. I sold out after the war."

"There," says the girl, "I've been wondering all the way across the Atlantic where I've seen you before. Aren't you Harve Alcorn?"

"I be," says Harve.

"I'm Anna May McGonnigle," says the girl.

Harve stoops down and takes a long hard look into her face. "Which one of the Judge's girls are you, Anna May?" he demands.

"I'm the youngest. I was going to school in Alturas when you were in the cow business. After I got out of school I came down to San Francisco and studied interior decorating. Finally Father helped me and I opened a shop, in partnership with a Miss Jobyna Hamrick——"

"I know Miss Jobyna," says Harve, in the tone of voice a judge uses when he says "And may God have mercy on your soul." "I met her once or twice on my trip around the world. Not much of a business woman, I should judge."

Anna May McGonnigle smiled a small smile. "Yes, she was, Mr. Alcorn. But Jobyna wasn't fond of hard work and long hours. She always said there would be something wrong with her head if she couldn't use it to land a rich husband, and a few months ago when I was on an out-of-town job she made up her mind overnight to dissolve partnership. We occupied the same apartment and when I came home I found a note telling me she had sailed on the Manchuria, that when she returned she'd have more money than a greyhound could jump over and would make it all up to me for wrecking the firm."

"And did she wreck it, Anna May?" says Harve.

"Yes, she did," Anna May confessed, like it hurt her to do so. "She drew her capital out of the business and of course I couldn't carry on alone. So I accepted an offer to be a companion to a dear old lady on a trip through Europe. I hope Jobyna landed her rich husband and that she'll be very happy."

"Well," says Harve, "she didn't land him and she isn't so happy as she might be."

His eyes rove over Anna May. She's dressed neat but not gaudy—a golden-headed little damsel with black eyebrows and black eyelashes framin' corn-flower-blue eyes and a face which, if it ain't beautiful, is sure free from guile and as sweet as a drink of cool water in the desert. And as Harve looks at her—so he tells me later—he gets a sort of tight feeling in his throat and his heart begins to thump.

"How's the old Judge?" he says finally.

"Father's dead," says Anna May, "and all my brothers and sisters are married."

"I take it, however," says Harve, "that you're a free sperrit."

Anna May nodded. "And you?"

"Freer than a bald-headed eagle, Anna May."

They chat as neighbors until the boat docks, and Harve helps her and the old lady she's companioning to get their trunks through the customs, and then he hires a car and takes them both up-town to their hotel. Seeing as how it was a good hotel Harve puts up there himself and spends the winter taking in a lot of New York shows which he tells me kept him blushing six nights a week. In the spring the old lady dies and Anna May's out of a job, so one bright day Harve says to her:

"Anna May, how'd you like to leave this highly civilized center and go back to Modoc for a visit?"

"I'd love it," says Anna May, and commences to cry.

"Well," says Harve, "I'm plumb fed up on being a free sperrit. I need a manager." And he pulls little Anna May up to him and kisses her.

No, that fool man never did ask her to marry him. He just naturally got the idea that Anna May loved him for himself alone and she suited him fine, so he just helped himself and has been living happy ever since.

Dad called for another alfalfa cocktail and sipped it in meditative silence.

"Did you ever hear what luck Jobie and Pearl had in landing rich husbands?"

"I have. They had the best luck in the world landing them but no luck at all keeping them. Jobie's man went broke in cotton and killed himself, and Pearl's next venture drank some poison booze and got blind and went broke and Pearl sued him for a divorce. Jobie's back in the interior decorating business and doing right well."

"Saved something from her husband's estate, I suppose?" I suggested.

Dad Tully shook his sage head. "I told you Harve Alcorn had a childish sort of nature, didn't I? Well, when Anna May finds out all the trouble Jobie's in, she begs Harve to stake Jobie back in the interior decorating business. Harve never could deny sweet little Anna May anything she asked him, so he financed Jobie to the tune of twenty thousand dollars, and then come up here to spend a week with me and brag continuous on his ability to differentiate between cats and God's noblest handiwork, which is Anna May!"

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Louder than Words (*Continued from page 51*)

it comes to that, Mr. Brand," confessed Mr. Foss, sinking his tones cautiously.

"Ah ha, I thought it might. You see, Son, it so happens that while I've never had any dealin's before with your outfit, I've heard consider'ble, one time or another, about their way of handlin' these little private matters. And what's more, I think I know the next step in the proceedin's—the convincer, as you might call it. S'pose you let me have a squint at the convincer."

"I'm not sure I get you," parried Mr. Foss.

"Oh, yes, you do. You've got the article all wrote out and set up in type, with the headlines and everything, in your pocket, haven't you, Sonny?"

"I believe I have," said the dissembling Mr. Foss, as though recalling something forgotten until now.

"Then fetch her out—let's us get this here transaction over and done with."

Apparently confused in some slight degree by tactics so blunt and emphatic, Mr. Foss produced from a recess of his wardrobe three folded galley sheets and tendered them, and Mr. Brand spread them out and proceeded to read what was on them.

Mr. Foss could not see his face. As he read, Mr. Brand held the proofs in such a way that either accidentally or by design one of them was constantly between him and the Frontiersman's agent. But when at length, and after pursuing the subject through to the final paragraph, he laid the things aside, Mr. Foss marked—he marked it with an inward shrinking sensation—that the flush was gone from Mr. Brand's cheeks, leaving them tallowy looking where lately they had been so ruddy. There also was a curious ominous expression about the rich man's eyes. They had grown inscrutable.

For a minute which seemed an eternity long to the object of his scrutiny, he studied Mr. Foss, studying him as a man might who viewed a new and somewhat noxious species of insect life. Under that daunting stare Mr. Foss grew restive; in fact, grew apprehensive. Before now he had dealt with prospective victims who blustered, or with tears begged for mercy or made futile but violent threats. There had been at least one who surrendered, all wilting and weak, on the instant. This was a different experience and Mr. Foss did not like it.

However, when Mr. Brand did speak he did so with no trace of anger. Even so, there was a sort of enhanced menace in his very calmness.

"I reckin you know what printin' this would mean to me and to my wife and daughter," he said. Almost it was as though he discussed an abstract subject in which his interest was remote. "Here's my wife—always she's been able to hold her head up with the best people here. And here's my daughter just fixin' to get married. She's always believed in me, my daughter has. And here's me. I've had a toler'ble fair reputation in this community as reputations go. Printin' this would just about bust up everything for all three of us, comin' at this time. You see that, don't you, Sonny?"

Seasoned hand though he was, Mr. Foss suddenly found himself tight-rope-walking over a gulf of panic. He teetered visibly. He who was accustomed to listen to vain pleas now pleaded for himself.

"Of course, Mr. Brand," he put in, "of course you understand that I'm not in the least responsible for any policy that the paper may take. I'm just a hired man and I have to do what I'm told to do. So far as you're concerned I haven't got the least bit of hard feelings. If I could do you a favor I'd do it. I'm just——"

"That's all right. I don't bear you any grudge. And I ain't aimin' to mishandle you. So don't get excited. In the old times if I started out wolf-huntin' I never begun by tryin' to pick off any of the nits and lice that lived on Mr. Wolf. I went right after him and let the little vermin be."

Mr. Foss deemed it the part of discretion to take no offense at a comparison so obviously uncomplimentary. He tried tacking on another quarter: "You understand, Sir, that if there's any material fact incorrectly stated in that article you could sue for libel, that the courts are always open to you."

"I judge that you ain't been amongst us long enough to know that the local courts are run by one political gang and that your bosses carry the man that runs that gang around in their vest pocket," stated Mr. Brand. "Anyhow, I'll have to admit to you that, in the main, what it says here about me is the truth. I did sort of run wild and reckless as a young man; it was a wild country where I lived before I come here. I expect I should have knowed that no matter how deep I tried to bury my past it would be liable to rise up some day and bite me. But that was a chance I had to take.

"Yes, Sir, it's mostly all of it true and you've got the record here to prove it on me. I did get in trouble back yonder in Missouri forty-odd year ago—I won't deny it. And I got myself into fresh trouble after I hit the Injun Territory, as they called it then. I got mixed up with a pretty rough crowd. And I did go to the state penitentiary for three years just like it says here. What's more, I served my time out. At this late date I reckin it wouldn't be much use for me to put up the claim that I wasn't guilty—that I went there for something another feller done. That's what nearly every *hombre* says that's been a convict.

"So I take it that suin' for damages afterwards wouldn't do me much good. Because the damage already would be done and no amount of money could make it square with me and mine. You see, Son, it just so happens that the members of my own family don't know these things about me and my friends here don't know 'em, neither. Yes, Sir, printin' this thing would just about bust me wide open. I'd hate mightily, for the sake of all concerned, to see it printed. I would so."

"Then you'll sign up for the full contract, won't you?" said the relieved Mr. Foss. "I pledge you my word, Mr. Brand, and I'm authorized to pledge you the word of Mr. Gaspar and Mr. Clinch, that once we come to terms about this, not a soul on earth except us will ever know a thing about what's passed beforehand."

"Hold on there just one minute," counseled Mr. Brand. "Let me ask you something, please. Accordin' to your best information and belief, when do your people calculate to spring this write-up on an onsuspectin' public in case I don't sign up?"

"It's too late to run it today. Our final edition's about ready to go to press. They might run it tomorrow evening or the next evening or even the evening after that—that would be Friday. From what I gather, they'd run it between now and the end of the week."

"I sort of figured that would be the way of it," said Mr. Brand. "Now, here's just the trouble: It's been my observation that while it's easy enough to buy off a bunch of blackmailers, it's——"

"Please, Mr. Brand," expostulated Mr. Foss. "That's a pretty harsh term you're using and I'd like for you to remember that I'm in here on strictly legitimate business." Mr. Foss was now recovering his ebbed courage.

"Is it, now?" asked Mr. Brand. "Well, I could use stronger ones if I was a mind to. What I was about to say was that while you can buy a blackmailer, he generally won't stay bought. He keeps on comin' back for more. There've been cases right here in this town since the Frontiersman changed ownerships. Gaspar could tell you about 'em if he decided to take you into his confidence. So could Clinch. There was old man Sidney Bedell that had a payin' business and a half-million besides, onc't upon a time. They bled him poor and then at the last when he couldn't pony up again, they didn't show him no mercy. And there was Nick McAllister, a citizen that I knowed well—clever feller he was, too. He finally committed

This famous picture

"THE DOCTOR"

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WHEN the drama of sickness touches our lives we stop with a sense of helplessness. Despite all that modern science offers, the sick room still carries us back to fundamentals, to the great realities of life and death.

And how few weapons, after all, the physician has to fight with. Even today, nature must still wage the major fight. A sound constitution, a strong body, a confident spirit —what can science do without these?

Prevention of disease by building up these natural resistants is the modern idea. The doctor and the surgeon must still fight the old fight, but we are learning to guard against illness, to check it in its earliest stages by the sensible use of antiseptics, prophylactics and preparations that help us to function normally.

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McK & R COLD & GRIPPE TABLETS—Promptly effective—mildly laxative.

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suicide. And there's yet others I might mention, if it was any use." He rolled the galley sheets into a twisted spiral and tossed them across his desk. "I ain't goin' to trade with you, Mr. Foss. You'd better run along."

Mr. Foss rose, disappointed. He was glad to go, even though his mission had failed. He didn't exactly know why he was. But he was.

"Definitely, just what will I say to Mr. Gaspar and Mr. Clinch?" he inquired.

"You might say to 'em that they won't hear another peep out of me until after they print their article. Probably I've already talked too much here today in this office. Well, I promise to be plenty silent from now on for a spell."

"And that's all?"

"That's practically all except a friendly farewell for you, Son, till we meet again—if we ever do. No, it ain't, neither. Since your folks are so careful about gettin' facts straight in their paper, there's one thing they ought to know. It says there in that there article that I killed a man. Which is true so far as it goes, only it don't go far enough. When I was consider'ble younger than I am now I felt called on to kill not one man but three separate men and I done so—killed all three of 'em as clean as a whistle. I always could shoot pretty straight. I may regret some things in my past but I never regretted pluggin' any parties that seemed to need pluggin' and I reckin I never will. Well, good-by, Mr. Foss. You'll excuse me for not gettin' up to show you the way out."

A latch clicked behind the departing one. Mr. Brand sat on as he was, holding the same rigid posture which had marked him through his late reading and afterward. Next, though, one of his fists began thumping busily among his desk fixtures and his eyes fixed upon a point to which more than once they had strayed during the closing passages of the interview. That was a spot on the chimney breast above the mantel-shelf where, thwartwise of its two bleached horns, his treasured buffalo skull supported an aged and battered but, as he judged, still serviceable repeating rifle with a wrinkled cartridge belt draped across the barrel.

He held within him a partial solution of the desperate problem that fronted him—as desperate and as difficult a problem as he could imagine; yes, for him the most desperate of all imaginable problems since it perilously involved whatsoever he held as dear and precious, and the answer he had for it was only half an answer. The other half, now, from whence was it to come? Mr. Brand did some of the handsomest thinking he'd ever done in his sixty-odd years.

Bang went his drumming fist on the blotting pad. He had it, verily he had it. Or did he?

From this angle and that he canvassed the situation. Like a coyote with one leg in a trap, he mentally circled and twisted and tugged; and the upshot was that the expedient which had sprung into his brain became the expedient he meant to try. He would risk everything on it. If it succeeded—well and good. If it failed him, then there'd be hell a-popping in this town—he could guarantee that—hell and fireworks to celebrate the failure.

His decision reached, he moved smartly. In the telephone directory he found the number of a certain attorney-at-law, and on his private telephone he called for that number. It was not a member of the established firm which handled legal puzzles for his company that he called but a young, newly graduated, briefless barrister of his acquaintance who, in a shabby room half-way across town on the yon edge of the business district, waited patiently for clients that thus far came not there. Over the wire with this mystified youth he had talk which left that one acquiescent to a proposal briefly outlined and also left him sealed to secrecy but more mystified than ever. To be asked for a favor by a man of wealth and influence and to be promised excellent payment for granting the said favor was one thing, but to be sentenced to darkness regarding the intent thereof was quite another thing.

Shortly thereafter the youngster walked to his boarding-place in a two-degree fever of surmise, his mind at a whirl and yet getting him nowhere. Next day, still vainly speculating, he started off on a four-day vacation. Keeping office hours had never rewarded him, but now his truancy was to yield him cash. It was gratifying but confoundedly bewildering.

Mr. Brand also went home early, to a household filled with happy preparations, and by neither his looks nor his speech betrayed that any boding event or events had that day harassed him.

"Then you don't think it best to run our exposé in today's issues?" said Mr. Sigmund Gaspar.

"Lord, no. There's no rush." His associate, Mr. Alexander J. Clinch, was speaking. "Give him time. We've got three days, haven't we? This is only Wednesday and that kid of his don't get married until Saturday afternoon. Give him time to think it over. He'll come round, mark my words."

"Well, I'm not so sure about that. You heard what Foss said: he reported back that he seemed stubborn as an ox. And Foss is pretty smart at sizing up these prospects. I'm in favor of just cutting loose now and burning the old idiot up. This thing makes me good and sore. Who does he think he is—defying us?"

"Never mind what Foss thinks. Before now haven't we had 'em that said they'd see us both in hades first, and then at the last minute came crawling and begging for a chance to sign on the dotted line before it was too late? You bet we have—half a dozen times. I'm just as sore as you are because this one's hanging back the way he is, but I'm not making a grudge case out of it. In the final analysis it's not revenge we're after—it's the dough, remember that, Siggy, my laddie boy. We don't want to go bulging ahead and touch off the explosion too soon—not with my consent, we don't. We light a slow fuse; that's the ticket.

"After all, Sig, it's the suspense that wears 'em down and makes 'em listen to reason. Give 'em a couple of sleepless nights or so, a couple of days with nothing to do except brood, and they always come round. That's why I suggested scheduling this blow-off the way it's scheduled now. I'm telling you it's the suspense that gets 'em. And so far this candidate's only had about eighteen hours to think it over—yes, less than eighteen, nearer fifteen."

The Messrs. Clinch and Gaspar were at conference in their sanctum on the third floor of the Frontiersman Building at Third and Carson. Since they were equal partners in the ownership, and since they were directors of both editorial and business policies with equal authority, it seemed eminently proper that they should share the same large chamber. There was another reason and a yet better one. Housed together, these two felt more comfortable—felt, as it were, safer; and it should be added that against all forms of undesirable intrusion they very safely were protected.

Although their joint office lay at the forepart of the building and extended across the entire front, it was hedged off from casual interruptions by a maze of passageways and departments—the city room, for one, and the mechanical department, for another, with the advertising force, the circulation staff, and the press rooms below. To reach it one must follow an obscured and roundabout course, must run the gantlet of various vigilant functionaries, and finally, must make satisfactory explanation of one's intention to a bulky, gruff person just outside their door in a communicating anteroom. This person went by the title of assistant secretary but did no work of a strictly secretarial nature. You might call him a bodyguard; frequently he accompanied Mr. Gaspar, who was by nature a somewhat timorous body, to and from the building. As a rough-and-tumble street fighter he enjoyed a well-merited local reputation; had once upon a time been a heavyweight pugilist of sorts.

Then, to top off with, in case of any special emergency such, say, as an aggrieved visitor

CANDY



Sweeping in—on every wind and tide of all the Seven Seas, romance sweetens and enriches the candy you buy for those you love.

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Candy is merely a grouping together of the good things of Earth which make for health and energy and which are eaten every day under different names. Nuts, milk, sugar, butter, molasses, eggs, gelatine, honey, corn syrup, malted milk, fruits, chocolate and other foods are combined into candy.

Just as an orchestra is a combination of various musical instruments, so candy is a combination of acknowledged, wholesome food products and therefore is itself a wholesome food. These foods are body builders. They relieve fatigue and stimulate vigor. Take a few bites a day for energy.

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"What can have happened to them? Do you suppose they've had an accident?"

"More likely Jim is having tire trouble again; he doesn't seem to learn by experience. I switched over to Kelly-Springfields long ago."

becoming violently troublesome on the premises, the Frontiersman's owners could count upon the hearty cooperation of the law. The chief of police, for instance, owed his appointment to them as the mayor above him largely owed his election to the same benevolent pair of gentlemen. So if Messrs. Gaspar and Clinch did not always enjoy absolutely perfect peace of mind—that would be expecting too much of this faulty and turbulent world—at least all their workaday surroundings were so devised as to insure for them as complete a measure of unbroken tranquillity as any two men in their lines of ramified endeavor might ask for. People generally did not love them, but at least people generally respected the power they wielded.

The time of their present conversation was the morning. Mr. Gaspar was reared back in a swivel chair and engaged with his second post-breakfast cigar. Mr. Clinch, an angular, raw-boned man with sandy hair and brows and lashes to match, was pacing to and fro, passing and repassing the front windows.

"Yep," he was saying, making emphatic reiteration of a thing which already he had twice stressed, "it's the suspense that——"

He swallowed the rest of the sentence and halting abruptly he stared out of one of the windows.

"Sig," he said, and his voice had slid down to a lower register and seemed to issue from his stomach, "come here a minute and see if you see what I see."

Mr. Gaspar came. Shoulder to shoulder, saying nothing at all, the journalists stood for a space and stared intently in the same direction.

Directly across Carson Street, which was a narrow street, stood the three-story Hanson Building, a furniture shop on the ground floor, offices above. The top-floor front office, which was at the same level with their third floor, was supposed to be rented by a young lawyer named Chappell; anyway, he had a modest sign up at the street entrance. But today that office had a new occupant.

He sat, this new tenant, in a chair at the window. Despite the chill that was in the air he had raised the lower sash. Both the intent watchers instantly identified him. It was Mr. Judson Brand of the Brand Hydraulic Process Company.

He sat with his feet on the window-base. Across his knees rested a firearm—a short-barreled carbine or rifle. He had a rag in his hand; on the ledge within reach stood an oil-can.

They could see these things very plainly, for the distance from where they stood to where he sat was not more than sixty feet. He could see them, of course, too. Indeed, he did see them; they were aware of that. Looking steadily toward them but making no sign of recognition, his expression being blank and preoccupied, he soaked the rag with some of the oil and anointed the dimmed metal-work of his weapon. Next he carefully tried the mechanism of it. They could even hear the greasy *snuck-snuck* as the action sounded, or thought they could, which amounted to the same thing. Next he deftly fed cartridges into the magazine. One by one he fed them in until the chamber had absorbed sixteen of the little brass-jacketed, leaden-nosed cylinders. They saw the brassy gleam on each disappearing cartridge.

Then he rested the loaded, ready gun across his lap, the stock being placed to his right hand, and lighted a long, thin-bodied cigar and smoked away, all the while looking with a serious, abstracted gaze directly toward them. His vision seemed not to waver. It was evident he did not mean that it should be diverted from this focus.

Almost with a physical effort the Messrs. Gaspar and Clinch withdrew their strained eyes from this portentous spectacle. Slowly, reluctantly, as it were, they fell away from the window, retreating as though by common consent to the middle of the room. With disturbed countenances they contemplated each other.

"Well," quoth Mr. Clinch, "well, what do you know about that?"



Picturing the Ambassador Model

Fashion Favors this Nash Type

People are saying some very fine things about the latest Nash models, particularly the Ambassador pictured here.

Its profile shows the French line in rear and roof, so strongly favored by fashion today.

Luxury is accented, but price is not, in this fine car

Upholsterings are Velvet Mohair. Windows and doors are trimmed in Circassian walnut. The vanity case and smoking set are Russian leather. There is a cigarette lighter and an electric clock. And the one-piece windshield, controlled by one hand, ventilates the car without exposing you to drafts.

The charm of the Ambassador is heightened by the smart trunk at the rear, done in the body color, and tailored to the lines of the car.

You'll enjoy this Nash. It has, of course, the Nash 7-bearing, 6-cylinder motor, *the world's smoothest type.*

And a host of other mechanical advantages, including Nash *two-way, fully equalized,* mechanical 4-wheel brakes. No finer brakes in all the world!

(3428)

FOR EVERY ENGINE

There is a correctly designed dependable Champion Spark Plug for every engine. Your dealer will gladly explain to you which particular Champion you should use to secure the very best engine performance — maximum power, speed and acceleration plus greater fuel economy.

Car manufacturers recommend, and hundreds of thousands of motorists are changing spark plugs every 10,000 miles to insure better and more economical car operation. This is true, even of Champions, in spite of their world-wide reputation for remarkable long life.

Champion X— exclusively for Ford Cars, Trucks and Fordson Tractors— packed in the Red Box—
60 cents each.
Set of Four $2.40



Champion— for cars and trucks other than Fords — packed in the Blue Box—
75 cents each.
Set of Four $3.00
Set of Six $4.50

CHAMPION
Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO.

"I don't like it," said Mr. Gaspar, speaking with the utmost conviction. "That's the sort of thing I don't like one little bit."

"Can't say I care for it myself," quoth Mr. Clinch, with a transparent attempt at being airy.

"Probably, Aleck, it's just a bluff," said Mr. Gaspar, and with his tongue moistened his lips.

"Probably," agreed Mr. Clinch. "That's all —just a cheap bluff."

If it was a bluff, the bluffer steadfastly maintained it. He nursed his gun; he twined his fingers in and out of his trigger-guard in an affectionately absent-minded way; he cuddled his box of cartridges as though regarding it to be of inestimable value; he smoked innumerable cigars; he sat there, silent as the grave, grim as death, patient as a cat at a mouse-hole.

Through the morning that substantially was all he did—just sat.

When the first edition—the noon edition—of the Frontiersman came off the press and the newsboys boiled out of a side door diagonally opposite, he laid aside his gun and temporarily he vanished from his post. Reappearing at the street level, he bought a copy from a boy, glanced through it, and then apparently finding in it nothing of personal concern, cast it aside and after eating a sandwich which he took from his pocket, he reascended the stairs and resumed his rifle and his vigil. This maneuver—without the sandwich part—he repeated when the home edition was released at three o'clock and again when the final night edition went forth at five. At five minutes past five he closed his window and departed afoot on Third Street in the direction of his house.

There had been two perturbed witnesses to his actions. These witnesses were the affiliated Messrs. Gaspar and Clinch. A nagging and persisting fascination kept drawing one or the other of them to a front window. From behind it Mr. Gaspar—or Mr. Clinch, as the case might be—furtively and briefly would spy out, then return to his desk and make pretense at attending to the cares and obligations of the current moment. Between them they made forty, perhaps fifty, of these clandestine visits to the windows during Wednesday, but made more in the afternoon than in the forenoon. It was as though a small mania of restlessness grew upon them.

Thursday, so far as Mr. Judson Brand was concerned, became a repetition of Wednesday. On the part of his surreptitious observers it was marked by consultations which they had with two persons whom they more or less took into their confidences. Neither of these talks resulted satisfactorily for the instigators.

Mr. Gaspar's body-guard, on being summoned to a council, had this in conclusion to say and said it very firmly:

"Not for me—not atall! I been askin' questions round since yistiddy when you called me in here and first showed me that there sight yonder and I've found out some things. They tell me that way back yonder when this town wasn't nothin' but a camp runnin' wide open, they organized a bunch of regulators to clean her up and that old geezer was at the head of 'em, and what they done—and, yes, what he single-handed done—to some of them tough characters—well, anyhow, I heard an earful. If it was somebody that depended on his mitts or even somebody with a set of brass knucks or a club or a black-jack or somethin' like that, I wouldn't hang back. But this—this is different. It ain't in my line at all, gents, and I'm tellin' you so now and forever. If he lets me alone I'm goin' to let him alone. And if it comes to a showdown, that's where I fade out of the picture before the smoke gets too thick for me to see my way out."

"You're fired," snapped the exasperated Mr. Gaspar.

"You're just one minute late," retorted his late employee. "You can't fire a guy that's done already resigned. Me, I think more of my health than I do of any job anywheres."

The other person offering advice was the chief of police. He summed up his own opinion as follows:

"Gentlemen, you know how you stand with me and with the whole administration so far as that goes. But it strikes me my hands are tied until he makes some openly hostile move. And then it might be too late. He's got a perfect right to stick over there in that room with a gun on his legs. Besides, from what I can gather from what you tell me, he hasn't actually made any threats."

"There's what he told Foss about being so willing to kill off people," put in Mr. Clinch.

"He didn't name any particular people, did he? Of course, you could swear out a warrant and I'd serve it and you could have him put under bonds to keep the peace. But I guess a peace bond, even if it was a bond for a million dollars, wouldn't stop him if he was set to go. I know these old-timers better than you do—I was born and brought up here and you weren't. Or I could furnish each one of you with an escort of cops, but that would only make you look foolish in case nothing came off—you'd be a laughing-stock for the whole town. And if anything did come off it's my honest belief that cops couldn't save the ones he went after. Somebody might get him, but it's a holy cinch he'd get somebody first." The chief reached for his hat. "If I was in your shoes, gentlemen, I'd try compromising this mess. I certainly would."

As before, Mr. Brand left his post about five o'clock, a grave, slouching, aloof figure.

Speaking with reference to individuals troubled of conscience, Mr. Clinch had stated that it was the suspense which finally got them. Upon him and his jangled nerves the truth of this was to be proven.

Curiously enough, it was Clinch, the hardier and less emotional of the pair, who first broke down. On Friday morning the collapse came upon him.

"Sig!" In a high cracking voice he cried out from where he was huddled in a suddenly palsied heap behind his desk as behind a barricade, "Sig, for heaven's sake, why don't you do something? I tell you I can't stand this any longer—I'll go crazy!"

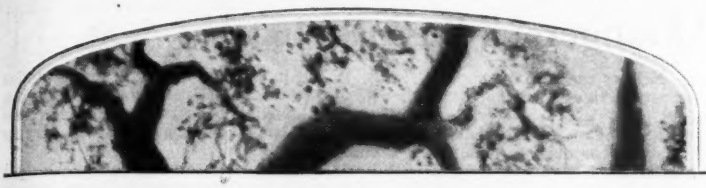
"Do what?" asked Mr. Gaspar. "I'm as ready as you are—I haven't slept a wink for two nights and I've quit eating—but what do you want me to do?"

"Do the only thing we can do," implored his quivering accomplice. "Call the whole thing off. Send Foss across to see that old murderer. Send along those affidavits and that court transcript and all—let him tear 'em up with his own hands. Dump that matter we've got set up and tell him it's going to stay dumped. Tell him—let Foss tell him—that the Frontiersman is his friend from now on. Tell him anything—give him any pledge, any signed promises—that will make him get out of that window and take his infernal arsenal with him. Because if he don't go, I'm going crazy!"

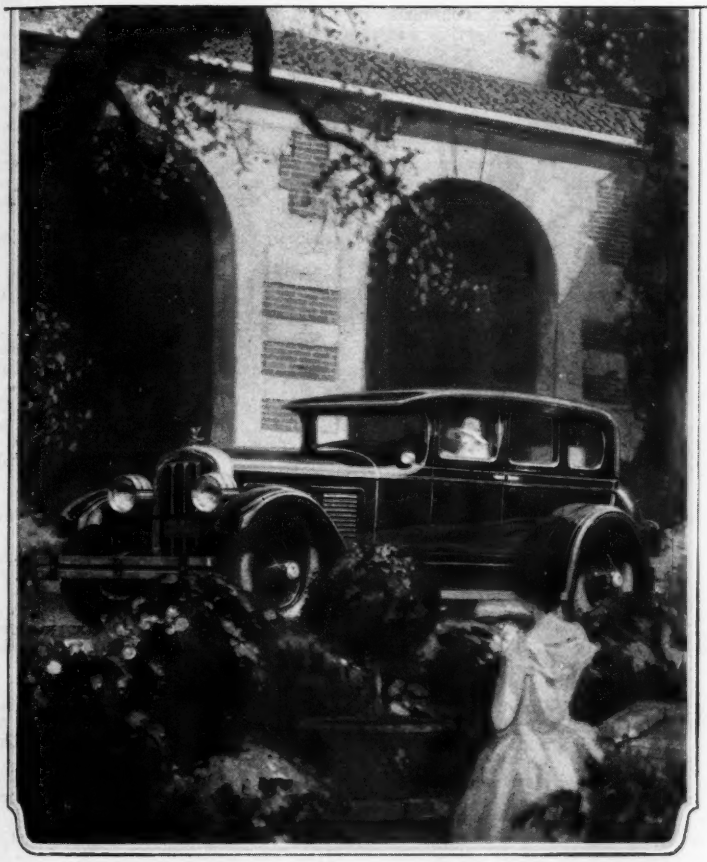
"Just as you say," assented Mr. Gaspar gladly, "but I've got another idea: Just to show him our heart is in the right place, I'll give orders down-stairs to spread it on thick for his daughter's wedding tomorrow. And maybe—I was just thinking—maybe it might not be a bad idea to send up a wedding-present from both of us with both of our names on it—something, say, in solid silver?"

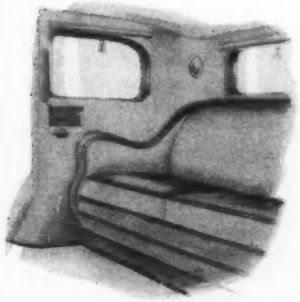
"Lord, yes!" cried Mr. Clinch, "something solid and expensive!"

Perhaps it was love for any little secret joke of his own or perhaps it was a sense of the eternal fitness of properly associated things that prompted Mr. Brand on the night before little Minerva's wedding to hide away under a fold of the cloth on the table where, with other presents, the tea-service stood, a certain battered object which Mrs. Doctor Frizzell found there next day and which she—who knew much about many things but not a great deal about firearms—thought of in her inner mind—until some more interesting problem arose there—as "a rusty old blunderbuss."



THE LAST WORD IN MAGNIFICENCE





The New ROYAL EIGHT by CHANDLER

LITTLE could anyone foresee ten years ago, or as lately as five years ago, that the automobile would progress to such beauty, such elegance, such sweet-running performance as you find in this new Royal Eight by Chandler.

With a modernized chassis of admirable length and Gibraltar-like strength, built low to the ground for both looks and safety—possessing Chandler's *centralized* lubrication system—and with Chandler's great Pikes Peak power principle carried out in eight cylinders—marvelous results are obtained in *smoothness* and *quietness* at all speeds.

With new body types resplendent in style and sumptuous in luxury—appointed, fitted, curtained and upholstered with the care and good taste of a rich drawing room—with nothing lacking, nothing half-done, this new Royal Eight by Chandler is at once a man's idea of a *man's* car and a woman's idea of a *woman's* car.

Side by side with this magnificent Eight, possessing the same appeals in relative degree, is a charming new line of Chandler Sixes—the Sixes and Eights totaling twenty-five different body styles—with split-hair prices ranging from only $945 to $2295, f. o. b. Factory. We proudly ask you to compare these cars with anything else on wheels—bar none!

CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORPORATION, CLEVELAND; Export Dept., 1819 Broadway, New York

CHANDLER

ROYAL EIGHTS • BIG SIXES • SPECIAL SIXES • STANDARD SIXES

"Pink" Tooth Brush

A modern evil with a very simple treatment

A SLIGHT pink tint on your tooth brush, after you have brushed your teeth, may not be very important. Certainly it doesn't necessarily mean that you have pyorrhea, but it does indicate that you ought to pay a little serious attention to the condition of your gums.

For under our modern regime of soft food and hasty eating, gums have a decided tendency to grow soft, to become tender and weak, and to bleed easily at the touch of the brush.

This should be quickly corrected, for serious dangers to the teeth and the gum structure lie in the train of this condition if neglected.



THE counter measure is simple and effective—massage with Ipana Tooth Paste after the usual cleaning with Ipana and the brush. The massage itself is good, and the ziratol content of Ipana makes it doubly good.

The coupon will bring you a ten-day tube of Ipana, but a larger tube from your druggist will last you more than a month. Try it, use it faithfully! Your teeth will be whiter, your gums will be healthier, and every time you use it you will enjoy its delicious taste—its refreshing effects!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. H 67, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

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Dangerous Business (*Continued from page 65*)

—product. Neither was to be compared, in present or prospective importance, to the Mettens.

Loudly Di laughed at Jello's quip, eliciting from Mo's partner the demand: "Hey, if it's that good, broadcast it!"

"*Impossible!*" shrieked Di. "Oh, you censors!" And she slapped Sam's fat wrist.

Jello, delighted at the imputation of devilishness, exuberantly swung her off her feet as the encore commenced and whirled her about him.

The drummer, expert at such parties, was watching the floor with especially vigilant eye to the fat, bald Lothario who, controlling a business of half a million, was worth all the others in the room. Instantly he beat a roll on the snare-drum, timed to the swing of Di in Jello's grasp. It aided in the excitation of Methuselah, who not unnaturally was slightly sensitive as to his obvious years and who determined to deny them by a feat of perilous emulation.

He started bravely and beautifully enough, with a snare-drum accompaniment tempting him on to increased efforts by its cheering crescendo, *br-r-r-at-atat-tat*.

Meth tried to meet the challenge of speed and acceleration. He swung his partner from the floor, turned with her, spun with her. Faster rattled the snare-drum; and Methuselah tried to keep up. His spirit was willing; but his shanks were weak. He twisted his legs, turning, and tripped. Up went his shoes; down went his seat and he plumped upon the hardwood, his partner sprawling.

Boom! beat the bass drum, celebrating the thump at the finish.

"Attaboy; attababy!" shrilled Jello, in high humor, while Mo, of Iowa, started to him, out of the sympathy of common years. Art Slengel also hurried toward him; but Methuselah waved them away. He refused first aid, to scramble up and limp after his partner, beckoning to her to try it again.

"Game girl!" Jello audibly approved her compliance; and Methuselah caught her and braced himself again. *Br-r-r-at-atat-tat*! applauded the snare-drum. Then thump! Boom!

Old Meth, game but groggy, sat up rubbing his bumped head and bowing to the plaudits and laughter.

Art Slengel supported him from the floor, patting his back and praising him.

"Now we show 'em," whispered Jello to Di and he seized her and started spinning.

Sam was become a triumphant whirling dervish in the center of the floor, with Di a flywheel around him. She shut her eyes. Sam was bent on showing how it should be done, since the clown act was cleared away; and Di, opening her eyes, got skipping glimpses of palms, wall-paper, piano and staring faces. She felt herself slipping in Jello's sweaty hands and she tried to tighten the grasp and he tried to hold her but their fingers failed and she flew from him, tripping, sliding and skimming over the waxy boards.

Jello, stumbling back, kept his balance and staggered to a divan in a nook before he fell from dizziness. Di turned over and sat up, soiled and shaky, in the face of loud applause. She saw Irene cross the spinning room and go to the nook after Jello. Di arose and retired for a wash, re-rouging and repairs.

More dertermination than distinguished either of her parents in the little unkempt cottage near the Straits of Mackinac sustained Diana Dewitt when she returned to the floor.

Jello was not dancing. He was tired and he rested for refreshment with Irene.

Di, scouting, caught a view and tactfully postponed her intrusion, accepting an invitation to fox-trot from Methuselah, who, favoring his left ankle, rejoined the fray.

He kissed Di, clumsily and with an air of rising to expectations, when they went to their nook, and he was so fussed that she sat farther from him and held his hand, merely to tell his fortune.

Di saw in his old eyes fear of his reputation in his little town. His account was in the bin, and the lid nailed down, and nothing more need be done about him. Di was rather sorry for him.

She was not at all sorry for Jello. Her cheek felt rough and itchy under its rouge and she suspected that a shoulder would be black and blue in the morning. Besides, hadn't Sam, after promising her that half-million-dollar order at another party, failed to deliver it? No matter that maybe he couldn't; he hadn't.

He whistled at her as she passed his sheltering palms, so she looked in and he patted the divan beside him. Under his other arm he held Irene.

"Come on!" he invited, having been refreshed by highballs until a company of three, provided the other two were girls, no longer composed, for him, a crowd. "Havin' supper soon. Lot's supper. Plenty f'rus all. Come in."

Irene refrained from seconding the invitation but Di did not require such a formality.

"What you been doin' with old Meth—Methuselah?" Sam managed with jealous dignity.

"Talking to him," replied Di carelessly.

"What tubjects," demanded Jello, with pompous preciseness, "did you such on? What tubjects, I say, did you such on?"

Irene reached for a drink for him which Di forbade by a shake of the head; in spite of which Rene pushed the glass at him.

Di thrust it back, spilling half the highball over Irene's skirt.

Rene swore and dashed the rest over Di.

"Girls!" rebuked Jello, much pleased. "Ladies!"

The whisky and soda trickled in tiny, teasing rivulets down Di's white shoulders, which Sam found the more fascinating.

"Dewdrops!" he poeticized admiringly.

Di failed to appreciate the embellishment and reached across Jello to slap at Irene, who struck back and clutched Di's hair.

"Ladies!" protested Jello, preserving strictest neutrality as he felt himself the prize. However, he wanted Di to win him; and she did. At any rate she was on the divan beside him; Irene was gone.

Jello did not question why or where. "Now you'n me have highball," he suggested comfortably.

"No," refused Di.

"How 'bout supper?"

"Supper," agreed Di.

With it they had a drink or two; but Di did not let him become insensible. She had brought him home drunk before; and she knew that there was nothing in a repetition of such an incident to force from brother Phil an o. k. to Sam's signed order.

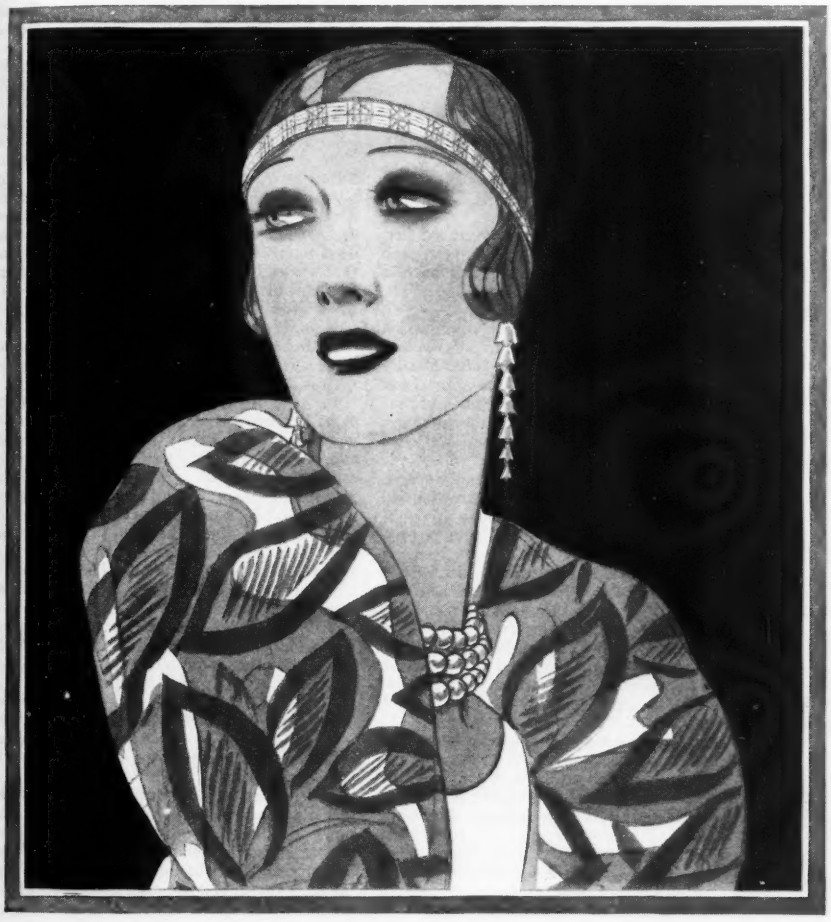
When she left the party with him alone he had a flask which, since it would have been surplusage in the studio, he had kept corked until he had Di in the cab again. Its contents were sufficient, in quantity and potency, to finish him for the night; and after Di refused it he started at it.

From within the bend of his fat arm she watched the flask and his lips. Let him gurgle a little more and his excitement and recklessness would become mere stupidity; his head would drop heavily; he would "out" for the rest of the night; the taxi-driver would need help merely to deposit him within his door. Then Diana Dewitt would be driven to her own room and to Ellen, much the same girl she had been.

It was calm and quiet in the night with snow smooth and shining in the moonlight as the cab traversed a park. It was like, for a moment, the moon on the snow of the field outside Diana Dewitt's window at home in Hoster.

She saw herself a little girl, kneeling beside her bed to say old, childish prayers—silly things about being always a good girl and her soul being kept while she slept.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE PERFUME MODE
Now Calls for Smart Variety



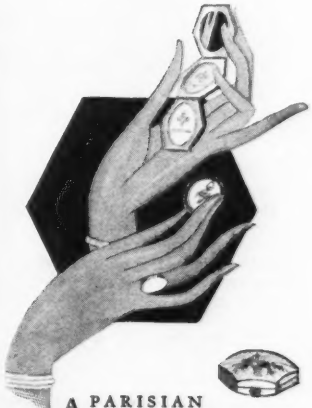
WHEN ladies rode in carriages, it was sufficient to have a single floral perfume — "for occasions." When this simple vogue merged into the idea of fragrance individualized to type, certain perfumes were specified for blondes, others for brunettes; and odeurs were classified according to the personal characteristics of the wearer. But those dictates seem old-fashioned now . . . For the perfume mode has changed, with the tempo of living. The smart woman is far more active—is just as decorative, but far more *effective*. She requires variety in perfumes—Subtilité to go with gorgeous evening things; Mon Boudoir for supple satins and the restrained elegance of the afternoon mode; Quelques Fleurs, the vivacious, young fragrance, for daytime; Le Temps des Lilas, which brings her the exquisite perfume of a spring morning. Le Parfum Ideal, mysterious, assured—flattering as a slim new Paris frock—gives her, when she wishes it, an air of continental sophistication. So—with five Houbigant odeurs upon her dressing table, she has always the *appropriate* perfume.

In how many ways may one use perfume? Nearly all are described in the booklet, "Things Perfumes Whisper," which we would like to send to you. Please write for it. We will also send five sachets, perfumed with Houbigant odeurs. Houbigant, Inc., 539 West 45th St., N.Y.

HOUBIGANT

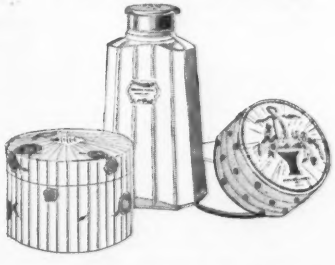
PARIS

NEW YORK - CHICAGO - CLEVELAND - SAN FRANCISCO - MONTREAL



A PARISIAN jeweler designed this new double compact, exclusively for Houbigant. The gold-finished case is six-sided, thin—light in weight. The decorative flower-basket top, symbol of Houbigant, assures excellent quality in rouge—four shades, and powder—three shades—$2.50.

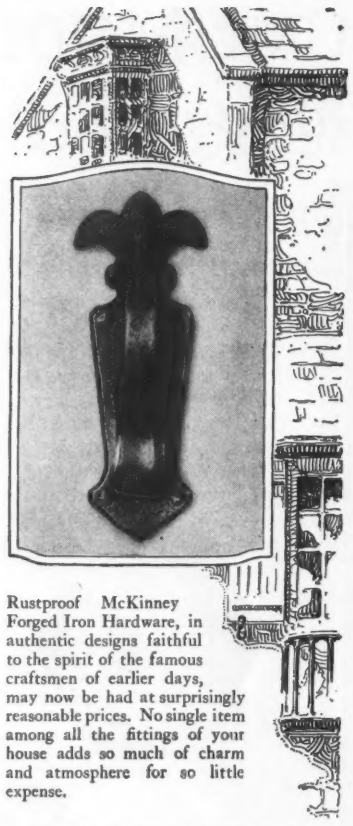
Clinging, satin-smooth face powder—naturelle, rosée, rachel, ocre, ocre rosée, or blanche—in all odeurs—$1.50 . . . . Soft, fine talc is also perfumed with Subtilité, Mon Boudoir, Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, or LeTemps des Lilas—$1 . . . Houbigant dusting powder, deeply fragrant, is used liberally after the bath—$1.50



Houbigant soap is rich with perfume—it dissolves in creamy foam—in delectable odeurs—75c. . . Small flacons of Houbigant perfume—Subtilité or Mon Boudoir—$1.25: Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, Le Temps des Lilas, La Rose France, or Quelques Violettes—$1.



All prices quoted apply to U. S. A. only



Rustproof McKinney Forged Iron Hardware, in authentic designs faithful to the spirit of the famous craftsmen of earlier days, may now be had at surprisingly reasonable prices. No single item among all the fittings of your house adds so much of charm and atmosphere for so little expense.

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Pieces of every essential sort are available so that your house may be outfitted complete, from entrance door to garage gate. Hinge plates, entrance handle sets, knockers, mail boxes, H & L hinge plates, shutter dogs, etc., make selection a pleasurable adventure.

Every piece of McKinney Forged Iron Hardware bears the unmistakable character of the finest of craftsmanship.

Most important, McKinney Forged Iron is rustproof. Builders' Hardware Merchants have it on display. McKinney Forged Iron Lanterns may also be found at Electrical, Department and Retail Hardware stores. Write for beautiful brochure to McKinney Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mail This Coupon Now!



TNB

FORGE DIVISION, McKINNEY MFG. CO.
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Please send me, without obligation, the items I have checked:
☐ 5 plates showing details of lanterns
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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Name of your Hardware Merchant.....Cos. 6-27

Di shut her eyes but they only gave her a glimpse of her mother, pettish and complaining about her own troubles but always with a fond, lingering touch for Di. "Good," her mother wanted her to be. "Good." Her mother made a sort of fetish about being good.

Well, what had it brought her?

The gin gurgled from the flask. Here was the Metten order; half a million, maybe, going; going . . . Di snatched quickly and knocked the flask from him, and the gin drained upon the floor.

Jello bent for it but she blocked him; and he swore at her. "That's all I got."

"I know it."

"What y'do that for?"

Di looked up at him; and he forgot the flask to stare down at her.

"You're goin' to give me somethin' for that!" he threatened her.

Di's eyes merely widened.

With both his fat arms, he enveloped her.

Two minutes later, he tapped upon the pane behind the driver. It was to announce a different destination.

Jay set out to establish his first connection with a pay-roll, encouraged by a wife eloquent with hopes precisely opposite to those usually entertained upon such an occasion. Lida hoped his father wouldn't employ him and that Jay, after having offered to go to work and having been refused, would feel satisfied with the gesture.

Lida had awakened after he had dressed, and beckoned him to her bed, where she had extended her white arms to him.

"Try to be through with him in time to catch the Century, Jay," she urged.

Her temporary enthusiasm for Chicago, surprised in her by the revelation of the lake and the floe agleam under the moon, was quickly worn. The city was not impressive to a New Yorker. It was flat and smoky; the people talked just like their streets, Lida observed, with flat, noisy, uninteresting voices. And they kept themselves simply spattered with business.

"You never see a gentleman-born here," she told her husband coolly. 'Every man who isn't working apologizes for it or looks like he expected to be arrested, no matter how much he has. It's the slave psychology. It simply screams out loud how recently you've all been scraping. You can't get away from it in Chicago. So you love it and praise it—like your rotten weather."

"I was born here," Jay reminded her.

Lida nodded. "Yes; that's my trouble. If you were an Englishman, now—if you'd generations and centuries behind you when you'd never been anything but a gentleman—you'd have the confidence and pride in yourself to use your wife's money. You'd not only use it; you'd demand it. Imagine an Englishman marrying me without seeing to a big settlement on himself first."

"Hmhm," said Jay. "You'd have respected me for that."

"It would show you respected yourself."

"You'd have liked an Englishman like that," he said, not putting it as a question but a statement of realization. "Well, the English certainly get away with it."

"Because they know what's in them."

"What's in me—unless I show something by working?"

"Chicago," said Lida hopelessly. 'Go down, see what the Mettens gave you; and what your father'll give you for it."

Jay went to breakfast, upon this morning, not in the hotel dining-room at a dollar-fifty for cereal, egg and coffee, but in a cafeteria where he saved a dollar and fifteen cents.

How it would amuse Lida's bright black eyes to witness this bit of economy! It would not amuse at all the steady gray eyes of the girl to whom he was going and who had suggested to him, so gently, that he "grow up." By going into business, she meant; and not merely that but also by taking another attitude than his own toward business.

Her suggestion that he "grow up" was her first personal pronouncement of any sort of criticism of him throughout the many months she had known his most intimate affairs and had had to deal with them. It was, indeed, her first personal intrusion, except when she had cried a little, talking to him, on the morning in the office when he had taken upon himself—Lida. Consequently, except when he had been with her, he had never given Ellen Powell much thought. He had never had reason to; she always had approved him.

He swung along Michigan Avenue in a cold, raw wind under gray, gloomy clouds comprising weather which Chicagoans, making the best of it according to their slave psychology, called invigorating; from a less practical point of view, and probably a more honest one, it was rotten weather, Jay admitted. He was hurrying along, hoping that this morning Phil Metten, making good on his hints of yesterday, would send over a big order—which would be a reward for social favors extended. And that was rather rotten, Jay thought. What had been behind those gray eyes of Ellen Powell when she had said "grow up"?

His father, who was at the desk with Ellen, arose as he entered and she immediately slipped away. His father extended a hand, slowly and with a grave, steady inspection.

In spite of being affected by the solemnity of it, Jay tried to study this reception according to his knowledge of lines his father would adopt. A visit with Stanley Alban was, especially in these last years, an emotional and prayerful event. Beyond doubt his father had discussed the marriage with his old, ailing friend; beyond doubt they had prayed together over Jay and, probably together, decided what was to be done about him. The idea of the two disposing of him, and without knowing all the facts, offended him.

"I'm the prodigal son," he said to himself. "They've agreed to forgive me." And he asked, as soon as he had spoken formally to his father, "How's Mr. Alban?"

"Not at all well."

"You mean he's very bad?"

"Comfortable enough," replied his father. "He may go on as he is for a year; he may be gone tomorrow."

"Sorry," said Jay, pressing slightly his father's hand and with the offense gone from him. Sincerely old Stanley and his father were friends, he knew. He had wanted to ask whether his father had brought back the Alban business but he did not and, indeed, he needed not. He knew that relations remained much what they had been.

"How's Lew?" he inquired.

"How is your wife?" asked his father.

"Fine," said Jay.

"You have not yet come home." Not moved to the house, his father meant.

"No," said Jay.

"It will welcome you," assured his father. "You will both be over this evening."

"I want to talk business with you," said Jay, as his father resumed his chair.

"What do you mean by business?"

"Pay-roll," replied Jay plainly.

"I will employ you," his father offered. "Your place is with me." And Jay recognized in this an echo of discussion and prayer with old Stanley.

"Good Lord," he thought and realized how rigid was the decision regarding him. It made him want to break away; but already, in a sense, he had been at work. He remembered Metten.

"An order come over from Mettens this morning?" he asked.

"No."

"Not yet, I guess," said Jay; and now he inquired, "By the way, the Alban account all right? Lew trying anything?"

He saw his father color slightly. "Lew is not yet in control," said John Rountree vengefully. "I will start you in the stock-room."

"What at?"

"Learning stock."

"I meant the pay envelop."

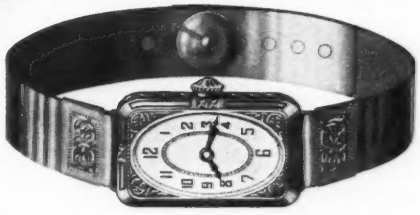
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In these articles too you now can have

the style and durability you expect in the best of watch cases

YOU have learned to take much for granted in a good watch case. From nothing else do you so confidently expect lasting day in and day out service.

Now you can be just as sure of your belt buckle! Just as sure, too, of the band that holds your watch on your wrist.

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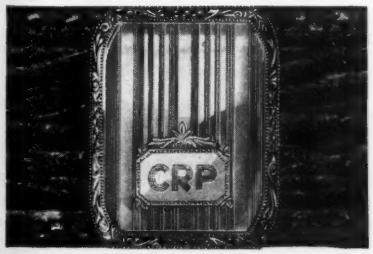
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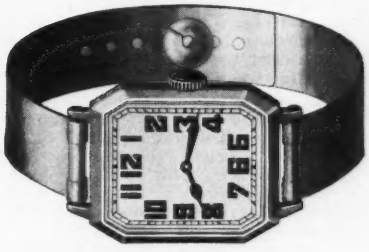
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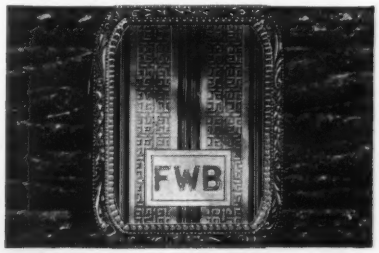
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Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

Life's minor handicaps
(such as cuff buttons)



This young fellow is trying to dress in a hurry. He has to catch his train. But he can't get his cuff buttons fastened fast enough. And he's either going to lose his temper or miss his train.

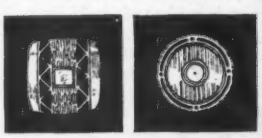
Remedy: Kum-a-parts.

You can get Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons into cuffs easily and quickly. That's a time-and-temper-saving convenience. The little snap device—easy to fasten and unfasten—sees to that for you.

Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons are smart, correct and come in a wide variety of styles and prices. Up to $25. Guaranteed for a lifetime. The Baer & Wilde Company, Attleboro, Mass.

• • •

The new Slip-in-Studs for evening wear make putting on a stiff shirt a pleasure.



Kum-a-part
Cuff Buttons

"There will be consideration of your necessities," said his father. Another echo of the prayer, thought Jay. "I will pay you fifty dollars a week. Also you—both of you—can have your home with me."

It was generous, Jay very well knew—a home for his wife and himself without expense and with more pay than anyone else, purely as an employer, would offer him at the start; yet it was, under the circumstances, impossible. What was, for him, feasible?

"Thanks, Father," he acknowledged uneasily.

"What did you expect? You must learn stock before you can sell."

"Lowry sent me some money at Tryston," Jay reminded. "Did I earn any of it?"

His father reddened and looked down. "That has been charged off," he said. "Not charged to you."

He rang for Ellen and Jay recognized the signal that he would take up his own work.

"It ought to be charged to selling," said Jay, in spite of Ellen's entering the room. "For it sold Metten; we got a two-weeks' order out of it anyway. Ask Lowry." His father looked up at him. "I know I've got to start, Father; but I've already begun. I want to go on—and land the rest of that Metten account. I'll never land it in the stock-room."

"How shall I put you on the pay-roll?" his father demanded. "As a golf player? Shall I put on your wife, too?"

Jay went fiery red. "Not my wife," he said.

"Why not? She seems to have done as much as you." And he turned to Ellen and gave her directions.

Jay waited in the room, apparently looking at the newspaper but listening and attending. He caught a change in his father's voice since, months ago, he had lingered thus in the office with business going on. His father's certainty of himself, reasserted positively enough when he was stirred to personal argument, was lacking; a confidence was gone.

It bothered Jay to feel it; finally he arose and went into the general offices, to return after his father passed on the way to the plant.

"What happened to him down at Stanley?" he demanded of Ellen.

"He just managed to bring back the business," said Ellen frankly.

"Do you know anything?" Jay challenged her.

She knew, through Di, a good deal; she knew the sneers and gibes at Mr. Rountree for holding the Alban business through his church and prayer-meeting association with his old friend. She would not tell that; but some of it showed in her eyes.

"I think," said Ellen, "Lew Alban was as unpleasant as he could be."

"He'll not bring Father to his knees."

"The order—I've seen it," said Ellen—"is cancelable on ten days' notice. There's no way to figure us running without it—if it's not replaced."

"It'll be replaced!"

"Yes," said Ellen, looking up at him and catching breath quickly. "Don't go to the stock-room. Learn the shapes, sizes, qualities, prices, of course; but they're mostly in a book. You can carry them in your pocket. Don't let him keep you in the stock-room."

"No," said Jay; and it was like a promise to her. Without either of them consciously approaching, they had drawn together so that they almost touched. Warm, clear color spread over her cheek, her forehead. What a fine forehead she had with her hair parted near the pretty point of a widow's peak. What large, steady eyes, lovely with thought.

I'm married, suddenly he said to himself; and the next second, it startled him. Why, close to her, gazing down at her, disposing with her of himself, had he thought of that? Married! Why had it occurred to him? Because this girl, with her eyes looking at him so lovely with tenderness and thought, was become, at this moment, woman to him?

Lida. He thought of her tempting him away to New York—on her money.

He smiled, looking down into Ellen's eyes; and she crimsoned with confusion and drew back, thinking he was laughing at her.

It was at Lida's slave psychology with her opinion of Chicago and work. He wanted to tell Ellen Powell of it and that he was not laughing at her. He could not do this so he turned it into a smile at himself.

"Am I growing up a little?" he asked.

"A little,' said Ellen; and in her confusion, fled.

Left to herself in her little room, Ellen put up no pretense of working; she had felt again, and more undeniably, a flow of response from Jay; and the tasks of her head and hands were become of no importance to her.

She could not be calm or still under the excitement of his notice of her. It set her supposing. Suppose it increased!

She glanced over the business letters heaped upon her desk, only to ignore them. Where was he gone? To his wife?

"His wife," Ellen whispered to herself, reminding herself that he had married.

Ellen had become a city girl too recently to have exchanged, with her clothing, her ideas. She clung to dreams about marriage dreamed first in the hillside home where one woman waited upon and waited for one man with whom, God sparing him, she would go to the end of her life. City people prospered according to a different code, as Di swiftly had discovered. Di was adapting herself; Ellen was not and would not.

To her, marriage must remain a permanent relation, entered into once and for all; it formed, incomparably, the transcendent act of a girl's life. She came in contact with, only to deny, the idea of it held by girls born and bred like Lida under conditions which never made of constancy anything more serious than a matter of choice and where marriage was only one of the innumerable expedients of a girl's social career.

Accordingly Ellen did not think of Lida's relation with Jay from Lida's point of view; she thought of Lida as likely to claim Jay for life. Yet in spite of this—indeed, while feeling it—Ellen went to her mirror in the coat closet to see how she had looked to Jay this morning when he had gazed so at her.

She needed powder and, opening her compact, she was reminded of Di, who had not returned to their room when Ellen had left for the office.

Nor had Di been located when Ellen had phoned an hour ago; however, now she was in.

' She's asleep; and she'd best be left to sleep; she needs it," reported the landlady over the wire.

Ellen agreed that Di should not be disturbed; and when she learned from Mr. Lowry that Mr. Sam Metten was absent from his office, she assumed that Jello, also requiring rest, was profiting from a similar respect for sleep.

The situation, whatever it was, evidently paralyzed progress on the issuance of orders.

Jay had lunched with Lowry and he had spent the afternoon, at the salesmanager's direction, in the stock-room picking up a casual acquaintance, at least, with the more important shapes, sizes, weights, patterns and prices of the articles which he had sold to Phil Metten in total ignorance of the practical details.

Of course Phil was familiar with the stock. This was all standard stuff, indistinguishable—except for the trade-mark—from the stock upon the Slengels' shelves. The prices of the Rountree company and of the Slengels and of the other chief competitors differed not by a penny, Jay learned; and he thumbed some of the things, not to test the quality, but while thinking over them and himself—and Lida.

As Lowry had suggested to him in a frank interchange during luncheon, there was no good reason why Phil Metten or anyone else should come for these things to Rountree rather than to Slengels, except for what went to Phil with the goods. For a time, Lida and

The Delightful Actress, Alice Brady, *writes:*



"My work on the stage may appear easy to an audience but, as a matter of fact, it is very strenuous. Now and then I indulge in a cigarette for relaxation and pleasure. I use Lucky Strikes, as I find they not only protect my voice but afford me the greatest amount of genuine enjoyment."

Alice Brady

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, *and* there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.



"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection

When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.

Jay Rountree had been going with this stock. Nucast had reached his original association with Lida in a similar fashion.

Jay recoiled from the stock shelves; yet, as he gazed about, he was surprised with the force of a conflicting sensation.

As long as he could remember anything, he had known the look of these neat, precise piles. His first expedition into the city of which he had any recollection had been to the plant and to the whir and hum of marvelous machines at which stood countless men, in straight rows, working.

Jay had been allowed to "work" in the shipping-room, sometimes hammering long nails into box covers, sometimes delightfully and proudly daubing black paint through the stencils—but put on his honor, consequent to the discovery of certain private experiments, not to ride crates down the chutes.

Here was the stock-room, displaying upon each shelf the trade-mark made known by his grandfather to every part of the Union and now spread to every great city of the world; here upon maps of the Americas, Europe, Asia and Australia were the spots of bright-headed pins showing Rountree shipping points. Here, that impulse of proprietorship stirred unwittingly by Lida, when she had laughed at him in Tryston, whipped up in him at the thought of a definite threat to these things.

"There's no way to figure the factory running without the Alban order—or the Metten order to replace it," Ellen Powell had put the threat into words for him.

The plant closed and silent; the shiny chutes empty; the switch-track deserted by the tooting engine; no boxes and crates, in shipment to New York, London, Paris, Buenos Aires, Singapore, Tokio. The pins in the map of the two hemispheres would represent past performance only in the Rountree family; the Slengels, in their map, would thrust fresh, triumphant pins.

Jay's pulses pricked with the instinct of fight for these things; it was the feeling which Lida summed up in her epithet of the "Chicago" in him.

It was amusing and irrational, when you got outside yourself—if ever you really got outside yourself—to assert that Jay Rountree should stay in Chicago because he had been born here, and set to selling these things because his father and grandfather had made them. The Jay Rountree on the train home from Harvard would have denied it emphatically.

The day was over; it was time to go home, home to his wife in their hotel rooms, and tell her how he had started work in Chicago.

He found her dressed for dinner, with white shoulders, white arms, white cheeks and red, red lips.

"Dinner is at six-thirty," she informed him coolly. "We are expected at six."

"Father phoned you?" asked Jay.

"Someone 'speaking for Mr. Rountree,' " quoted Lida, and Jay recognized a mimic of Ellen's restrained, quiet voice.

"Oh, she talked to you," he said and quickly added, glancing at his wife's décolleté, "It's a family dinner."

"I want to rise," returned Lida, "to my father-in-law's expectations of me."

"Put on a sleeved dress," said Jay. "I'm going as I am."

"To the opera?" inquired Lida.

"Is Father taking us to the opera?"

" 'Mr. Metten has bought a nice box at the opera; for six people,' " replied Lida and again Jay recognized a quotation, this time in imitation of Mrs. Philip Metten's best diction. " 'He got it today for tonight. It is a good opera; with four fine singers.' She asked us also to dinner," Lida slipped into her own speech. "I told her dinner was impossible."

"So is the opera," said Jay, a little impatiently.

"Is it?" inquired his wife innocently. "I didn't know at what time one retired after six-thirty dinner."

Jay took no offense; the jeer was, too clearly, a bit of protective armor for Lida against his father's opinion of her.

"By the way, my pay was fixed today," he said and waited for his wife to ask its figure; but Lida confessed not the slightest curiosity. So he told her, "It's fifty a week."

"Cents?" inquired Lida.

Jay looked at her and smiled. "I'm going to take a shot at living on it; but I'm not supposing you will."

"I?" repeated Lida. "I?"

"Your money," said Jay, "of course is yours to spend on yourself; but I can't spend it. I'll handle my personal expenses and also whatever we do together."

"What a lot you must be planning to do with me!"

"It can't be much—at first, Lida," he said.

"You don't care!"

"I do. D'you suppose I'd not like to bring you money, tell you to do what you please, live where you please?"

"With you, Jay?"

"Of course with me."

She approached him and seized his hands with her tingling touch on his fingers. "D'you want me with you here? If you loved me, Jay, what'd I care about Chicago? Never mind the smoke, never mind the dull, slaving people here—if you love me! There'd be a kick in diggings with you on fifty a week! Shall we try it? But you got to love me! You got to love *me!* Grab me! Like you *had* to! . . . Oh, I knew it. You're no good in this place. You belong here." She thrust back from him. "I'll put on my sleeved dress. You change to a clean collar and we'll go to dinner."

She slammed the door of her room, shutting him out, and he stood gazing after her, aware of the collapse of his response to her and his inability to rearouse it.

Lida's phone rang and he heard her answer. She was speaking, he suspected, to Mrs. Philip Metten, who would be following up her invitation to the opera; and he realized that consequences to be counted by hundreds of thousands of dollars, in the dominion of made and sold things, might hang upon the nature of Lida's response, upon whether or not she affronted Mrs. Philip Metten. But he did not interfere. Lida's voice reached him, not in articulate words, but in tones of refusal and refusal more positive again. Then it ceased.

Beedy was faultless, bearing himself with more dignity, indeed, than did the man in Lida's home in New York. This and the somber melancholy of the big hall surprised and slightly constrained Lida. The place felt older, far, than a Park Avenue apartment, and over the wide hallway presided two portraits. Jay took Lida's coat and handed it with his own to Beedy while Lida examined the serious countenance of a handsome, black-haired man, portrayed with a lilt of life, for all the dogged earnestness of set lips.

"Who hired Sargent?" inquired Lida.

"That's Grandfather," said Jay, a bit proudly.

"Heaven, I suppose," observed Lida, "was quite a locality with him." And she turned to the solid likeness of a bearded patriarch.

"That's Stanley Alban," explained Jay. "My grandfather's best friend."

Lida dipped into her husband's pocket for a cigaret and, lighting it, she completely cleared away her momentary depression. "California by covered wagon in forty-nine?" she inquired.

"No," said Jay. "Just Illinois."

"Of course," apologized Lida. "Now I have him. He knew Lincoln."

Upon the signal of his father's step, Jay plucked the cigaret from his wife's lips and put it between his own; after his father caught sight of them, he snapped it into the fireplace.

"This is Lida, Father," he said; and under the look in his father's eyes, his pulses leaped.

Lida spoke quickly; but John Rountree deliberately studied her. "I have been expecting you," he replied—"you both."

"We'd have been earlier," offered Lida coolly, "but I dressed for the opera; when we gave it up, I changed back."

John turned toward the drawing-room, motioning to them to precede him. Lida went ahead but Jay delayed, watching his father, whose eyes followed her, estimating her. Even in her sleeved dress, she contrasted with any wife or daughter of John Rountree's friends entertained in these rooms.

John glanced at Jay, who held breath briefly.

"Go in with your wife," John said and Jay drew toward her, with an idea of defending her; but Lida was more than equal to the requirements of the moment.

"How had you planned on the opera for tonight?" John asked her.

"The Mettens invited us; they bought a box for us today," explained Lida.

"Today," repeated John and betrayed to his son the momentary flight of his mind to his day of vain waiting for a hint of the disposition of the half-million-dollar business which was at the bestowal of the Mettens and which was become essential to him.

His daughter-in-law perfectly appreciated the point of vantage she had established.

"Mrs. Metten was just talking with me; I got out of her party tonight. But she asked us for next week, and every week, for the opera and dinner. Shall I be nice to her?"

John had to hesitate before this girl, married to his son, who had come to him in the very contrary of contrition. He was entirely upset, having expected to possess an advantage over her; instead, she held it over him.

"Do you want to accept her invitation?" he asked.

"It's nothing to me," returned Lida. "But one can't slide out of a blanket invitation like that—and leave much behind to be picked up. What do you want me to do about her?"

"How did you leave the matter with Mrs Metten?" John asked.

"I left it open," said Lida.

Jay interfered. He wanted her to win but not with too much humiliation. "That's your and my affair, Lida," he said, saving his father.

Soon Beedy announced dinner and the second-cousin dependants of the house, the Dills, appeared.

Before the table, set with five places, everyone but John delayed. He went to the head; Ann Dill's customary seat was opposite, except when guests were at the table, when John always honored the woman with the place. Ann led Lida to it but Jay discerned that his father did not approve of this implication of preference.

"Set that place on the side," he directed Beedy.

Jay warmed. "It's Lida's," he protested; but she laughed.

"Sit on the side with me, Jay," she bade him. "You know I've just dropped in."

John repeated grace; and Beedy faultlessly served dinner, without wine and without cigarets at the table. The talk turned into the question and answer of people bent upon avoiding the real matter in their minds; but now and then someone skirted it.

"I haven't known how to make ready your room," Ann Dill addressed Lida.

"Mine?" said Lida. "Where?"

Jay explained quickly. "Father asked us both to move in," he told his wife for the first time and, watching the slow stain of color in her cheek, he knew that more fully she felt the incident of the change of the chair.

Jay found himself with little appetite; and his father had none. Here in this room, as long ago as Jay could remember, he had sat with his father alone often, the two of them, at this big, sober table, morning and evening. Here at breakfast, sometimes with the sun streaming in, his father would admonish him upon the elements of success in life; from this table he would send Jay to school and himself depart to his solemn mystery of money-making called business.

Early hours and long days, hard work and unflagging industry were the very stuff of success, his father had assured him; and certainly his father had practised through life those virtues; but here he was after all his years of early rising and late laboring, with his business



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95% of the answers agree that mouth acids most frequently cause tooth decay and irritated gums.

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STUDEBAKER

at the mercy of Lew Alban's caprice—when old Stanley died—and of a nineteen-year-old girl's decision as to whether she should affront or flatter the wife of Phil Metten.

The world was changing too fast for him; but, following his momentary halt before Lida's surprising challenge as to her course with Mrs. Metten, he was gathering himself, Jay knew. After dinner he would tell his daughter-in-law what he thought of her and no count of business consequences would modify his moral duty.

Jay drew his wife aside, when they all rose from the table. "Come see my room," he suggested and he led her up-stairs.

Upon the walls of his room, once the nursery, lived always in Jay's memory the bright band of Jack and Jill and the Cow jumping over the Moon. Actually they were there, under the new, adult paper; for they had been painted upon the plaster. He told Lida of them; and, telling, he remembered how his eyes had followed them from his small bed in the last light of dusk and the first of dawn.

Often, when he was awake at daybreak, his door would open. (He was not relating this.) His father would come in; Jay would call to him and leap up with arms out. When he had had to go to bed before his father was back from the office, he used to try to keep awake—and often succeeded—so as to have his arms about his father's neck, his kiss on his father's cheek. How had so much dropped away? And who had been to blame? Indeed, when had it happened? Gradually, too gradually for Jay to have realized what was going on.

Tonight he—Lida and he—held a certain power over his father; and he did not want it used.

"Lida," he said—he had closed the door—"Father means to go for us."

"Have you a drink here, Jay?" she asked.

"Not here," said Jay. "I made an agreement with him not to bring it into the house—outside me."

"Then give me a cigaret, Jay—and kiss me."

He kissed her, quivering under his hands at her shoulder-blades; he kissed her again; and he lighted her cigaret.

"You can make him, Lida, a lot of trouble."

"Make it for you, too!"

"Yes," said Jay, "of course for me."

"I don't want to. Jay, I'd stick it and grin in that opera box every night of the week for you—if I could."

"Lida!"

She thrust back his arms. "No; listen to me. You love this room, don't you?"

"It's been mine; that's all," said Jay.

"You love this house; you'd be back here—but for me."

"No," denied Jay, stupid in his excitement, not thinking. "I'd be at Harvard."

She went whiter. "Yes; I've smashed you up! You'd take everything your father said and what he'd think of you, wouldn't you? That's you! You'd take it all with me without a word for yourself! Well, you won't!"

He tried to grasp her but she slipped to the door and was out, running down the stairs.

The strong smoke of his father's cigar floated from the drawing-room; and she reached sanctuary there. Jay followed and joined her.

"Sit down," John ordered; and Lida instantly obeyed him. Jay apprehensively remained standing near her. "You have become my daughter," John delivered at her.

"Then Jay is Mother's son, too," retorted Lida quickly.

"What?" asked John, halted.

Lida repeated and in the same breath explained it: "If you're entitled to me living by your family ideas, she's entitled to him by ours."

It was solely to discomfit his father, Jay realized. Lida's wits were spinning far faster than his, She was on edge for another opening; for she flashed one irrelevance after another, while his father arraigned him and her.

His father told how, long ago, he had found Jay failing in duty and responsibility; how he had battled with Jay's idleness, godlessness, extravagance, drinking—and worse.

"Worse, I feared, from the company he kept," charged his father. "I feared but did not prove until this—episode with you." Lida started to speak but at this Jay touched her. "I am not charging that chiefly to you. Adam's excuse to God never made, to a man, Eve the chief sinner. I blame my son far more than you; but I blame you." Lida sank back. "Yet I know you are young to blame; the lack in you rose with your rearing and from your idle, profligate friends, your circle never brought up to revere work or know the meaning of self-respect."

It was at this, when Jay was off guard, that Lida unexpectedly struck.

"There isn't much of a code left in my crowd, Father Rountree," she admitted to him and he listened, "but there's this much—a man doesn't make the girl run all the risk. If she needs a new name, he gives her a married name for a year or so, anyway."

She was on her feet and she thrust herself away from Jay.

"That's not much of the ten commandments but it's something; and something else goes with it! Nobody in my crowd puts up a man of a different sort to make money out of him. That's what I ran across when Jay left me in your daughter's house. You see, her husband had a house guest. He wasn't your sort but there was business for them in him. I didn't allow for that; Jay didn't either. I found out when I needed a name for a while—and his was no use to me.

"So Jay came through for me, do you see? That's it; God's truth. All your son ever did was stand before a minister with me . . . Now I've told you. Take me home, Jay; quick, to the hotel!"

He had his arms about her and she ceased to fight him off. His father stood apart from them, silenced.

"Justin," he objected, "Justin!" when Jay led Lida out; but Jay paid no attention to him.

In the cab, Lida kept to a corner. She held his hand; she clung to it constantly and she asked: "Let's not talk about it."

At the hotel, in their suite, she opened the door from his room to hers; there he came to kiss her.

"Don't kiss me again, Jay," Lida said. "I've kissed you good-by; and I want to keep it."

"Good-by, Lida?"

"Yes; in your room at home, where you were a little boy. That was good-by; didn't you feel it?"

Ellen waited through the morning for Jay. Noon passed; and his father offered no comment upon his absence.

She had determined during the night upon the attitude which henceforth she must maintain toward Jay in these days when he and she would be cast into more frequent and intimate association than ever before. She must be close to him, and work with him, impersonally. She imagined that she could assume an impersonal attitude toward him!

She even had practised it, repeating to herself words she would say to him. She wanted to start with him today, when she was thus prepared; and he did not appear.

He entered with his father upon the next morning, and at sight of them together she discerned that something unknown to her had happened. Mr. Rountree's manner with Jay was changed; it had been always critical or censorious; now it was less so. Jay was quieter and more considerate.

He struck a sort of compromise between his father's plan for his employment and his own; he was assigned definitely to the sales force and to the direction of Mr. Lowry; but his immediate occupation was with the files in his father's and in Ellen's own little office, where he spent hour after hour, meeting her prepared impersonalness with one of his own not especially planned. Something had happened to him. What?

It was through the business, and the immediate instrumentality of Di, that days later Ellen learned.

Di was become serenely indolent about the room and, apparently, completely independent of outside demands upon her time; but she paid promptly her half of the weekly expenses, together with all arrears; also she had dispatched a hundred dollars in the form of a gift to her mother, as Ellen ascertained when Di flung her, carelessly, the letter of thanks.

Pansy had written a pæan of gratitude and praise to her daughter completely devoid of any anxiety as to the means of the abrupt improvement in Di's fortunes. The letter left Ellen with little to say or do about Di's scheme of life which promised any real result.

"Well, it didn't last long," Di commented from her bed; and Ellen, with the letter in hand, said:

"The money?"

"Oh, that's gone," replied Di carelessly, and laughed. "I meant Jay's marriage."

"What?"

"Haven't *you* heard?" asked Di, sitting up. "Don't you see him? His wife's gone home."

"Jay's wife? Where?"

"To Mama in Little Old."

"When?" cried Ellen.

"Lord," said Di, "I was askin' you. Jello just got it today."

"How?"

"From Phil; he got it from Mrs. Metten. By the way, you're still keepin' your door open down at the office lookin' for the Metten order boy? Don't do it; shut it."

Ellen ignored this. "What did he get from Mrs. Metten?" she demanded.

"That Jay's wife went to New York."

"I don't believe it," said Ellen.

"Neither does Mrs. Phil. That's why it's no use your catchin' cold sittin' in the draft keepin' your door open for a call from the Mettens," Di advised. "They've lost your address."

Thereupon Ellen penetrated to the information that Lida Rountree had phoned Mrs. Philip Metten regretting her inability to make any engagements, now or in the future, because she was returning to New York, and that Mrs. Metten, suspicious of a slight, awaited corroborative testimony.

"Phil called up the hotel," added Di. "And they checked out of there. But Jay's here."

"Yes," agreed Ellen, "he's here."

"Well, it wasn't exactly necessary for her to pull out; I didn't need it," asserted Di comfortably. "But of course it didn't make it any harder for me. We got the Metten order, signed *and* countersigned now. You'll be told of it tomorrow."

Ellen hardly heard this. His wife had left him! So she came to understand his new impersonalness with herself.

She went to bed, with no idea of sleep but because in bed, and with her light out, Di would not long talk to her. She had to think. Think? It was not thought which was athrob in her, which thumped so that it seemed Di must hear. It was not thought which crumpled the edge of the sheet in her clenched hands; it was not thought which tried to toss her but which she controlled so that it only turned her slowly, as if she moved in her sleep, from side to side.

She deceived Di that she slept.

Di ceased to munch marzipan and to read by her bed light; Di arose and moved to her mirror; she opened a drawer and produced a check-book.

She had money, plenty of it, money to give away. Ellen did not doubt that Di and the Slengels had obtained the Metten order.

Di ceased to find satisfaction in scrutiny of her check-book; she switched on the mirror light and leaned close to the glass, gazing at herself.

She saw no change, none that showed. None that betrayed anything; nothing to alarm her; yet she was not reassured. She stole to her bed and back to the mirror for another look into her own eyes, to see what was behind them, what stirred in her soul.

She switched off the mirror light; beside her bed, she switched off the reading light and

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stood in the dark. Di, alone in the dead of night, was become afraid of what she had done.

Suddenly she crumpled; she dropped to the floor, catching at the side of her bed and clinging to it. Di sobbed a bit and, like a little child frightened and sobbing, she prayed.

Ellen shut her eyes to see no more; Ellen's lips moved, but she did not make the mistake of speaking, even in a whisper, to Di. Ellen whispered to her God Who also was Di's God, so far as Di remembered any—the God of the little white clapboard church with the belfry exposed to the four winds, sweeping across the point of the Michigan peninsula. Di and Ellen had knelt, children there.

The God of the four winds and the earth and seas, of the stars and the sky, endured with Ellen. When the hurricane signals were set and you knew that your father, with ten thousand tons of iron in his ship, was off the rocky capes of Keweenaw, a girl needed a God to pray to.

A garage mechanic's daughter matured into no such need; God might be only a sudden flitting panic of midnight memory. Di had recovered herself. She arose and, whistling softly, she went to bed.

The morning completely confirmed Di's claim upon the Metten order. Mr. Lowry himself reported to Mr. Rountree, when Jay and Ellen were present:

"It's signed, sealed and delivered. Slengels start the machines in their addition today."

The converse of this was that Rountree must shut down machines in part of their plant, but no one said it. Mr. Rountree listened to Lowry.

"Entertaining beat us and nothing else. Sam Metten appreciates parties; and they certainly gave him plenty—good parties."

"Good?" Mr. Rountree put in.

"Exactly to Sam's taste. Phil had different tastes; your son held him for a while; then Sam got too strong for us." Lowry knew of Lida's defection but avoided reference to it. "Slengels figure that this shakes us and they can finish us. They're pointing for Alban now.

"They'll attract some of our little accounts," continued Lowry. "A few little fellows always trail a big one from the house losing him to the house getting him. There's always a bandwagon bunch. Slengels will mop up some of those; but they're after the big one—Alban. They're saying on the street, when they get Alban, they'll put us out."

Mr. Rountree's firmly set lips made no reply or comment, but Jay asked: "Is that the way they say it, 'when they get Alban'? They say 'when'?"

Lowry looked at Jay steadily. "'When,'" he repeated, "was the exact word they used."

Jay followed Ellen into her little room for the ostensible purpose of applying himself to the files; but he did nothing with them.

He was feeling fight with an intensity and to a degree strange to him. Previously, when he had thought of "fight," it had meant the sensation aroused in him when he had rowed himself out in a losing boat on the Thames and when, once in a tournament final, he had come to the "turn" four down on a champion and had fought on to win on the last green.

Such sensations suddenly had become childish compared to this. They had supplied him with a simple, almost immediate satisfaction in terms of physical exhaustion or of triumph; this taunted and goaded him, it whipped him up and exasperated him and offered him no ready means of satisfaction at all.

Ellen moved away from him for fear, if she stayed close, she must touch him; or without actual contact, she might show, even without another look at him, the heat of her heart. She slipped into her seat before her typewriter and spread her note-book open; but her fingers were useless at the keys.

"Lew Alban appreciates parties," Jay said.

"Yes; he's been to some of the Slengels'."

"How do you know?"

She jumped, it was so personal to her. She, how did she know?

"Lew told you?" asked Jay, without waiting for her answer.

"Di told me," said Ellen. "Diana Dewitt. I room with her."

"I remember," he said. "She works for Slengels'."

"They gave her a party job. I told you. She's the one who beat you. You—you know how you were beaten, I suppose?" asked Ellen with her face burning.

"I know how they got Sam," replied Jay. "We weren't competing on him; we were specializing on Phil."

By we, he might mean the firm, but he meant, Ellen knew, his wife and himself.

"Lew will be the only one to compete for on the Alban account soon," said Ellen.

"I wish to heaven we could give him the gate!"

"No, you don't," denied Ellen and saw the slow, deeper flush of shame underflow the redness of his excitement. "Do you?" she asked him, in her suddenly gentle, sweet way.

"Not if you say I don't," he acknowledged this.

"You'd not dodge him," said Ellen, almost as though speaking to herself, and his shame was gone. He'd not dodge Lew, she meant, because Lew had attained a power over him which Jay Rountree hated to acknowledge. Lew was become necessary to him; he was in no way necessary to Lew; it was humiliating to be in such a situation; but it was business to meet it and deal with it.

Ellen spun about quickly. This was not being impersonal with him; far from it!

"Lew Alban," she said, "will be harder to handle than Jello—Sam Metten," she corrected, "for the Slengels as well as for us."

"How?"

"He's not so simple. I know him, you see. He talks to me."

"Does he?" said Jay.

"I don't like him," continued Ellen, without looking about, but under his eyes she flushed hot; and she was relieved when he said:

"I've moved. Do you know?"

"I didn't," said Ellen. "Where?"

"I'm on East Pearson Street; in what, d'you suppose?"

"What?"

"Studio. You can get away with less room, less service and less rent if you call it that."

"Does your wife paint?" asked Ellen. Then he told her:

"She's East. She went the other day. No, neither of us paints. It just was a studio and now is diggings at low rent. Roof of my own, that's all."

Why had his wife left? For how long? Or was she to be back? The questions thronged to Ellen's tongue but she bit her lip and smoothed with cold fingers the pages of her note-book.

He went out bearing an image of her small, slender figure bent over her book.

Ellen, obliged to answer her questions herself, accordingly believed that the roof of his own meant that his wife would return; and she thought of him in his diggings that night, awaiting her.

Jay was under his own roof; but he was not awaiting Lida. He might go to her but she would never return to Chicago. He knew that his own roof was, in fact, little more than a gesture, an offer of a place for her with him. But Lida was bent on escape; not from him, for she wanted him with her, but from all that here held him and tonight doubly bound him. For Rountree and Son, having lost Metten, was in danger; Rountree and Son—his father and he—were at the mercy, now, of Lew Alban. And Ellen Powell was right. He couldn't, and he wouldn't, dodge it.

Ellen Powell decides to try her strange fascination for Lew Alban as a means of saving the Rountree business—and finds herself playing with fire—in Next Month's *dramatic developments*



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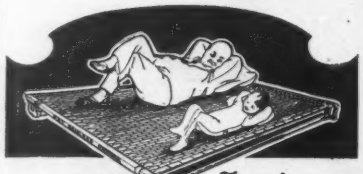
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What a Girl!

(*Continued from page 47*)

were mumbling together at various tables.

The proprietor shook hands with Anneke and bowed when she introduced Nat as "Mr. Payne B. Keeler, the new infernal revenue inspector." Anneke took Scotch and Nat nodded for the same to keep her company.

Into the speak-easy at intervals drifted various morose beings, including Clifford Larkin, a dramatic critic, who was seeking a tonic to help him through the first night of what he pronounced, "the most putrid show in the history of man."

His words fell pleasantly on the ear of the author, John Thackett, who had also dashed in. He came over to call Larkin the flat-headedest critic in the universe, and the least capable of grasping an artistic idea.

Larkin laughed and offered him a drink, saying, "I hope it's wood alcohol."

Thackett answered, "I hope so!"

They clicked glasses with mutual contempt, and departed to witness the rest of the première.

Still Anneke sat glumly drinking, smoking and waiting for the theaters to turn their audiences out into the night clubs. She waited until Thackett returned in abysmal gloom, to complain that his play was years ahead of time and would not be appreciated till after the death of this cheap commercial generation.

He was still comparing himself to the misjudged immortals when Larkin blew in to describe, over Thackett's living body, the funeral oration he had written for his morning paper.

Thackett tried to be a good sport, remembering how, in his day as a critic, he had flayed other dreamers, but he claimed to be entirely impersonal as he defended the thesis of his play. His artistic vocabulary grew more and more esoteric with every highball. Larkin answered him, theory for theory and glass for glass, while Nat Rider watched them with the interest he would have taken in a Chinese debating society.

Nat could have talked aviation in any of its details for days at a time, but the mechanics and the mechanicians of the drama bored him to madness. He mumbled to Anneke:

"Are you actually enjoying this swill?"

"Not in the least; but it's swell swill, and hideously informational."

"Please come home and let them talk each other to death. I've been gassed once and I didn't bring my mask."

"Run along to bed, my cherub, these two are growing funnier and funnier as their tongues get thicker. We'll inspect the night clubs now."

To his horror, she invited Thackett and Larkin to be her guests and they accepted. They even allowed her to pay the bill, or would have if Nat had not snatched it from her hand.

The creative and the conservative artists suffered themselves to be guided, head to head, still wrangling, out of the house and into Anneke's car, where they debated across her while Nat yawned openly and cursed inwardly.

The Perroquet de Paris was refreshingly clean and refulgent and packed with gorgeously dressed men and women who sat at illuminated glass tables in whose interiors goldfish swam. Anneke begged Nat to dance with her and he consented. They glided about a translucent glass floor where every dancer, like the swan on still Saint Mary's lake, floated double, swan and shadow.

To Nat, who knew no poetry, it was a dance of cut-out dolls, with everybody's inverted duplicate fastened to his feet like Peter Pan's shadow. When Nat let his eyes fall, he was embarrassed to behold Anneke as if he were looking up at her from beneath a bridge.

He had the renewed sensation of times when he had flown in the clouds and could not tell whether he were topsy-turvy or not. It angered him to see certain spectators at the tables staring down into the glass floor with the gloating smiles of peeping Toms. He grumbled to Anneke about it, only to be bowled over by her supreme cynicism.

"What does it matter what they see? I'm built more or less according to the same old Mother Eve model."

He snarled into her hair: "And if the old serpent had talked to you, you'd have taught him things he never dreamed of."

She hugged him and murmured: "It's the first compliment you've ever paid me, Darlink."

He stopped short and, ignoring the sweet music discoursed by the orchestra of the young millionaire who owned the place, led her back to the table where Larkin and Thackett were still talking dramaturgy. In fact they were now planning to collaborate on a play that was to redeem the drama. Nat would not dance with Anneke again, so she proposed that they move on. Nat made a dismal hole in his funds by paying the bill and when he reached the sidewalk he announced that he had a headache. Anneke's answer was:

"I begged you to let me pay the check."

That was the most shameless cut of all. He pleaded: "I've got a hard day ahead of me."

"Then go to bed."

"But I don't like the look of your chauffeur. He's been drinking."

"That's news!"

"He might get insolent."

"If he does I'll knock him down."

"I won't leave you with him. Please come home!"

"Not tonight, Sweetheart. The curfew law comes in force next week, and all these dear little joints will have to close at three. So I'm going the rounds while I can."

He thought with a sigh of the money it would cost him. His earnings came too hard to be spent cheerfully in purchasing nothing but misery and disgust. Yet he would have forged a check rather than let Anneke pay for anything in his presence. He crowded in with Thackett and Larkin and Anneke and the next stop was at Texas Guinan's hostelry. Anneke smiled with democratic tolerance at the loud familiarity of the greeting of the hostess, but Nat blushed to the marrow of his bones.

The hilarious good-fellowship of this picnic ground whetted Anneke's appetite for more, and she would not be restrained from a visit at the Club Richman, another at the Anatole, and glimpses of others.

Even Nat Rider could not quite resist the innocent nonsense of the grown-up children at the Dover. He laughed as they cavorted through their mad improvisations crying, "He's a gipsy! Yessir, that's a gipsy."

When the tireless Anneke led her wobbly little flock down into the chilly street, the black sky was turning mulatto, and even Tufts yawned meaningly at her announcement of an intention to push on into Westchester.

He went to his place with ugly mutterings that Nat could not resent, for when he had helped in the toppling art colony he paused on the running-board to implore her once more to be human.

She cried out imperiously, "Drive on, Tufts!"

Nat insisted, "Anneke Janneke, I forbid you to."

She gave him a thrust that sent him staggering backward. She slammed the door and motioned to Tufts. Nat started to run after the car but was hopelessly distanced and saw it swirl round a corner and fly northward.

Nat cursed the spirit of the times for turning all the nice girls into mænads on the wine of new freedom. He looked for a taxicab to follow, but none came along except such as were filled already. He turned south, staggering drowsy, yet aching with anxiety.

Anneke herself had already repented her harshness with Nat, without ever suspecting that she bullied him because she was afraid of him. She was beginning to doubt that her soul was indomitable and that she was always going to be its captain.

Her terror of Nat Rider was greater than her

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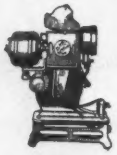
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fear of the mutinous Tufts, who was taking a malign pleasure in courting disaster. He crossed one dip in the road at such velocity that Thackett and Larkin and Anneke were shot upward and their skulls collided with the ceiling of the car. Anneke was almost knocked out, but Thackett and Larkin came down sobered enough to take fright. They pleaded with Anneke to stop the driver but she laughed at them.

"You want drama. How's this for your third act?"

Somehow they lived to reach a road-house overlooking the wakening Hudson River. In the trees birds were twittering vocal dewdrops and the eastern horizon was a welter of wild-rose petals.

Anneke spread her arms with pantheism and breathed in the poetry of the morning. She had smoked herself into insomnia and the liquor she had taken had not availed to deaden her vague uneasiness. Strangely lonely for Nat, she suddenly realized that what she was running away from was the cowardice of a womanly surrender to love. Nat Rider showed a tendency to claim a mastery she had vowed she would never yield to anybody. She renewed her vow and assured herself that he should never break her to the bit and bridle, and would only break himself in the attempt.

She had a poor opinion of men anyway and laughed derisively as Thackett and Larkin tried to disguise their increasing fear of Tufts. Thackett was saying:

"We've got great idea for a play—goin' revolutionize drama. We'd like to live to finish it, so 'f you don' mind I'll stop here and pick up li'l sleep an' 'en do a bit of writin' on s'nopsis while dear old Larkie goes back to town."

Larkin explained: "You see, there's 'nother firs' night t'night and my paper's counting on me to protec' my dear public from liking wrong things. So I'll just call li'l taxi for the journey back. 'N' I 'dvise you to share it with me instead of trustin' precious life to that hyena."

"Whassat! Whassat! Who's callin' who a hyena?" the hyena barked. "Who says I can't drive?"

Larkin hastened to answer: "Not me! I know you can drive. I was only sayin' you can't drive me."

"Who says I can't drive you? Who's you that you're so hard to drive? I'd have you know 'at I can drive anybody in this whole world from Pres'nt Coolish down."

Thackett felt called upon to intervene, and overawe Tufts by outnumbering him. He tried to sag his lower lip even lower than Tufts' as he growled in his deepest tones: "Wait ta minute! Young fel', if we decide go home our own way, who's goin' prevent us?"

"Me! I'm what's goin' to. We all come out togedder 'n' we all go home togedder or I'm a liar, and who says I am?"

His menace cowed them and Thackett yielded.

"Well, if you'll drive ver' caref'ly."

"Ten years a shofur and never past a lossenger," said Tufts.

He thrust his victims within, slammed the door on them and took his place. He also paused for a swig from a flask before he weighed anchor. He swung round the curved driveway with his lee-scuppers awash, and went down the hill as if he were on skis.

Anneke reveled in the risk, but her guests pounded on the glass and gesticulated until Tufts stopped the car, ripped the door open and demanded who was driving the car.

Larkin and Thackett tumbled out and announced their intention of walking home. They wanted to know if this were a free country or not and reached the point of singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" as an argument.

Tufts came to attention and held his cap over his heart during the anthem, but with alcoholic logic insisted that in the land of the free he had a perfect right to take anybody he wanted to to the home of the brave.

Furthermore, he proclaimed that he had his feelings as well as any other guy, and he wouldn't allow no dramatic cricket to criticize his artistic ability as a shofur. He exploited two fists as further evidence of his ability.

Thackett and Larkin preferred to die on the field of honor rather than at the black bottom of a ditch. Anneke found herself with a small riot on her hands and realized that Tufts was in a mood either to destroy his passengers on the spot or to hurl them into eternity later.

So she put in, with a motherly tone: "Tufts, I've asked too much of you. You've worn yourself out in my service, and you've earned a rest. You get in and ride and let me drive."

She had touched the one right chord in his befuddled brain. He broke down and wept:

"You're right, at 'at, Miss Jonesh. Some folks t'ink us shofurs ain't yooman. But we got feelin's and we don't like 'em hurted."

"Yes, yes, of course you are, you have!" she cooed as she pushed him into the car, where he sprawled in the farther corner, sobbing. Anneke motioned Thackett and Larkin to follow.

She took the wheel and meshed the gears with a reassuring skill. She raced the cheerful wind so cleverly that Thackett and Larkin were encouraged to resume their argument. By and by they were appealing to Tufts to decide a crucial riddle in exposition.

He represented the great people, the Polloi, the Soil, the Folk instead of the folks. About all he could contribute to the discussion was a large flask from his hip pocket. They shared its wisdom with him and paid him homage as a fascinating institution. They listened with besotted earnestness to his ideas of what a guy had a right to expect when he paid his good coin for a seat in a teayter: He had a right to a laugh or a tear, but nobody hadn't no right to hand him a piece of cheese; if a guy wanted a piece o' cheese he'd go to a delicatessen for it. This struck Thackett and Larkin as a very gospel of new thought. They accepted his utterances as the profundities of the primitive and embraced him, addressing him as "good old Stuffts," the patron of the arts.

When he burst into song with a ribald ballad of the underworld, they found Rabelaisian merits in the lyric, pondered the tune, joined it, and embroidered it with barber-shop harmonies and artistic sour notes.

The car was resounding like a steam calliope when the laughing Anneke brought it into town. Finding two taxicabs standing outside a never-closed lunch room, she went in, hoisted a leg to a high stool and ordered a couple of sinkers and black coffee, while she bribed the taxi drivers to take each a passenger to a destination.

She dragged from Larkin and Thackett their addresses and turned them over to the taximen. It took some diplomacy to tear them from "dear old Tufty," whom they left, not without tears.

Tufts told Anneke what swell guys them guys was, and cried himself to sleep. He slumbered undisturbed while she drove the car to her father's house. She was too heavy-eyed by now to notice that Nat Rider saw her approaching and hurried away.

He had kept vigil in front of her home, expecting to see an ambulance roll up with her mangled body, and wondering if he had not better wait for her at the Morgue so that he might identify her remains, if any.

When he saw her coming along safe and sound and smiling, his terror changed to wrath, and he would not stop to let her know that he had cared.

He did not even relish the amazing picture she made: a lady dressed for the opera, her great mink collar thrown back revealing to the dawn a bosom decked only in a rope of pearls and the drooping rim of a crystal-beaded gown —a lady in no opera-box but on the outside seat of a town car on whose inside cushions lolled the drunken chauffeur.

Anneke, loving it and regretting that nobody else was abroad to enjoy it, drew up at the curb and let herself in with her latch-key. Finding the house man making himself a cup of coffee in the pantry, she told him to drive Tufts to his home. Then she drank his coffee and climbed the stairs to her room, still laughing.

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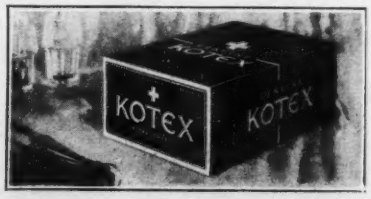
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She did not know that Nat Rider had substituted an icy shower-bath for his lost sleep, had gone to his office and announced that he was ready to go West at once.

It was a week before Anneke learned that he was gone, and she told herself she was glad of it. She would not let any man grow indispensable to her. The call of the wild recaptured her. She went Indian more than ever until her father and mother, her brothers and elder sisters were so scandalized that the family took off for Florida at the first hint of cold weather.

The mad scramble of the previous year's boom panic was missing and the region was restored to the splendors of nature somewhat sobered by two great windstorms, one from the realtors and the other from the clouds.

The people were fewer, and as a rule wiser, but Anneke found enough of her own sort to make her parents agree that she would never settle down before some irredeemable folly ruined her for life.

Her father had long since given up commanding, or beseeching, or even advising her, since he had found out that some strange quirk of anarchy in her made her resent every form of coercion, however gentle. The most he dared to do was to hint his opinions, and even his insinuations were guarded lest he drive her to the very extremes he dreaded.

One day he said: "What's become of that young fellow Rider we both used to see so often? He had just about persuaded me to go into his company when he vanished."

"He probably got tired chasing us both," said Anneke. "Why don't you send for him?"

"That's not a bad idea. Do you know his address?"

"No, but your secretary could find him, no doubt."

"No doubt," her father said, and then betrayed what he was thinking by a heavy-footed carelessness. "I remember his telling me that the hardest part of flying was the stopping and the landing, particularly if anything went wrong in the air. I wonder if the younger generation quite realizes that."

"I get you, Mr. Jones," said Anneke. "Thanks for the sermon."

"Oh, I'm not preaching, my dear! But I do sometimes wonder if you ever stop to think that the time might come when you would get tired of all this high flying and would want to come gracefully to earth and——"

"And be the good wife of a good man and raise a flock of babies at the maternal font?"

He winced at her flippancy and went on: "You can't stay up in the air all your life, Anneke, and you'll find it harder and harder to land without a crash unless——"

She checked him with blood-curdling insolence: "Father darling, I never, never try to run your business. Why do you always try to run mine? They say you're pretty good in the little old counting-house, but in my field your ignorance is colossal. Don't forget that you're no longer a young girl."

He longed for the good old days when a father would have been considered a criminal if he had not used a horsewhip on such a daughter, to save her from the town whipping-post. But he wou'd no more have dared to lay a rough hand on Anneke than on a buzz-saw. She would undoubtedly have torn him to pieces without the slightest filial compunction.

He watched her with sorrow since to him at least she was pure gold, however squandered on a career of gambling—gambling with health, honor, good fame and life itself.

There was one sorry comfort. She was no worse than she pretended to be. Perhaps she could not have been; but at least her father was denied the questionable luxury of many another father—he need never study his daughter's face and wonder how many lies were hidden by a doll-like stare, how much ugly knowledge might be disguised by a mask of innocence. Yet he often wished that Anneke would lie to him a little, pretend to be better than she was just for the convenience of living.

As a token of gratitude for his effort to advise her, she alarmed him unusually by taking up with a disreputable young adventurer named Medlicote, a mysterious fellow of wide acquaintance, wider debts and no visible means of support. He was more or less frank about his hopes of marrying Anneke, and was so polite to Anneke's father that the older man raged.

When he appealed to Anneke she tortured him by laughing, "You said I ought to settle down and marry."

It may have been that he sent in desperation for Nat Rider to come down and save her. It may have been that Rider's company merely ordered him to resume his quest of the old man's support.

In any case, Nat Rider left Chicago in a blizzard and turned up in Florida on a day so hot that he feared a sunstroke. Nearly everybody had sought refuge in the ocean and he availed himself of a card to a beach club. There he found Anneke.

Pretending not to see her, he slashed through the surf and swam a somber mile up and down the coast. He was floating on his back and musing bitterly when suddenly his head was pulled under water and he found himself all tangled up with a slippery biped who turned out to be the laughing Anneke.

She had recognized him as he strode into the waves and, after a long hesitation, had swum out to him, telling herself that she pursued him only because he was so evidently trying to avoid her. As soon as she saw the glad light in his wet eyes, she perversely doused the glimmer by apologizing.

"Why, Nat, fancy meeting you! Forgive my familiarity. I thought you were Tom Medlicote."

His instant anger delighted her so that she turned and struck out for shore, bubbling with laughter. When Nat overtook her, she thrust out her arm and shook hands with him, saying: "Do have a cup of tea! Did you swim down? How did you leave your Sunday-school class?"

He was hurt enough to snap, "What a perfect little rotter you are!"

"Well, so long as I'm a perfect something, that's something, isn't it!" And she managed to dive out of sight in a most insulting manner.

With his eyes open Nat plunged after her and seizing her in his arms planted a kiss on her glaring eyes. She promptly planted a short-arm jab in the pit of the stomach. She had learned it from one of her brothers and it was smart enough to knock Nat's breath out.

The water he swallowed strangled him and he came to the surface so confused and so crushed with shame at being the man of all men to bring upon him such a rebuke from her of all women, that she took pity on him.

"Pardon my nasty temper, boy. But I never could endure submarine flirtation. I hate to shock the poor fish."

When they left the water he walked away from her, but she ran after him to say:

"It's darling to have you back again, Mr. Sunday. Nobody has tried to reform me for so long a time that I'm just famished for a lecture. Come to dinner, won't you? I'm going to the bad afterwards, but Father would love to talk to you. You're both of the same age."

"I have another engagement, thanks," he mumbled, but she laughed:

"We'll expect you at eight, and don't forget to wash behind the ears."

He would not have gone if her father's secretary had not traced him and formally invited him. His duty to his company compelled him to accept, but it was not his duty to his company that made him accept Anneke's challenge when she left the house, saying:

"I dare you to come along!"

It was just such a party as Nat had often reveled in before he met Anneke—young people being young and older people trying to be, dancing, flirting, singing, drinking, silly games, off-color jokes, puerility stunts of all sorts.

But Anneke spoiled the feast for Nat by outdoing all the rest in everything. He did not

realize what a spur he gave to her independence by merely seeming to resent it, or how much of her delight in shocking him lay in his readiness to be shocked. He abhorred priggery and was infuriated by her ability to fill him with it.

Suddenly the frivolity took a serious turn. Tom Medlicote dashed into the room, breathlessly announcing that he was escaping from a speed cop who had chased him for miles.

"I can't afford to go to jail now. If my father hears of it, I'm a total loss."

He began to unload bottles of liquor from his overcoat pockets. He said he was afraid of having them found on him because the cop had been drunk enough to scorn his bribe.

Tom had hardly distributed the contraband among his eager confederates before a flushed and irate policeman stormed in with truculent majesty. He had already confiscated and absorbed enough whisky to be dangerous, and he had his hand on the holster of a huge pistol.

"I'm lookin' fo' ma man," he roared, "and Jake Stoat always gets his man. I warn you folks not to assist nobody in defyin' a nofficer of the lawr. Where is he at?"

Medlicote was hiding, and the men in the party attempted to appease the policeman, but he flung them off roughly. Seeing a form behind a curtain he drew his pistol and growled:

"Come right out o' that, Buddy, or I'm agoin' to shoot you out." When Medlicote hesitated a moment, the officer began to count: "One—two——"

At that moment he felt a warm hand on his, pressing the pistol aside. He looked down into the bewitching eyes of Anneke, who pleaded:

"Just one little dance, Jakie, before you go out into the night."

The deviltry in her eyes annulled his rage. She signaled to the band of pale-faced negroes to play and had Jake jigging before he realized her purpose. He fell into her swing, laughing boozily, "Well, I'll be gawdam."

As they danced, his pistol cleared a path before them. He retained only enough of his mission to call out:

"You behind the curtain there, don't you make no break while I'm dancin' with this little lady, or the old gun will sure spit!"

He kept turning his head as he whirled, and Anneke kept him whirling till he was so dizzy that she had to hold him up. He stopped at last and fell against the wall, but very close to Medlicote. He demanded of Anneke:

"Say, Lady, who-all are you, anyhaow?"

"Good Lord, don't you know me yet?" she answered. "Where's your memory? You've arrested me often enough to know my name."

"Have I?" he whooped. "Well, what is it?"

"Your old brain needs a little sharpening, boy," she said. "Don't you move till Mama fixes you a little eye-opener."

To the dismay of all the protesting company, she darted from the room and returned with two long glasses filled from one of Medlicote's bottles.

"Whass iss?" the officer sniffed. "Smells like——"

"Sassyparilly," said Anneke. "Pre-war sassyparilly."

"Looky yere!" he roared. "Are you offerin' a officer of the lawr lawrless stuff?"

"Of course not, but I always understood that when a lady asked a gentleman to drink with her, he asked no questions."

"Well, I'm a gen'leman all right and nobody hadn't better deny it."

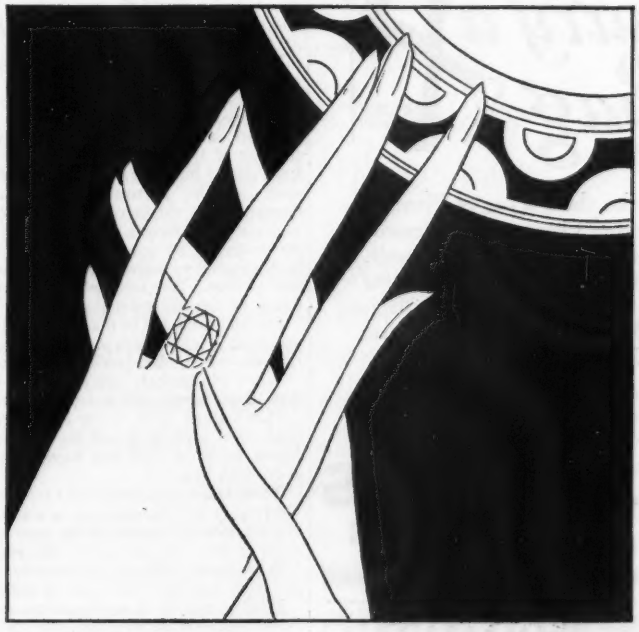
At the point of his pistol, the chorus admitted that he was a gentleman, two gentlemen, in fact. He touched brims with Anneke and they drained the glasses. When he recovered from the spasm induced in his frame, he was asking with tear-dimmed eyes:

"Am I a gen'leman now, Lady?"

"Indubitubally," said Anneke.

That struck him as the funniest thing he had ever heard and by the time he came out of his convulsion Anneke was back with two more glasses. Then she wheedled her poor dupe into another dance. This time she alleged a fear of the pistol and asked him to lay it on the mantel where he could keep his eyes on it. His

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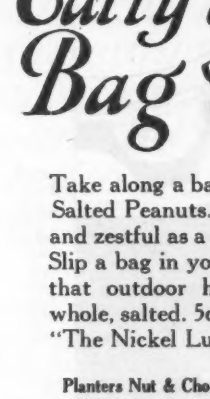


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eye was soon so lost to all sense of direction that she compelled Nat Rider to put the pistol in his own pocket by her commanding gestures.

And now she had made Nat an accessory in the felony, or whatever it was. Only one thing could have been more odious to him than what was going on and that would be to refuse his connivance.

Anneke tried to persuade the officer to dance with some of the other girls, but they were afraid and Samson was infatuated with his Delilah. He would have no other.

Nat saw that the drunken beast was growing amorous and, remembering how Anneke had greeted his own impulsive embrace in the ocean, marveled that she could endure the touch of this plebeian brute.

But the affair went on and on until at last the officer was unable to stand at all. Then she steered the wobbling hulk to a divan and stretched him out. When he would not release her she sat by him until he fell asleep.

Then she subtly disengaged his arms from about her, mopped the sweat from her brow, and muttered what sounded to Nat like:

"Crisis!"

She was probably referring to what she had passed through.

"And now what?" said the host.

"Phone for a taxi," said Anneke.

When it arrived, she superintended the transfer of the officer to it. Nat carried the front end of him and helped to prop him in his seat. Anneke borrowed from Nat money enough to buy the driver, whom she ordered to find out the officer's home address from the police-station by telephone without telling all he knew, and to deliver the remains to the wife and kiddies. She ordered Tom Medlicote to follow on the officer's motor-cycle.

Her last deed was to take the pistol from Nat and stuff it into the yawning holster, "to save the poor wreck from getting into trouble."

When the taxicab and the motor-cycle had gone, Anneke was still unsated. She said:

"Let's all go down to the beach for a moonlight swim while I cool off my poor feet. The heavy hoofs of that cop have broken down every arch I have."

There was a groan of protest from the crowd. Everybody but Anneke was in a state of prostration from the strain and the host was frankly eager to clear the premises. He wanted to be able to sign an affidavit, if necessary, that there had been nobody at his house all evening.

With a sigh of disappointment Anneke ordered Nat to take her home.

All the way back she kept up a rattle of chatter and let him think that the liquor she had shared with the policeman had befuddled her even more than it had. Her farewell at the door was a mere "Toodly-oo!"

Even Romeo would have been staggered if Juliet had greeted him with a "Toodly-oo!"

Resolved that he would give her up as a hopeless job, Nat wandered about the next day lonelier than a preacher at a carnival.

As the sailor ashore from a long cruise rents a boat to while away the time, as the worn-out movie actor goes to a movie, and the saddle-scarred cowboy spends his day in town on the wooden horses of a merry-go-round, so Nat, for lack of other diversion, sought out the hack driver of a rickety old airship, a man who picked up odd five-dollar bills giving thrills to people belated enough to be taking their first flights.

Nat rented the shabby plane and went up in it for a spin. It gave him more thrills than it could have furnished to any ignoramus, for only an expert could know how dangerous it really was. He expected it to go to pieces beneath him like the "one-hoss shay," but to his surprise it held together and he managed to land alive.

He was just advising the owner to patch it up with a dab of mucilage and a piece of twine when Anneke and her personal mob descended upon him. Anneke was all aglow.

"Nat, darling, you've given me the only inspiration I ever had. I've just invented what's going to be the new sport of kinks. I'm going to fly over to Cuba for my cocktail and fly back for dinner. Isn't it an exquisite thought? Don't you just love it?"

He could find no comment withering enough for the first boast he had ever heard her utter.

"You don't seem to get the whole beauty of it, old sea-gull," she said. "Perhaps you don't realize that it's you that inspired it, and I'm going to let you fly to Cuba with me."

"What in?" he mumbled.

"In this dear little gondola that you've just been tooling about so gracefully."

"Not me, not in this broken-down sewing-machine," he laughed. "It's dangerous."

"Oh!" she said, putting an incredible amount of scorn into so mild a word. "Then don't you dream of risking your swanlike neck."

"I don't intend to."

"That's fine. You're sure you won't be using the plane?"

"Never again."

"All right, Tom; then you can take me."

"What?"

"The minute my grand idea struck me, Tom offered to steer the boat, but I said you had first rights to the scheme. Since you are so—so discreet and wise and all, I'm going with Tom. His neck doesn't matter, so he's not so careful of it."

Nat glared at Medlicote, who had also been an aviator in the war, and a hero, too. There had been so many heroes that they enjoyed no benefit of valor, especially in each other's eyes; and Nat despised Medlicote all the more for being an imperfect villain marred by the courage that belonged only to virtuous men.

Nat spoke coldly: "You don't go with Medlicote, and you don't go at all."

"Oh, don't I?" said Anneke. "I know you own the earth but when did you buy the sky?"

"It's dangerous, I tell you."

"That's where the fun comes in," said Anneke. "Life's too short to stick to a life-preserver all the time. Tom's a flying fool."

Nat took refuge in his superior size. "If Medlicote tries to take you, he'll never leave the ground."

Medlicote prepared to dispute the matter, but Anneke pushed him back and mocked:

"How you heroes love one another! But don't you think for one moment, Mr. Safety First, that I'm going to abandon the only inspiration I ever had. If you're too old to fly, the man who owns this ship will take me over, won't you?"

"Sure, Miss, I can swim."

"If you go at all, you go with me," said Nat. He would have kidnaped her now rather than let anybody else risk death with her. Her madness was contagious and he resolved to carry her to Havana and back if he had to hold the machine to its task by sheer will-power.

"That's more like my heroic hero," said Anneke. "I'm ready when you are, and we'd better be off if we're to be back for dinner."

She borrowed a warm coat and a helmet from the owner of the old bus, and while Nat saw to the gas, the oil and the water, and tested the struts, the propellers and the engine as best he could, Anneke made sure of her cigarets and her flask.

They took off in an ominous mussy way with the engine balking and stuttering. No barnyard fowl ever sailed across a fence with less grace.

But, once aloft, the engine displayed a smooth angelic eagerness that should have warned Nat that it was the old bird's swan-song. He thought, instead, how strangely pleasant it was to be alone with Anneke, far from her madding crowd and the earthy corruptions that spoiled her soul. He could not tell her what was in his mind, but his heart was like an eagle's, and he wished that he might mount on up and up beyond the air into the ether and beyond that to some bright landing-place on the Milky Way. If Anneke could never see her muddy companions again, he felt that she could be purified by some sky-change, and they could be happy together with a prosperity impossible on this ruinous planet.

Anneke pretended to be delighting in the

earth beneath, the slow passage of the long golden strand of beach between the green sea of the palms and the foaming silver fringe of the vast Atlantic blue. But her heart was really busy with pride in her companion. She had mastered him and was content, satisfied with her triumph and meek as any other conqueror. She, too, would have been glad of an ethereal honeymoon, where she could be herself and not have to war with the slave-drivers and the critics whom she had to insult to prove her precious independence.

She watched the countless islets of the Florida Keys slip in far under the keel of the airship like a flotilla of moored seacraft. She was shrieking that she would love to land on one of them when she got her wish.

Abruptly the engine died. The slow relentless laws of gravity caught up with it and took possession of it, hurled it whirling back to the earth. While Nat worked with a grim frenzy at the dead stick and all the complex machinery, Anneke gazed blankly at the ocean leaping toward her in a vast billow. The tufts of land just beneath swelled with an idiot effect of inflating balloons.

They had climbed so high that in the long, long fall she had time to reproach herself for the destruction of this admirable gentleman whom she had teased to a fool's finish. He turned to see how she was taking her death, and through their goggles their eyes exchanged grotesquely monstrous incomprehensible messages before he turned back to cut off the gas switches to prevent a blaze.

Suddenly he felt her clutch upon him and seemed to understand that she was not afraid for herself but for him. She wanted to shelter him in some way! to break his fall as best she could with her own frail body!

That infuriated him and they were fighting when they struck with a crash and a splash like the end of the world.

Successive buckets of water thrown up into Anneke's face by the marching breakers woke her from coma. The agony of her first breath convinced her that she had cracked more than one rib. Blood was streaming from under her helmet and the arm that had crowded Nat's head into her shallow bosom was a livid mass; but his beautiful face was not marred. His body, though, was hideously contorted, his limbs bent every which way with the proof of a dozen shattered bones.

Anneke dragged her own battered members from about him, with many a sharp cry and every oath she knew. Before she had extricated herself from all the entanglements she had lost her shoes, most of her skirt and great shreds of skin and stockings glued together.

Her pain-dreary eyes saw that the lazily rolling waves moved up to a mere punctuation point of sand.

Aching, bleeding, panting, cursing, she attacked the shattered air scow and pulled and pushed, hoisted and wrenched, twisted and untwisted wires, and managed to disentangle Nat as far down as the waist before he came back to life faintly damning the dog's breed that was mauling him.

When he saw who it was and what a wreck she was, he fainted and from far off heard her shrieking at him, as in a dream:

"Oh, Nat, Nat, for the love of heaven, swear at me some more!"

He came back with a wry green smile that broke her to tears. They tasted mighty good on his lips. They proved that she was human and also what he wanted her to be, woman. When he was awake enough to wonder at her being alive and to be able to pour out sympathy for her wounds, she glibly denied that she had any except a few undeniable scratches.

It was not easy to conceal the fractured ribs, for groans came up automatically when she took a deep breath, but she disguised the wails in profanity and he was too far gone to suspect. What she said to her whisky flask when she found it a mess of wet splintered glass would have scared a mule-driver.

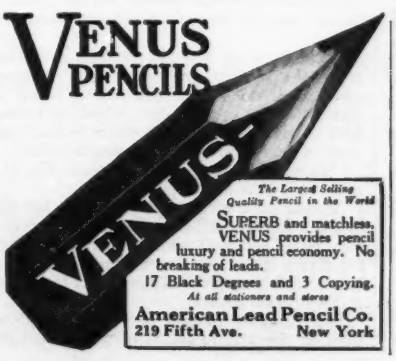
Between swoons Nat was able to help her with directions as to the next thing to lift for

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his release. Now and then she had to work under water. Now and then to climb far out on teetering wreckage. The hot sun was a crimson blur on the horizon before he was freed from the teeth of the trap, but he was unable to move either legs or arms, so she half swam with him, half towed him through red-tinted waters to red-tinted sands.

The only lucky break they had was the fact that the tide was high, for it was ghastly work dragging his limp body beyond the mark. Yet she achieved it.

She made tourniquets with a skill she had learned years before in a girls' camp. She bound him up and patched him up and made driftwood splints with all the wisdom she had or could glean from him.

She was quite convinced that he was going to live when suddenly the hot sun was gone, the air went cool, then black and bleak.

Her man began to mumble through his chattering teeth. "I'm cold. I'm mighty cold. Ugh, but I'm very cold."

A terror that she had never known congealed her heart and threw her into a panic of desperation. She whipped off her heavy coat and tucked it about him. Still he shivered and turned blue. She whipped her tattered dress off over her head and wrapped it about his quaking legs. She peeled off her bloomers, and what was left of her stockings and slipped his pitiful cold hands into them. In her frenzy she unbound her filmy brassière and wound it about his throat. And that was all there was.

For the first time she wished that she had been voluminously enveloped as a Godey's lady with enough flannel petticoats to smother a polar bear. But a Godey's lady would never have gone sky-riding without a chaperon and would rather have let the world perish than her own modesty.

Poor Anneke had neither modesty nor petticoats, so she began to cast about for fuel. Finding her cigaret-lighter working for once, she succeeded in starting a blaze. But she could not keep Nat warm without setting him on fire, so she dug with her torn fingers a ditch in the sand and eased him into it beneath the wind.

He ceased to shiver and lay so still that she longed for him to say "I'm cold" again. All night she kept running to and fro for fresh wood. The ocean was morbid and the palm-depths full of mysterious terrors. Every bit of driftwood was farther than the last and she sang ditties from musical comedies to jazz away the horrors from her heart at least.

Breathing was pain and motion was like being broken on the rack, but it was better to hurt than to accept the peace of death, and she hobbled through dance steps.

Nobody protested, least of all Nat Rider. She bent down and shrieked at him.

He slept on. At least she hoped that it was sleep.

She forbore smoking in a superstitious feeling that that might appease him, though her one prayer of thanksgiving had been uttered when she found that her cigarets were safe and dry in their waterproof case.

Toward the last of the black hours a vicious inky gale swept over the island with such bitter froth from the waves that she burrowed in the sand on the windward side of Nat and shielded him as best she could with her own congealing flesh.

The first ironic roses in the east gave their own color to her snow-cold body whipped with the driven sand. She was wakened by Nat's delirious mutterings. Thinking himself back in one of the hospitals where he had spent many a weary war-month, he was babbling:

"Nurse, if I could only smoke! Oh, if I could only have a smoke!"

Anneke flung off the sand that was her only blanket, fumbled in her coat where it lay about him, found a cigaret and her lighter, sheltered the flame in her icy bosom and her bleeding hands until it caught. Then she set the cigaret in his bruised mouth.

Still thinking himself in France, he drank deep of the mystic solace of warm smoke in agonizing lungs, and laughed pathetically.

"It's a good thing the Anti-Cigaret League never got to France, eh?"

"A good thing, son," said Anneke.

"What an angel you are, Nurse!"

Anneke damned the unknown angel with a jealousy she had never felt for anyone else; but her hatred was for the woman, not the man. She watched the cigaret as if it were an altar fire, shook off the ashes when the need arose and put it back, feeling a vicarious comfort she had never taken in smoke before.

When the first cigaret was a stub too short for another puff, Nat sighed:

"Nurse, that tastes like—more!"

One after one she lighted her stock for him, and shook off the ashes as they grew. Only a devout smoker could understand the mingled bliss and anguish she had from the sacrifice. She watched the last one with a miser's dread, but he fell asleep with half of it unfinished. She put it out with care, against his further need, and stowed it cautiously in a pocket of her coat still spread across him. Then she fell back fainting in her little ditch.

She had a nightmare of a rattling airship falling, falling into roaring breakers. The dream was inspired by the arrival of the sea-plane that had carried her father all night in a vain search of the myriad keys.

The drifting débris of Nat's airship marked the place of the disaster, and old Caldwell Jones leaped into the surf from his own plane and was carried sprawling ashore.

On all fours he studied the bloody traces of Anneke's wanderings. They led him toward two mounds of sand that might have been graves. Two faces were visible. He marveled that the man's set features were almost lost in the heap of sand-strewn clothes that covered him. On top of the heap were the light draperies that a girl would wear. Close to Nat Rider's leather-helmeted head was a littler one with blood matting the close-cropped hair. The cameo face of Anneke was criss-crossed with cuts till her father could hardly know her for his child. One swollen arm all black and blue clasped the body of Nat Rider.

Her father's cry of terror woke her. She opened her eyes, blinked in the level sunbeams, tried to smile, found it too painful, swept away her sole garment of sand, and sat up like a half-awakened child. But the effort wrung a wail of anguish from her snapped ribs, and from habit she changed it to an oath. Then she stretched out a pleading palm and moaned with a babyish petulance.

"For Crisis' sake, give me a cigaret."

Her father saw only that her hand was torn and that the pit of sand where she had lain was red with her blood.

Nat's injuries were even more serious than Anneke feared, for when the surgeon had almost suffocated him in bandages he kept babbling, "Marry me, Anneke! Marry me, or I don't want to live." She would have promised him anything to get him well. But he never got entirely well, for, even when his scars were healed and his bones mended, he insisted on the wedding.

She humored him even in that, but it embarrassed her horribly when he would explain to her indulgent, if incredulous, friends that Anneke Janneke Jones was the wisest, bravest, noblest woman that ever blessed the earth, and all her ways were perfect. She would blush at that who never blushed at anything else, and try to squirm out of it by saying:

"You see the poor Humpty fell on his head, and he's been addled ever since."

He never lets her light her cigaret if he is within reach of her, as he usually is, but always has another one ready for her before the last is finished. He won't even take a puff of it, remembering what she once did for him.

And he hands it to her as if it were a lighted candle offered to a saint. Her father feels, from the look in his eyes, that Nat will still be keeping up his priestly office when Anneke is as old as her mother is now. And her mother wonders if she is too old to learn to smoke.

The Soul of Honor

(*Continued from page 39*)

Mrs. Daintry in the old vicarage of the village near Evesham. I only told them of Martin's cheeriness as I had seen him always, except for that moment of nerves in the bedroom of the French *estaminet*.

He was demobilized pretty quickly after the war which ended—miraculously, as it seemed to those of us who believed that the enemy had a lot more fight in them—four months after that meeting of ours in the *Véritable Coucou*. I met him several times in town looking astoundingly changed—as we all looked—now that he was in "civvies" again. We had luncheon together and I asked him what plans he had made for a peace-time job.

It appeared that his plans were pretty vague, so far, but there was no immediate hurry. He had some arrears of pay to play about with and anyhow all he wanted for a while was a quiet time in the old home—his father and mother feasted their eyes on him!—with a chance of getting back his form at golf and an occasional trip to town to look up any pals who still remained alive. Later on, of course, he would have to get busy. Something in the writing line, he supposed, though poetry didn't pay.

"Don't let your lady muse die of sheer neglect!" I told him. "The world expects a lot more from the man who wrote those lines to a soldier blinded on the Somme."

He smiled at my tribute to those lines. "Oh Lord," he said, "I've written heaps of things better than that! I had an idea that one of these days I might do something big about the war—like Hardy's 'Dynasts'—drama and lyrical stuff, I mean, getting at the spirit of it so that afterwards the younger crowd may know what Armageddon was really like without camouflage and in the minds of the fighting men, as I know them from first to last."

"A big idea, old lad!" I said. "Enough to last you the next ten years, and a great service to humanity—if you get the truth through."

"Not easy!" he answered, laughing a little at his own audacity of idea. "But I think I could get something down. I shall start with the New Army which came out singing—before the time of disillusion and general bloodiness. It would mean getting back to the spirit of the First Hundred Thousand—I was one of 'em—and the first raw impressions of the game before we reached the front—filthy billets behind the lines, rat-haunted barns, Flemish *estaminets* with their frowzy womenfolk, and that cheery crowd exalted by a kind of spiritual ecstasy and keen as mustard to see 'the real thing.' Poor blasted young fools, of whom I was one!

"There'd be a chance for fine writing—lyrical stuff about dawn above the trenches, and stand-to in the front line, and the look of No Man's Land with the body of one's pal strung up on the enemy's barbed wire, and Very lights gleaming on the ghost city of Ypres back there in the salient. There would be a kind of rhythm through it all, and I'd get the fellows talking, as I used to hear them, in good old cockney and every dialect of England. Humorous stuff about the nasty ways of death, and bits of Germans, and vermin, and five-point-nines, and the way the sergeant got shell shock, and funny things like that which used to make them roar with laughter because of some dark irony hidden in their simple souls.

"I would let myself go on night raids, convalescent camps, love in war time, the attack, 'consolidating,' prisoners, shot for cowardice, decorated for valor while temporarily insane, the advance of the tanks, gas masks, retreat, the laboring of guns, the chatter of machine-gun fire, the battle-field at night under moonlight, with the dead and wounded—no loss of subjects for a drama in verse in Shakespearian style! What do you think? The spirit of it all, dramatized! The great big bloody Thing which is war!"

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He spoke with a kind of humor in his eyes, smiling at this vast idea which had taken possession of him as his future life's work. He was perhaps afraid that I should jeer at him.

"Martin Daintry," I said solemnly, "you were saved to do this thing. That's why you have come through without a scratch. Go to it, my lad!"

My words revealed some secret thought in his own mind.

"Queer you say that!" he exclaimed. "I often wonder why nothing hit me. It makes me a bit scared sometimes."

I accepted his invitation to spend a week-end, sometime later, at the vicarage in the village near Evesham.

When I went down there Martin was making love very ardently to Ruth Burnaby. He had postponed his drama in Shakespearian style for a time, and was, as he told me, marvelously pleased with life and peace.

That girl, Lady Ruth Burnaby, belonged to the old-fashioned type of English womanhood, untouched, I thought, by the post-war spirit of restlessness and rattle. When most girls were bobbing their hair, hers was wound round her head in two lovely plaits like twisted bronze. She had a really flower-like beauty because of her fair skin and dark liquid eyes—and a delicate color which touched her lips and cheeks. That sounds doll-like, but there was nothing of the wax doll about this country-bred girl who had loved hunting before the war and had played cricket and all kinds of games with those two brothers who had been killed.

It was inevitable that she should have fallen in love with Martin Daintry, and be with her, now that they were near neighbors again.

When he came back as one of the few survivors of that youth she had known, she greeted him as her mate and lover, without secret or shame. They kissed each other at this first meeting.

I watched them play golf one day, and followed them round the links. Martin played a poor game. I could see that his thoughts were not on the ball at all. All his soul was caught up by the beauty of this girl with him, and there was devotion and adoration in his eyes.

That evening Ruth came down to supper at the vicarage, and I noticed that Martin and she did not talk very much to each other, and had shy eyes, as though something had made them a little afraid of each other for the first time. Now and again their eyes met and the smile that passed between them was a secret message.

After supper we played cards for a time—the vicar and his wife, with Ruth and me, while Martin sat out smoking cigarets from the depths of a big armchair, until he became restless and went to the French windows and looked out into the garden, which was filled with a milky radiance under a clear starlit sky.

"A fine night for a bombing raid!" he said, with an ironical smile.

"Forget the war, my Dear!" said his mother.

He made one or two other remarks in the course of our game of bridge, until his father rebuked him mildly.

"Martin, my dear boy, how can we play bridge when you keep interrupting like that?"

"Tell them!" said Ruth, looking across at Martin with a smiling tenderness, while a sudden wave of color flooded her face.

Martin came away from the window, and stood behind Ruth's chair, and stooped down suddenly and kissed her hair.

"You three good people," he said, "Ruth and I have tried to keep a secret from you, but what's the use? We're just dying to tell the world. Ruth and I have found out that we love each other."

"Till death us do part," said Ruth, raising her hand and pulling down Martin's head till their lips met.

"Good gracious!" said Mr. Daintry with smiling irony. "Why do you interrupt our game again to tell us something which has been perfectly apparent for the past six weeks?"

Martin stared at his father. "Is that a fact? Then our announcement doesn't cause any surprise in the family? That's a dreadful anticlimax!"

"Oh, my Dears," said Mrs. Daintry, "I have been praying God to bless this dear love of yours. Ruth, what will your father and mother say? Martin has no money unless he can earn it somehow."

"Too true," said Martin rather ruefully, "I shall have to get busy."

"That great drama of yours!" said Ruth. "We're going to be famous as well as rich."

It seemed that Lord and Lady Burnaby had no objection to the match, wanting their daughter's happiness after so much grief. And their daughter would have enough for marriage even if Martin, who had served his country in time of need, never earned a penny of his own.

That night I went into Martin's room and put my hand on his shoulder. "Your luck doesn't fail you, old man. Ruth is a lovely lady and you've earned the happiness that's coming to you by all you did in the war."

"Thanks," he said emotionally. "A thousand thanks, my dear old man . . . I wish to heaven I were worthy of her."

"None more so," I said. "Not in the length and breadth of England."

"Utterly unworthy," he answered. "Not worthy to kiss the earth under her feet."

"And yet she loves you," I said, laughing at him. "With a hero-worship, Martin!"

"It's all miraculous," he answered. "Marvelous beyond all words. I don't deserve it."

I went back to town after that week-end near Evesham, but saw Martin three or four times within the next month or two. He had made a start with his drama on the war. It was the best stuff he had ever written, he told me, and promised to send me a copy of the first part as soon as he could get it typed. One night Ruth and he came up to town together and we went to the theater and had supper afterwards, and I was touched by the spiritual passion between them which they could not hide.

"Happy?" I asked Ruth between the acts when Martin was talking to a friend in the first row of the stalls—a dramatic critic who had been a machine gunner in his old battalion.

"Wonderfully," said Ruth. "But I shall never be worthy of Martin. He's an idealist with the heart of a poet, and I'm just a country wench! It doesn't seem fair—to be happy like this—when so many girls have lost their lovers and all joy in life."

"You're a modest couple," I remarked. "Neither of you is worthy of the other, it seems!"

"Martin lives in the clouds," she told me. "I'm just an earth woman, at his feet!"

I saw them off in a taxi and envied their happiness when Martin took the girl's hand and raised it to his lips, as I saw by the light of the street lamp. The war had left no darkness in his soul, now that he had this girl's love. He would not be afraid if the candle went out!

So I thought until one night a week later when he came to my rooms with a ghost-haunted face and misery in his eyes.

It was some time before I could get him to tell me what had happened while he paced my room crying "God! God!" like a stricken man.

"Tell me," I said. "For heaven's sake, pull yourself together, my dear man! Is it anything about Ruth? Is she dead, or dying?"

"I've smashed her," he said in a broken voice. "I wish I'd been killed in the war!"

"Tell me," I exclaimed almost angrily. "Have you gone mad or something?"

"I was mad that night," he answered, and leaned up against the wall as though all the strength had gone out of his body.

"What night?" I asked, frightened by his anguish.

"That night at the *Véritable Coucou*."

He lurched into a chair and sat there staring at me with haggard eyes.

"Don't you remember? I was afraid of the dark, I was afraid of seeing Bartlett's face again. I came into your room when my candle went out. After that I went on to the landing. Marguerite heard me groaning and came out of her room. She understood

She put her arms round me and kissed me on the lips and I was glad to feel her close to me. She came into my room, and I wasn't afraid any more."

"It was kind of little Marguerite," I said.

"It was a night in war time, my dear old man. Lord knows——"

It was some time before he spoke again.

"There were other nights. I was billeted there again when the battalion was pulled out of the line. Before we went south for the big advance which ended with the Armistice, Marguerite cried when I said good-by, and I promised to write to her, but never did—cad that I was! I wanted to forget that particular episode, and the *Véritable Coucou*, and other things."

"I shouldn't revive those ghosts," I said. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

He looked at me somberly, and his lips but not his eyes smiled for a moment. "The past doesn't die. The ghosts come back. Marguerite has come back. She writes from the *estaminet*. It has taken five months to reach me as there was only 'England' on the envelop. She's the mother of a child—six months old. She has called it Martin."

I had a kind of physical shock as he spoke those words. I remember giving a cry of dismay and stammering out a word or two of incredulity, followed by a harsh laugh which had no mirth in it.

"That letter puts me into the mud," said Martin. "It makes a hideous mockery of all I stand for. Idealism! What hypocrisy! I'm just a skunk—a common breaker of women's hearts!" He flicked over to me a letter which he had drawn from his breast pocket. "Read that," he said.

It was written by Madame Degville, enclosed, I suppose, with the letter from Marguerite, and it was an appeal to Martin to make her daughter "respectable." The poor girl, she wrote, was suffering shame in her own village. It had given the *Véritable Coucou* a bad name. Madame Degville relied upon Martin's honor as an English officer. Her little Marguerite would be a good wife to him.

"It's blackmail!" I cried with a kind of rage. "It's all a trick. They're making a dupe of you, Martin. That little slut——"

He raised his hand. "Better not call her names. She's the mother of my son, poor child."

"I wonder!" I said. "I want to be sure of the facts. Let's think this thing out, old man."

"I've thought it out," he answered grimly. "My brain has been running round like a rat in a trap—thinking it out—trying to find a way of escape. There's no way of escape, unless I behave like a blackguard—worse than I am already. What would Ruth think of me if I tried to do that? Her 'idealist'! Her 'white knight'!"

"Tell her," I urged. "Tell her now. She'll understand—and forget."

He sat there in his chair, leaning forward with his hands clasped between his knees, and when he raised his eyes to mine he looked older, as though years had passed since yesterday.

"I've told her," he said. "Last night when she was showing me her wedding things. We were alone together, and she was frightened when I broke down like a shell-shocked idiot . . . I told her the whole thing."

"If I know Ruth," I said, "she was generous, and understanding, and forgiving."

"Beyond all words," he told me, and for a moment or two his eyes shone with a kind of spiritual light because of Ruth's kindness, her greatly generous love. "She let me kiss her again," he said, "for the last time."

I heard those words with incredulity and amazement. "For the last time?" I cried. "What madness is that?"

"I'm catching the morning boat to France," he told me, as a man might announce his own sentence of death.

I refused to accept the fact. There must be some way out—in honor and good faith. "No!" I said loudly. "Martin, for heaven's sake——"



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He seemed surprised and distressed by my passionate protest. "It's the only way to save a rag of self-respect. Because I am Ruth's lover I must marry Marguerite. Don't you see that? Ruth believes—even now—in my honor and idealism! She wants me to go to that poor girl, who is the mother of my child. I am going."

I was stricken by the tragedy of this renunciation, this deliberate sacrifice of love between two human souls perfectly mated by every instinct of birth and tradition and ideal. It seemed to me frightful that anything should smash a love like that. Horrible that this friend of mine, so much above the coarse clay of ordinary humanity, a poet and a sensitive soul, should be dragged down to the level of a little drab like Marguerite and the squalor of a French *estaminet*.

Did the laws of honor and morality demand such a living sacrifice? Was it fair to a girl like Ruth Burnaby, who had given everything in her heart to this lover of hers? Was it fair to England or the world that this man's genius should be thwarted and perhaps destroyed by the inevitable degradation that lay ahead of him? Was it not a wanton cruelty to that father and mother who had devoted all their lives to him and now needed him?

I had a cynical and ghastly doubt about Marguerite's child. Was there any proof at all that Martin was the author of its life? Other officers had been billeted at the *Véritable Coucou* in time of war. They too had liked to see the laughing eyes of Marguerite, and to have her company when the candles went out.

"Martin," I said, "I've always backed the moral point of view. I'm not one of the world's cynics. But let's look at this business without false sentiment."

What could I say when he told me that nothing could alter his decision? Ruth expected him to live up to his own code of honor. His father and mother, after their agony of grief, had seen no other way. His own conscience would torture him if he tried to dodge this thing.

For a moment my emotion made me angry and impatient with this idealism.

"Oh, all right," I said. "If Ruth wants you to marry that little drab I've nothing more to say. And I can't argue with a man who deliberately sacrifices himself on an altar of idealism which is based on blackmail, as I truly believe."

He looked at me somberly and shook his head. "Not an altar of idealism," he said. "It won't look like that in the back parlor of the *Véritable Coucou* . . ."

For a moment he broke down in my room and wept like a boy up against the cruelty of life, as indeed he was.

I remained friends with Ruth Burnaby, and I think perhaps I was the only friend she had with whom she could talk freely about Martin. I remember that it was about a month after his going that she came to my rooms one afternoon looking ill and sad, poor girl, but marvelously self-controlled.

"You were his best friend," she told me. "I want you to know that I love him as much now as before he told me—about that girl. He thinks I'm wonderful because I forgive him! I have nothing to forgive. It was war time. Ask him to understand that I have nothing to forgive and that always I pray for his happiness with Marguerite!"

"I hate the thought of that marriage," I said. "You ought to have saved him. What proof was there about that child?"

"He believed it," she said. "And he was pitiful. He had to marry Marguerite."

"Why?" I asked. "Why?"

"To save his soul," she answered simply. "He was conscience-stricken. It seemed to make a lie of his idealism. I told him to go to her."

"I know," I said. "And most men would think you foolish. Even heartless."

"And you?" she asked.

"I think you're wonderful. A saint and a heroine rare in this wicked world. You put us all to shame, my Dear."

She shook her head and I saw a little mist of tears in her eyes. "Nothing like that! Only Martin's sweetheart. If I hadn't loved him so much I should have tried to kill his conscience. I couldn't drag him down. Don't you see?"

It was only for a moment that she revealed the agony of her sacrifice for love's sake by a sudden passion of tears. And after that, as the months passed, I saw her again now and then, and mostly she spoke of Martin's work on that lyrical drama of the war which he had discussed with her down at Evesham in the days of their happiness. It was her spiritual link with him now, apart from the letters he wrote from time to time—long letters which of course she never showed me.

But this drama of his, written on sheets of squared paper, as though torn out of a French exercise book, was something we could share as a secret in common. It came to me at irregular intervals, sometimes only a few sheets, sometimes quite a batch of manuscript, in his fine, delicate writing, until at the end of something like a year I had the first two books of what I believe to be a work of genius destined to live as long as the English-speaking world remembers its heroic dead, and has an ear for noble verse, and thrills to the comedy and tragedy of life's adventure.

I read this work aloud to Ruth. She, as I know, learned it by heart. We discussed it line by line, and vied with each other in praise of its form and style, its simplicity and strength, its sense of stupendous drama, with, often, a lyrical beauty lifting it up above the brutality and cruelty of human strife.

Martin's letters, sent to me at rather long intervals with these batches of manuscript, did not tell me much about his life. He had married Marguerite. The child was a queer little mortal with a French temperament and English eyes, gray-blue like his father's. Madame Degville, his mother-in-law, was somewhat of a trial. Now and again he saw English visitors to the battle-fields—ex-officers showing their people round and dropping into the *Véritable Coucou* to see if Marguerite were still there. They were astounded to find him helping in the kitchen and doing odd jobs in the yard. It seemed to give them a bit of a shock!

The French neighbors—shopkeepers and local farmers—were friendly folk but limited in education and hostile to England. It was *perfide Albion* again after all that common sacrifice and all those dead in the fields of France. Marguerite took that view. Her mother was convinced of it. He had given up arguing—except when he lost his temper and made an ass of himself. It was hard to hear England abused.

His heart ached to see an English village again, to walk up Evesham High Street with its old houses, to turn in at the old vicarage.

Only now and again did Martin reveal any mental suffering or spiritual anguish because of his exile, and this sacrifice for conscience's sake, until at last there came from him a tragic letter which I read as a cry of despair.

"My chief purpose in life now is to finish that stuff of mine—this drama of the war—which I am sending you in batches. While I am working at that I warm myself with a little flame of hope that I may give something to the world—to England, anyhow—which will lift me out of the mud and justify the faith of those who believed in me. Ruth—and you—and my father and mother.

"It's a hard fight, old man! I'm up against a deadly enemy. It's the *Véritable Coucou* which mocks at me, and cries 'Cuckoo! Cuckoo!' when I steal up into my little room—that room where the candle went out—to write another verse or two. 'You fool!' says that squalid bird. 'What's the good of writing high-falutin stuff about the soul of England and the spirit of the trenches, when your mother-in-law is abusing you down-stairs as a lazy ne'er-do-well, and your little French wife is beginning to hate the sight of your melancholy face and that brat of hers is screaming for its bottle in a dirty cradle? A poet has no place at the sign of the *Véritable Coucou*. French peasants are getting fuddled in the tap-room. Better go down and get fuddled in their company. You can't escape from the squalor of this house, Mr. Englishman. It's dragging you down . . . You didn't shave this morning. You've lost pride in yourself. I have my claws at your throat. Cuckoo! Cuckoo!'"

For two or three months after getting that letter I waited for another batch of Martin's poem.

"He must be finishing the third book," said Ruth hopefully.

Three months passed and nothing came from him. Then one day I had a note from him written on a dirty scrap of paper torn from an account-book.

"I've chucked writing that epic of the war. It wasn't any good, and it conflicted with my work as a bottle-washer and odd-job man, which is more important . . . The Martin Daintry that you knew, old Friend, with a pretty good conceit of himself as poet and idealist—silly young swine!—has died the death slowly but surely. The Veritable Cuckoo has got the better of him. He is now only the ghost of his father's son, and his red-rimmed eyes have a damned look when he stares at himself in a cracked mirror with a maudlin self-pity that is worse than shame."

I kept that letter secret from Ruth for some time, and when I showed it to her at last she wept. She too had had a melancholy letter from him—not so tragic in despair as mine—and lately he had written no more to her as though truly something had died in him.

"What's to be done?" I asked. "We can't leave him in that state. It will be a loss to the world if he drops that work."

"We must save him," said Ruth, and she put her hand on my arm and implored me to go out to him and find out the truth of things. "Persuade him to come home with Marguerite and the little boy."

It was for Ruth's sake as well as Martin's that I went to France a few days after getting that miserable letter.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when I walked into the courtyard of the *Véritable Coucou* and pushed open the door which led into the room where in war time I had sat with a brother officer, and Martin Daintry, at a rough-and-ready *table d'hôte*. Nothing had changed in that room except that it seemed smaller and more squalid.

Madame Degville was sitting behind the counter still, as though she had never moved. She was dozing, and I saw that her hair was a little grayer and that she looked frowzy and unwashed.

Four men were playing some card game at a table near the window. Three of them looked like young farmers in riding-breeches and muddy gaiters. The other man was a young French soldier with a peasant's face and big clumsy hands which fumbled with his cards.

One of the men in gaiters shifted his chair and glanced over his shoulder at Madame Degville, dozing there behind the counter. "The old woman is sleeping like a sow," he said. "How about another cognac, Comrades?"

"Yes," said one of his companions. "My throat is as dry as a lime-kiln. Wake the old woman up. It's a cursed hole, this *Véritable Coucou!* No one looks after the customers."

"There used to be a pretty girl here," said the French soldier. "Marguerite, they called her. I knew her before I went out to Morocco."

One of the young farmers gave a coarse laugh. "She used to make eyes at all the English. Then she had a brat and married one of them. Now she leads him a dog's life. That's the way with women!"

"For an Englishman," said one of the men, "he's not too bad. Not like those fellow-countrymen of his who sell France to Germany and sacrifice their friends for dirty trade. Marguerite's Englishman is a good fellow, and speaks fair."



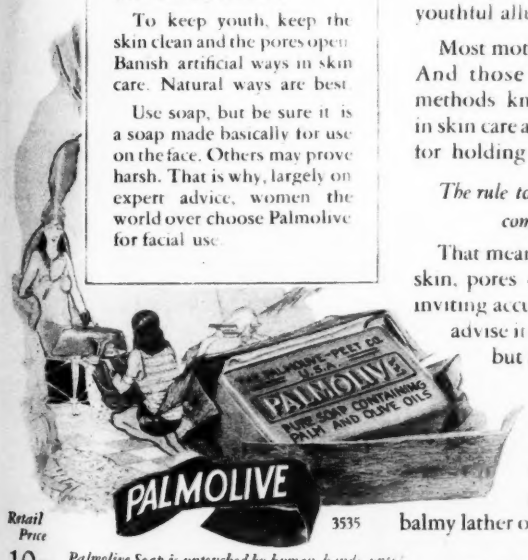
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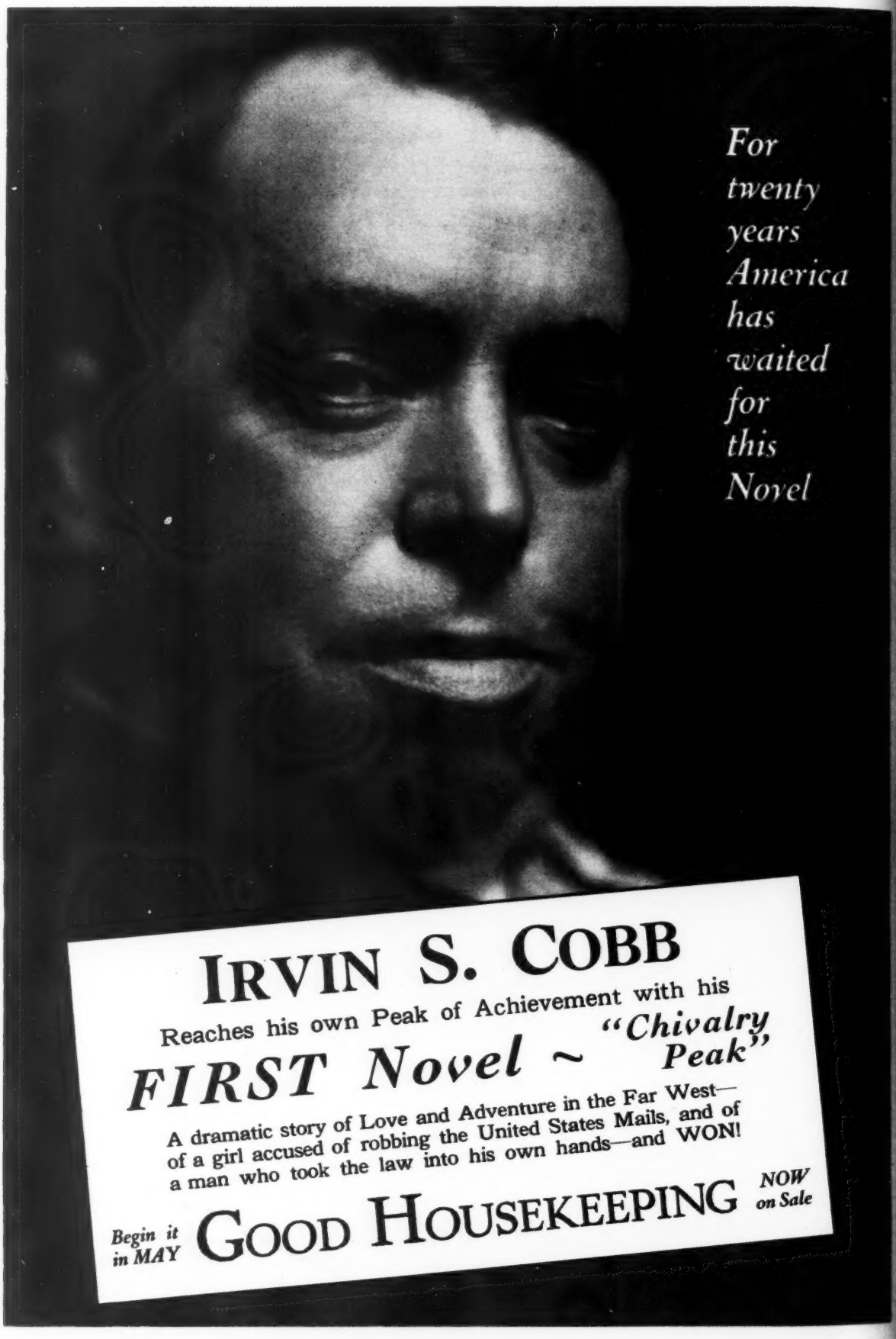
Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

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"A dirty race, those English," said the youngest farmer, who had a sullen face. "Hypocrites and traitors. During the war they made love to our women and left us to do the fighting."

"No, they fought well," said the man who had spoken a friendly word about Martin. "I was on the Somme with them. They were careless of death. Let's have that cognac, Comrades." He clapped his hands. "Cognac —four times, Madame!"

Madame Degville wakened up with a start. "What is it you want?" she asked crossly. "Cognac, did you say? Well, you'll have to wait till I send to the cellar. Marguerite! Marguerite!"

From a back room I heard Marguerite's voice answer sharply:

"What do you want, Mother?".

"A bottle of cognac, my Dear. You'll have to fetch it from the cellar."

Marguerite's voice answered with a note of angry vexation: "Tell Martin to fetch it. I'm washing my hair. And now the baby wakes again. What a life!"

I heard the wailing of an infant.

"Shut up, you little brat!" cried Marguerite. "Keep quiet, can't you?" Suddenly she came from the inner room with the baby in her arms, and stood below the staircase and called out in an angry and querulous voice: "Martin! Martin!"

I stared at her as she stood there with the wailing infant in her arms. Martin's wife! She was changed since I had seen her in war time, a dainty little thing with roguish eyes. She had become slatternly. Her face was thin, and there were dark lines under her eyes, as though she were ill or unhappy. She had been washing her hair, and it hung damply about her shoulders, and her bodice, open at the neck, was only half tucked into her waistband. Martin's wife!

"Martin!" she cried again, sharply.

A door creaked open up-stairs. There were heavy footsteps on the landing. I heard a man's voice answer. It was Martin's, as I realized with a sudden shock of emotion.

"What's the matter, Marguerite? What do you want, my Dear?" He spoke in French, of course, as Marguerite did.

"Can't you come down and do a little work for once?"

"Yes," he answered quietly. "What's the job now?"

"You hide yourself up-stairs," she said. "It's always the same. I have to mind the baby while Mother drudges herself to death, and you do nothing except dream of England and write silly words on bits of paper. Why don't you lend a helping hand?"

"I want to help," he said meekly. "I've only just finished chopping up the wood."

Marguerite spoke less querulously, as though repenting of her sharpness. "Mother wants a bottle of cognac from the cellar. She's always wanting something. There's no peace in this house."

"Coming," said Martin.

Marguerite went back to the inner room, and I heard Martin's footsteps on the landing above, and then coming down-stairs. In a moment I saw him, as he came round the bend of the staircase, and at the sight of him I felt my heart give a lurch. Poor old Martin! He had grown a beard, and he looked ill and old and desperately shabby. I stood up from my chair and called out his name.

"Hullo, Martin, old man!"

For a moment he stared at me in a dazed and unbelieving way, and there was a dead look in his eyes. Then a wave of color rushed into his face and his eyes were lighted up.

"You!" he cried. "No, it can't be possible!"

I put my arms about him and laughed. "You're like a shadow of your old self! And why do you grow that beastly beard?"

He spoke an old Latin tag which we had learned together as boys in the same class. "*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*"

How changed he was from what he had been! Then he gave a queer, thin laugh, and

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touched that fair straggling beard of his. "It saves shaving on cold mornings when I have to light the kitchen fire. Tell me, why have you come? It wasn't kind of you to come. I shrink from seeing old friends."

"Bosh!" I said. "Humbug, Martin. Do you think we're going to desert you? I've come to fetch you back to England for a time. We want to have a look at you again. Ruth wants to see you and talk to you."

The color died out of his haggard face, and he shrugged his shoulders. "I'm getting reconciled to—this. It's my life now. I'm the odd-job man of the *Véritable Coucou*, and Marguerite's husband."

The shrill voice of Madame Degville came across the room. "Why do you stand talking there, Martin? These gentlemen are waiting for their cognac."

"Forgive me," said Martin mildly. "This is an old friend of mine. We were in the war together." He turned very courteously to the four card-players, who had been watching us curiously, and spoke to them in French. "Excuse me, gentlemen. This is an old comrade-in-arms. I will fetch that cognac in five seconds."

"No, hurry, my Friend," said one of the farmers good-naturedly. "It's not every day you meet a comrade from your own country."

"I'll be back in half a shake!" said Martin to me.

He gave a nervous glance at his mother-in-law's angry face, and then hurried down a back staircase leading to the cellar, as I remembered.

"You're English, like Marguerite's man?" asked the good-natured farmer, speaking to me in French.

"Yes," I said. "I was here in the war."

"Ah!" said one of the younger men darkly. "That was when England was a friend of France. Things have altered since then."

"Not England's loyalty," I said. "France, perhaps, has forgotten all the dead we left in her fields."

The younger man twisted round in his chair and spoke harshly. "England has sold herself to Germany. She tries to thwart the legitimate policy of France. She has the loyalty of an old strumpet—your England."

I did not answer the man. It was Martin who answered. He heard this abuse of England as he came up the cellar stairs.

"Take back those words," he said quietly, "or I'll knock the teeth down your throat."

"You will?" said the man. He gave a sneering laugh, and I saw that his right fist was clenched. "*Perfide Albion!*" he said. "That's the right name for England—and all Englishmen are poor trash."

"It is true," said Madame Degville. "My girl was a fool to marry an Englishman."

"Clear out of this house," said Martin to the surly French farmer. "If you want to abuse my country, go and do it in some other hole!"

He put the bottle of brandy down on the table where the men were playing cards and grabbed the shoulder of the man who had slandered England.

The man uttered an oath and with his clenched fist struck a heavy blow at Martin. But at Balliol in the old days Martin had been a boxing man, and parrying the blow with his right hand he shot out his left and struck his enemy on the point of the chin so that he went down like a log.

"Serve him right," said the good-natured man who had addressed me first.

Madame Degville screamed and rushed out from behind the bar. "Brute!" she cried, shaking her fist at Martin. "Fool, idiot, and English beast! What will happen to the *Véritable Coucou* if you kill our customers like this?"

"Yes," said Martin, "I'm a fool. I thought I had become accustomed to abuse of England, every day and all day long. I thought I had more self-control."

Marguerite came through the doorway from the inner room. "What silly brutes have been fighting?" she asked. "Is this an *estaminet* or a monkey house?"

"It's that husband of yours," said Madame Degville. "One of these days he'll murder us all."

"Why not?" asked Marguerite, shrugging her shoulders. "He hates the whole crowd of us and, after all, it would save a lot of trouble."

"Marguerite!" said Martin.

His tone of voice reproached her and he went over to the girl and tried to take her hand, but she turned away from him.

"Marguerite," said Martin, "here's an old friend of mine—from England. He used to know you in time of war."

She turned to look at me for a moment and then laughed with shrill bitterness.

"In time of war? Yes, there were thousands of English officers who knew me in time of war. They used to make love to me and want my kisses. And in time of peace they despise me, and think I'm a dirty little slut, and pity you because you were fool enough to marry me. Do you think I don't know? Do you think I don't see your shame when an English officer comes this way?"

"Marguerite!" said Martin with reproach again. "Little *Maman!*"

He reached for her hand again, but she strode past him and stood looking down at the hulking fellow who lay stretched on the floor.

"It's that pig, Bertrand!" she exclaimed. "Well, he probably asked for it. You had better carry him out, before he's strong enough to break things up."

They took her advice and carried him out, or rather helped him out with their hands under his arms, while his legs staggered under him. He had revived enough to curse Martin in frightful words. Marguerite bolted the door behind them, and went into the back parlor again where her baby had begun to cry stridently.

"Welcome to the *Véritable Coucou!*" said Martin, looking at me with a tragic smile.

For a few days I watched the agony of a man self-nailed to a cross of sacrifice. Inwardly I raged at the pitiful tragedy of this ménage in the *Véritable Coucou*, but for Martin's sake I pretended not to notice its squalor and degradation. He tried to hide it from me as much as possible, or made light of his humiliations and misery. But he could not conceal from me that this marriage of his, for conscience's sake, had failed to produce any spiritual happiness for himself or Marguerite. Perhaps it might have succeeded better if Madame Degville had not been there. She seemed to find a vicious delight in heaping insults upon her daughter's husband.

No doubt he was unpractical and absent-minded and unbusinesslike. How could one expect otherwise from a poet whose thoughts roamed farther than the back yard of the *Véritable Coucou?* She complained that he was ruining the *Véritable Coucou*, which had already lost a lot of custom since the war. People could not talk freely before an Englishman who understood their swear-words. And they resented his marriage with Marguerite. There were plenty of young fellows who had liked the look of her. They would have married her in spite of that baby. It would have been far better if she had married a man of her own race and class, instead of throwing herself away on a poverty-stricken Englishman who could put nothing into the pot.

So much I gathered from Madame Degville, and it occurred to me that that remark of hers about putting nothing into the pot explained her deep grudge against this son-in-law. Perhaps when she wrote him that letter about Marguerite she had imagined him to be a rich man. It had never entered her head that Martin was penniless. Now she hated him.

Never once did he lose his temper with her, though I could see that his nerves were frayed and that this woman's harsh voice and shrewish words hurt him horribly.

Spiritually, if wishes count as deeds, I committed murder on a mother-in-law.

And yet it was Marguerite who hurt him most, as I could see. Deliberately, as I



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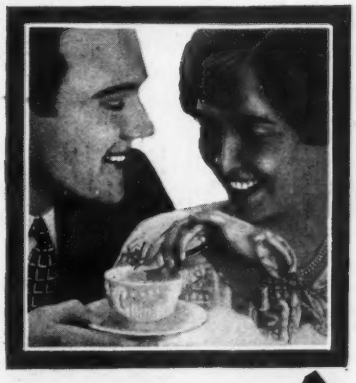
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honestly believe, she tried to shame him in my presence. She behaved badly at table, and once he touched her arm and said: "We have a guest tonight, little *Maman!*"

She turned to me with a shrill laugh. "Martin is ashamed of my manners, Monsieur! He will never get used to the simple life of the *Véritable Coucou*. He is such an aristocrat, you know."

"Far from it," said Martin, laughing nervously. "The son of a poor parson, as you well know, Marguerite."

"Yes," said Marguerite. "But with very charming friends in England. I don't suppose my Lady Burnaby would wipe up her plate with a bit of bread."

I saw Martin's face flush slightly as she mentioned that name. "I beg of you——" he said in French.

Marguerite turned to me. "It is possible that you know that young English lady who is Martin's friend?"

"Yes," I said quietly.

"She is very beautiful, is she not?"

"Quite good-looking," I said, after a moment's hesitation, suspecting danger.

"I have seen her photograph," said Marguerite. "Martin keeps it in a hiding-place, which I found one day—by accident. He used to write to her, oh, such long letters, until one day I was a little jealous and had a quarrel with him."

"Marguerite!" said Martin. "All that is finished. We agreed, did we not?"

Suddenly Marguerite pushed the plate away from her with violence. "It is not finished!" she cried sharply. "You dream of her at night. You call out her name. She lives always in your heart. You have married me—yes—but you betray me in your spirit with that English doll of yours. I hear you groaning up in your room, when you think I do not listen. You have no love for me. You despise me. All this life here in the *Véritable Coucou* is hateful to you."

"Little *Maman*," said Martin, "I implore you——"

"It is true," said Madame Degville. "You have no loyalty. It is abominable."

The baby lying in its cradle near the dining-table woke up and wailed.

"Oh!" said Martin, and he put his hands to his head as the two women abused him again in shrill voices.

That night I went into his room—his study, he called it—high up in the attic. I found him sitting on the side of a wooden chest in the half-darkness with only one candle burning. His face was buried in his hands until he heard my footsteps and looked up sharply and said "Hullo, old man!" with forced cheerfulness.

"Martin," I said, "you can't go on like this. It's intolerable. It's dragging you down. Into the mud."

He gave a quiet laugh. "I'll have to stick it out. I made my bed, now I'm lying on it. It's good discipline."

"You must come away," I told him. "You must arrange some kind of separation. It's time to escape, old man, before you sink beyond the neck."

"I've sunk up to the eyebrows," he said in a matter-of-fact way. "There's no escape."

"Yes, there is. I've got a car outside and a driver sleeping in the garage. We can get away now. Marguerite has gone to bed, and Madame Degville is asleep in the kitchen. In three hours we can get to Boulogne. We'll cross by the morning boat."

"Melodrama!" he said, and laughed, before answering me more gravely. "One can't run away from life like that."

"It's the only way," I said. "This life is killing you. You've given up writing. You're losing your soul. Come away now."

The candle flickered in a draft and Martin crossed the room and closed the door. The boards outside creaked for a moment, as though someone had been standing there.

Martin came back and sat on the chest again, lighting his pipe at the candle flame. "One can't run away from life," he said again.

"Marguerite is my wife. She loves me, strange as it may seem . . . And I believe in loyalty."

I was astounded by these words of his. "She loves you! My dear man, she treats you like a dog! She doesn't say a civil word to you."

"It's jealousy, poor kid," he explained. "She's jealous of England and my English friends. She's jealous of my secret thoughts because they dwell apart from the *Véritable Coucou*. Those letters to Ruth—she couldn't bear to see me writing them. She hated my poetry, even, because it seemed to take me away from her. She thinks I despise her, whereas God knows I only despise myself."

"That's it," I said. "You're losing your self-respect. You have deliberately abandoned the great gift which God gave you—for which He saved you in time of war, as I truly believe. That poem of yours lies unfinished. It's a surrender of your spirit to the foul squalor of this pigsty."

He listened to my words with a smile which I saw by that flickering candle-light.

"It's like hearing old thoughts of mine spoken aloud," he said. "Everything you say I've said to myself a thousand times, until one day I knew that they were all false. This life of mine is the test of any spiritual quality I have. If I chucked it because I haven't the pluck to stick it out, I should be a coward and skunk. You talk of God, old man. It's because I believe in God that I know I must stay on here and make the best of things . . . Marguerite is going to have another baby—quite soon."

"Oh Lord!" I said. "Oh Lord!"

There was no argument after that. And we didn't argue, but sat there together on the chest until the candle went out, and afterwards in the darkness until the light of dawn glimmered in the attic window. And in that talk I had with Martin I saw the beauty of a man's soul loyal in sacrifice, steadfast in honor, Christlike in humility, and yet human in suffering and anguish.

One thing he said seemed to me pitiable and yet, in a way, divine.

"That poor old poem of mine! It's not so important as lighting the fires and minding the baby while Marguerite is helping with the drinks. A fellow must get right with himself before he tries to teach the world. I'm trying to get right with myself, by way of humility. I'm trying to kill my egotism. It takes a lot of killing, old man!"

For a few moments we talked of Ruth but he seemed to shirk the thought of her, as though it opened old wounds.

"What message shall I give her?" I asked. "What comfort, poor girl?"

"Ask her to forget," he said in a low voice. "There are better men in the world—men free to love her."

"She'll never forget you," I said. "Not this side of the grave—nor afterwards."

It was on the next night that tragedy came with all its terrors to the *Véritable Coucou*. Marguerite was "taken bad," as they say. It was after a day of miserable bickering with Martin. Nothing that he did or said seemed to please her, though he was infinitely patient and long-suffering. Even Madame Degville was startled by the bitterness with which her daughter spoke to her husband and the shrill scorn with which she laughed at him when for a moment he spoke of his longing to see England again.

"You'll never see it as long as I'm your wife," she said. "I wouldn't go to England to be patronized by all your stuck-up people, and I'm not going to let you go without me as long as that woman is yearning for you. I'm not such a fool as all that."

"Then I'll stay here," said Martin cheerfully, with splendid patience. "I don't want to forsake the poor old Cuckoo!"

"Liar!" said Marguerite.

She was sitting opposite at the dinner-table and she leaned forward a little and there was a fury in her eyes.

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Martin started back in his chair and his face went dead white. "You may call me many names," he said, "richly deserved—but not that, Marguerite. Fool if you like, but not liar."

"Yes, liar!" said Marguerite, with shrill anger.

I noticed that her own face was very white so that there was no color even in her lips.

It was then that Madame Degville turned to me, with a kind of grudging apology for her daughter's behavior. "Marguerite is expecting a child again. Women are like that at such times, Monsieur. All nerves, poor dears!"

"Marguerite," said Martin, "you forget yourself, my Dear."

"No!" said Marguerite. "Last night this friend of yours asked you to go with him. I was listening outside the door while you talked in the darkness."

For a moment Martin sat very silent, while I felt extremely ill at ease.

"We spoke in English," said Martin. "In any case it was foolish to listen. Do you not think so, Marguerite?"

"I understood enough," she said. "He asked you to go. He used the word 'escape.' It is a word I learned in time of war."

"That is true," said Martin. "But did you hear my answer?"

"Yes," said Marguerite sullenly. "You said I was jealous! It was another word I learned. You said you hated me."

"No," said Martin. "I swear I didn't. You have got it all wrong, my Dear."

"It was very funny!" said Marguerite. "I wanted to laugh. It was comical listening to you two Englishmen consoling each other. 'She makes a dog of you,' said your amiable friend. 'I am patient with her,' said the loving husband. *Quelle comédie!*"

She laughed then in shrill peals of sheer hysteria, until suddenly she leaned forward with her arms spread across the table weeping violently and convulsively.

Martin was quick to put his arms about her. He held her close to him, kissing her hair and forehead. "Little *Maman!*" he said. "Little *Maman!*"

"It is bad for the child," said Madame Degville.

She was frightened and went round to her daughter and rubbed her hands, which were white and bloodless.

"It is time to fetch a doctor," said Madame Degville, and she cried shrill abuse at Martin because he was slow in carrying Marguerite up-stairs.

That night sitting in my dark little room I heard strange and frightening sounds, heavy footsteps going up and down stairs, the cries of a woman in pain, furniture being dragged across a room, and silences even more frightening than all that noise.

It was some time after midnight that Martin came into my room. His hair was all disordered and his eyes bloodshot and wet with tears.

"She is dying," he said. "My poor little Marguerite. She wants to speak to you."

"To me?"

"She remembers the war," he said. "All those officers of ours——"

He led me into his wife's bedroom. A white-bearded man was there standing by her bedside, holding a watch in his hand. Madame Degville was down on her knees with her forehead pressed against the bed, and her body shaken with hard sobs. And there under the white bedclothes lay Martin's wife—little Marguerite of the *Véritable Coucou*—not as she had looked at dinner that night, so peevish and ill-natured, so sharp and shrewish, but as I had seen her first in time of war, with a flush of color on her cheeks, and bright eyes, and a little smile about her lips. Her thin hands lay outside the bedclothes and as Martin bent down above her and raised one of them and put it to his lips she slid it to his head and her fingers played with his disordered hair.

"Little Captain," she said in a very clear, thin whisper, "I was jealous of you!"

She used that word twice. *Jalouse! Jalouse!*

She made a sign that she wanted to speak to me and I leaned over her, with a sudden mist before my eyes.

"The British army," she said. "All those boys . . . My love to them."

Suddenly she sat up a little in bed, and I saw the doctor start forward as though afraid, while Martin put his arms about her. Sitting there with her head against his shoulder, she began to sing in a poor little piping voice and at the sound of it something seemed to break in my heart. The words of an old song came clearly from her lips and her head moved slightly to its rhythm and there was a smile in her eyes.

"*It's a long, long way to Tipperary*——"

No more than that. She gave a faint cry and sank lower into her husband's arms.

"Martin! . . . I'm sorry!"

She spoke the words in English with a French accent, and so passed out of life in the arms of the man who had been patient and loyal because of her kindness to him in time of war, when he had been afraid.

After the funeral of poor Marguerite I tried to persuade Martin to come back with me to England, but he found a hundred reasons why he should stay on at the *Véritable Coucou*. I think his chief reason was loyalty to the spirit of his dead wife. Loyalty—that was his essential quality of mind, and he shrank from the idea of bolting from his place of servitude as soon as he had been liberated by Marguerite's death.

He knew that Ruth was waiting for him and yet so sensitive was he to a very delicate code of honor that he could not bring himself to come to England and claim this love before the earth had settled on his wife's grave. He waited a year and then one day I had a telegram from him asking me to meet him at Victoria station for the boat train from Dover.

Ruth came with me and stood a little in the background among the waiting crowd while I went forward and searched for Martin among the newly arrived travelers standing by their baggage. It was the old Martin I found. He had lost that haggard, nervous look which had startled me when I had met him in France in the squalor of his married life. He was serene, cheerful, alert. In his arms he carried Marguerite's child, a little brown-eyed elf.

I grasped his arm and said, "Welcome back, old man! How much luggage have you brought?"

"This small souvenir of France and a kit bag," he answered. Then he squeezed my hand tight in an iron grip and looked round the platform and laughed as though he saw a joke somewhere. "Queer to be in London again! Like coming home on leave in war time. Familiar but dream-like."

"This time you needn't go back," I reminded him.

He was shabby, with a black band round his arm and an old felt hat, rather green and weather-stained, pressed over his forehead. But his fine spiritual face attracted one or two people on the platform and they stared at this man holding a baby in his arms. It was Ruth who took the child from him. She came up shyly and spoke to him.

"Do you mind my coming, Martin dear?"

"Why should I mind?" he asked, and took his hat off and smiled at her.

They did not kiss each other then on that public platform. They did not even shake hands, but their eyes met and in that second or two their hearts traveled back across that year or so of separation and suffering. Ruth prattled to the child in its own tongue, caressingly, and little Martin gazed at her gravely and then smiled, and said "*Maman.*"

In a moment the child was in her arms half hidden in her furs, while Ruth had a mother-look in her dear eyes.

I glanced at Martin, who stood there bare-headed looking at Ruth with Marguerite's boy tight against her breast, and there was a light on his face which was a shining gladness. His time of sacrifice had passed.

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The Mad Carews

(*Continued from page 33*)

away with a smile of pleasure and faint secrecy. The boy took charge of the horse then and led it to the narrow square of shade beside the chicken-coop.

A feeling of strange uneasiness took possession of Elsa as she saw her mother come to the door of the house and look out. She was fingering the base of her throat nervously, as if she felt not quite at ease in her brown calico dress with its flounce and the curly white leaves printed in it. It was her best dress and she always wore it in time of sickness, for the doctor's sake, and against the coming of visitors. But how could the two Carew women know that? They moved over the pebbles in their high heels—Elsa could just see those heels under the drag of their skirts—as if the wearing of good clothes was of small concern in their important lives.

The boy, waiting beside the horse, glanced up and saw her, stared—and looked sternly away. But whether that sternness was again mere make-believe, Elsa could not tell. Across the field that lay close by and along the road came a man enveloped in sun and shading his eyes with his hand as he came. That was Uncle Fred, coming to see if there might not be something for him to do, now that Reef was unable. Elsa's father had had to go to the far side of the place, at the very edge of the Hollow, and would not be back before it was time for supper. Elsa herself would have to go down and help now.

She hated to go, with that boy there. But the Carew women had gone indoors, lifting their skirts carefully on the steps so that a mite of lace showed underneath. Uncle Fred had come through the fence and was talking to the boy now, pointing to the little pasture north of the barn where the horse might be allowed to run free. Elsa waited until the boy had started off with Uncle Fred leading the horse. Then she got up and pulled her apron straight and looked down to see whether her feet were clean.

Uncle Fred was a strange man. He always made you feel sorry for him, though you never could tell why. There was something to the stoop of his shoulders and the heavy plodding of his feet that made him look shamed. She had seen it in the sidelong glances he had given the victoria when he was taking the horse out of the shafts. Elsa had often seen it. It was a part of Uncle Fred, like the old felt hat he had worn as long as Elsa could remember.

He was like her mother about beautiful, costly things, and rich people. The trouble with them both was that they could not play that they were those people and owned those things themselves. Elsa could look at the victoria standing there in the shade and think of it as some sleek live thing that could not bear the sun too long. Then she could laugh about it, remembering that it was only a buggy, after all. But Uncle Fred and her mother were different. They didn't laugh much.

If it had been Pa, now, Elsa thought, he would have looked at the thing there in the shade, raised his eyebrows and made a funny face so that she would have doubled up with laughing at him. She remembered the time when her teacher, Miss Glide, had come to call on them, wearing a high yellow pompadour with a "rat" under it. Elsa was sitting beside her mother and Miss Glide was sitting with her back to the kitchen door, facing them. Pa glanced in from the kitchen and must have seen Miss Glide's pompadour, for the next thing Elsa knew, there he was standing in the doorway with a loaf of bread on his head. Elsa couldn't breathe and got so tight all over that she had to rush out of the room.

That was Pa's way. He would laugh and snort that he was a plain man with plain ways and had no use for fancy claptrap. But Elsa knew that he had sent for a leather-bound copy of Emerson once, and when it had arrived there had not been one penny in the house to pay for it and it had had to go back again: and Pa had gone away that night and somebody had driven his horses home early the next morning, with him lying in the back of the wagon.

Uncle Fred and the Carew boy were coming back from the pasture. Elsa started up the pathway to the house, a little annoyed at herself for dreaming there when she might easily have reached the house before they had turned back. She did not want to meet the Carew boy, with a soiled apron and running about barelegged and all. Her walk broke into a run which she checked suddenly at a call from Uncle Fred.

"Elsa!"

She stood still and waited. After all, who was this Carew boy that she should be frightened, him with his clean blouse and his straw hat and his red, plump lips?

"Go in and ask your ma does she want anything done," Uncle Fred said as he came up.

At that moment Elsa's mother herself came out, pushing open the screen door at the top of which an oilcloth fringe swung out, scattering the flies. She came down into the yard and Elsa saw a patch of red on each of her cheeks and one at the base of her throat, just where those two knobs of bone stuck out. Elsa moved close to her mother's skirt and buried her face in the brown folds of it until she felt faintly dizzy from the sweet, dry smell of the calico. She wished these people had not come, to distress her mother with their fine clothes and their fine horse and carriage.

"I want a chicken for supper, Fred," her mother was saying. "I've asked them to wait and have supper with us. They want to see Steve, anyhow. You better take one of them young roosters we got from Olson. And singe it good, too, Fred. Elsa, you go and bring in some kindling. Maybe our young visitor, here, will go with you."

Elsa felt sudden shyness. It itched at her toes so that those of one foot dug into those of the other; it made her scalp tingle and it screwed up her eyes and made her mouth smile all on one side. The boy approached slowly and took off his round hat. His head was all shiny curls, short and dark brown, and where his hair rose in a little ridge above his forehead the sun struck it and made it flash back copper.

Elsa stared at him, forgetting herself now. He had black eyebrows shaped like little minnows, she thought, darting straight inward from the temples, and under them strange eyes. They were like Reef's moss-agate, dark green with black threads of moss in them. His cheeks and lips were red and plushy—like a raspberry. The Carew boy was a raspberry. Elsa giggled.

Her mother was moving away, and the protective volume of her skirt with her. "See where Lenny is—and get me in the wood," she said and went up the pathway to the house.

The Carew boy stood with his hands in his pockets, feet spread apart in manly fashion. He pursed his lips and whistled softly to himself, provokingly, then broke out suddenly.

"Who's Lenny?"

"He's my brother Leon," Elsa replied fiercely.

"Oh," the boy commented, picking up a stone and shying it at a weed. "I thought perhaps he was just another girl."

Elsa felt suddenly hot and tight. Her lashes winked quickly. "Huh!" she said with scorn. "I wore overalls for two whole summers down in Iowa. I could be wearing them yet only I like dresses better than overalls."

The boy smiled indulgently, dryly, in the manner of one who had long since outgrown such discussions. He discreetly waived the point. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Elsa Margaret Hermina Bowers," she informed him with pride.

"Gee! How can you remember all that? How old are you?"

Elsa hesitated. "I'm eleven," she said finally, breathing hard, and, augmenting the lie—"past."

The boy frowned. "You're small for your age," he observed, insufferably grown up. "How old is your brother?"

"I got two brothers."

"Leon," the Carew boy prompted at once.

"Oh. He's only a kid. He's eight."

Their talk was halted suddenly by a call from the house. "Elsa! Get in the wood now!"

She started off at once, the boy following her.

"We'll get Lenny, too," she suggested. "I guess he's playing over in the pigweed house."

They came to the pigweed house, a clearing crushed down in the midst of tall, dense pigweeds towering over their heads, lush and soft-leaved, with thick green stems, waxen and cool. The clearing was a pool of shadow, dark green and damp with its floor of crushed large leaves. It smelled of the earth, and stillness, and rains that had come and gone, and long, remote mornings with white, swollen clouds journeying across the blue, high above the waving green fronds of leaves. It smelled of June, and July and August, and all the drowse and timelessness of summer. Elsa's heart beat quickly as she led her young visitor into her sanctuary.

Leon was there, a nest of a little boy, curled up and sound asleep. His yellow ringlets were deep in the mash of leaves, his chubby grimed palm cupped upward.

Elsa was all tenderness for him. He was so helpless, so little. She hated to wake him. She lifted his head in her arms.

"Wake up, Lenny! Got to help Elsa get in wood. Company's come!"

Leon fought her off, rubbing his nose and eyes with both fists. His sister laughed and let him go, secretly proud of his manliness. Leon would endure no show of affection. He got sturdily to his feet and stared with large pupils at the stranger who had come with Elsa.

"What's your name?" he asked, suddenly awake.

The Carew boy laughed outright, then turned to Elsa.

"I've only got one name," he said, as if he were only carrying on the conversation where they had broken off a few moments before. "We never have two names in our family. But they go back a long way—and they mean a lot, so we don't need more than one. That's what my father says. Mine is Bayliss—Bayliss Carew. My great-grandfather's name was Bayliss—and he came from England on a sailing ship that took eight weeks to cross the ocean. There were pirates then and my great-grandfather's ship was chased, but it got away—just in time."

There followed a long silence during which Elsa absorbed the information and wondered why there was nothing in the Bowers history to match a race with pirates. Leon was determined that there should be.

"My mother came from Germany," he declared. "She crossed the ocean when she was a little girl and the ship was wrecked—and she had to swim to shore. And she was almost drownded—but a dog—a big dog came out and saved her."

He was talking very fast and Elsa could only watch him, fascinated. She felt she should stop him before he went too far, but she shut her lips so tightly that two dimples appeared below the corners of her lower lip.

Bayliss looked from Leon to Elsa, frankly skeptical. "She did not!" he blustered. "How far did she swim?"

Leon threw out his arms. "Oh—miles and miles—a hundred miles, I guess."

Bayliss was smiling broadly now. "When did the dog come and save her?"

Leon's imagination halted before the question, or perhaps it was quite lost in the picture he had drawn for Bayliss in the hope of matching the story of the pirate ship. At any rate, he could think of nothing to say.

It was Bayliss himself who broke the heavy silence that had come down about them. He thrust his hand suddenly into his pocket and said, "If you guess what I've got here you can have it."

Leon had begun a yawn but he cut it short in surprise. "A knife!" he exclaimed promptly.

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The little boy stared at the pocket, trying to penetrate it with his sharp eyes. Only two more guesses. Elsa herself eyed the pocket.

"A Jew's harp!" Leon's shot went wide and Elsa looked her disgust. Leon swallowed. "Well, a glass alley!"

Bayliss laughed and shook his head. "You can have it anyhow," he said gently, and drew from his pocket a green enameled frog with red distended eyes which opened its mouth and croaked convincingly and at will.

Both Leon and Elsa regarded it enchanted as it lay in Bayliss's palm. "Here—take it," Bayliss said, thrusting it toward Leon. "I've got another one at home."

A curious look came into Elsa's eyes. The long lashes intertwined, winking. Suddenly she pushed Bayliss's hand away. "No," she said sharply. "He can't have it. He didn't guess."

Leon reached for the toy and Elsa slapped his hand. He made a slow, twisted grimace, stamped his foot and stiffened his body. Bayliss lifted one eyebrow.

"Aw—why can't he have it? I have another and I can get lots more if I want them."

"Well—so can we!" Elsa retorted. "Come on, Leon. We got to get the wood in."

Bayliss scowled, his eyes darkening, his cheeks darkening. He stood there with the toy thrust foolishly out on his palm, his generous impulse thwarted by a girl in a homely dress whose bare legs were much too thin and none too clean. With quick anger he said, "You cannot! You've got to buy these and you haven't got the money. I've got lots of it in my pockets—and lots more at home!"

Elsa was outdone, for the moment. She groped frantically for something that would startle this young braggart.

"My brother Reef got his hand cut off last night on the windmill!" she finally blurted out.

The effect was sensational. Elsa felt a little dizzy, a little hollow. Bayliss had gone white.

"Which one?" His voice was an awed whisper.

"The right one, of course," she said. She felt sick now, too, and wanted to cry.

Leon had forgotten the frog.

The three of them moved out of the green well of shadow, out between the smooth jade stalks of the pigweeds rooted in darkness, out into the brilliant, slow and mighty tide of the prairie sun. Bayliss Carew looked up at the windmill, its fanes hanging in white tatters in the sunlight.

The sitting-room felt very full, like a church when the congregation stood up to sing, Elsa thought. And yet, besides her mother, and herself sitting in her little red rocking-chair, there were only Bayliss and the two Carew women in the room. Perhaps it was because Mrs. Grace Carew was so wide and Miss Hildreth Carew, her sister-in-law, so very high. They filled the tiny sitting-room like two large birds in a small cage, spreading and settling down over the cheap green carpet with the faded roses on it, over the imitation oak chairs with the crocheted doilies hanging on the backs, over all the gray, hot air of the room.

The green window-shades had been drawn but there were two large holes in one of them and two ragged splotches of sunlight played over Mrs. Grace Carew's person, one on the gold locket which dangled upon her breast, the other on the white taffeta pleats of her skirt. She seemed pleasantly aware of the eyes of light and rocked to and fro, watching the piercing beams move up and down.

Bayliss had come in with Elsa, Leon having gone to the field with Uncle Fred. The Carew boy sat looking up at the ceiling, paying no attention to his aunts. When they wanted his attention, they had to speak to him twice before he would reply. When he did speak, he was very polite and they seemed very pleased and fond. Elsa thought they already looked upon him as a grown man and that puzzled her.

From the time Elsa had come into the room, the two Carew women had talked incessantly. The manner of their talk was strange. It was as if there was no one else in the room but these two. And they talked *at* each other, as if they had been quarreling on the way out from town and were merely proceeding with the quarrel, quite regardless of everything about them. Did they not know about Reef? Elsa looked at her mother, saw her sitting with hands meekly folded, eyes sad under her smile. Had she not told them? Or was it simply that other people's affairs were no concern of the Carews?

Suddenly Elsa could not bear her mother's humility. She wanted to burst into the endless chatter of these strangers and tell them about Reef. She wanted to get up and tell them to go on home where they could sit in their fine house, the house with the new wing building, and quarrel as much as they liked so long as there was quiet in the house where Reef lay up-stairs dreaming of his pain.

That, of course, would not be right. You had to be polite to people like the Carews. And besides, they had come because of some business they had with Elsa's father, who would be coming in soon now wanting his supper and asking about Reef. Pa would talk to them, maybe joke with them in spite of Reef—he always had something funny to say where women were. He would have them stay for supper, too. Then there would be more talk at the table, and more joking, and then they would go away with their fine horse and their sleek buggy, and the house in the Hollow would be quiet again.

"They will never come here again," Elsa thought. "They will never come here because they are not our kind of folks."

Old Sarah Phillips would come, and Fanny Ipsmiller, and Nate Brazell, but they wore clothes like other people's and talked about things you could understand. The Carew women talked about themselves and their men, talked in a queer way, as if the Carews were kings and queens and not just folks, as if you could never be quite like them no matter how you tried . . .

And the sun spots move up and down on the white taffeta, and across the room in the dim light the other one sits under the wedding picture of Ma and Pa. Ma isn't listening much to their talk; she is listening with one ear up-stairs where Reef is lying, the other out in the kitchen where the roasting chicken spits and hisses. There would be enough chicken for the visitors and perhaps a little for Pa and Uncle Fred when the others were served.

"You speak, Grace," Miss Hildreth Carew was saying crisply, "as though you had been born into the family, not merely married into it. I beg your pardon, of course, but that silver was brought over from England by the second Bayliss Carew on his first trip, not by the first Bayliss on his second trip, as you would have it. He didn't dare go back, that first Bayliss. Of course, Grace, you never did have the family history straight. Not that I have any fault to find with you there. It's hard enough for us who were born into the family to get it straight."

Miss Hildreth seemed very old to be unmarried, Elsa thought. Did no one ever ask her to marry him, or did she never want to get married like other people? She was nice to look at. She was like drying autumn flowers, like stiff-petaled black-eyed Susans, varnished and prickly and not exactly sweet. Looking at her now, Elsa remembered Miss Gertie Schwartz, the thin, tall woman who used to play the organ in the church down in Iowa, and always wore black, stiff dresses and a black velvet ribbon around her throat.

Elsa's father used to tell about her. One stormy night two men driving a lumber wagon stopped their horses just as she was going to run straight into them, her arms outspread, her black hair down and streaming all about her, the lightning on her white face. She was calling someone's name, but they never would let the children hear whose name it was. Gertie Schwartz had gone out of her mind and was running in the rain, calling, calling.

Miss Hildreth Carew was like Gertie Schwartz. But Elsa liked her. She did not

think she would like Mrs. Grace Carew. She was softer, gentler, better-mannered, perhaps, but how can you know why you like some people and dislike others? You should try to like everyone. You ought to love your neighbors. Well, Elsa liked Miss Hildreth. She liked her tar-black hair and her dark, narrow eyes and her nose that came out in her face like a square bone.

"I have always thought, Hildreth," Grace said quietly, "that it was quite enough to marry into the Carew family without having been born into it." Her chin, as she spoke, drew back against the folds of her neck like a turkey gobbler's. "When I married Peter Carew I did so because I thought him the best man who ever walked. I may say I still think so. But there isn't much in the family history to recommend it to any woman. I never have been superstitious, Hildreth, as you know, but I've learned enough of the family history to convince me that there is some sort of nemesis pursuing it. What about the first Bayliss Carew, innocently hounded out of England? What about the second Bayliss Carew, innocently hounded out of Connecticut? And then his sons, Seth and Peter, the victims of a swindler in Springfield, innocently hounded——"

Hildreth sniffed loudly. "Innocently—rats!" The faint vein-channels in her cheeks were suddenly flooded with red. "There never was such a thing as an innocent Carew—I am speaking of the men, of course. The Carew men have always taken what they wanted, where they wanted it. You mention the first Bayliss Carew—innocently hounded out of England. What was he? A gentleman, yes—God bless him!—but one who drank and fought and gambled until he had wasted his father's estate and couldn't find money to pay his debts! And what about his son, the second Bayliss Carew—innocently hounded out of Connecticut?"

She shook a bony finger at Grace, who had lowered her eyes. "Not for nothing was he hounded out of the place he had lived in for years. He was my own father, Grace, but I have never been afraid to face the truth. His scandals were taken lightly by his friends, but when he began his romance with——"

"The children, Hildreth, the children!" Grace murmured.

"Well——" Hildreth cleared her throat indignantly, looking about in a flurry. "Don't talk to me about the innocence of the Carew men. If they are punished, it is not for nothing. Not that they have ever learned anything from their misfortunes. What they get they occasionally pay for, it's true—but they get it, my dear, they get it! And in the long run, it is their women who suffer for them. How my mother could suffer! The Carew women! Who was it got Seth and Peter out of their scrape in Springfield? What would have become of the family if we women hadn't taken hold and got out in time to save it?"

Elsa, watching her alertly, thought that she was almost beautiful as she talked. Her eyes were bright with malice, with perverse delight in setting forth the deviltries of the Carews to those who had never heard them before. Elsa hoped that Miss Hildreth might go on talking now because of the little fires that burned in her eyes. But Grace, it seemed, thought the talk had gone far enough.

"Really, Hildreth, is it quite good taste——"

"Good taste—fiddle-hooks! The Bowerses might as well know the truth about us—first as last. What's more, they'd better know it from us. The Carews have been everything from horse thieves to international spies working both ways. They're as crooked as the devil and as beautiful as gods. And the crookedest thing about them is that they always manage to marry good women."

She was like a preacher in a pulpit. No, she was like that lawyer who came last year and talked to Pa about something.

Then—Reef! Reef up-stairs, with pain in his dreams—because he had climbed up in the darkness to release the wheel in the wind—because Seth Carew had refused to pay what the



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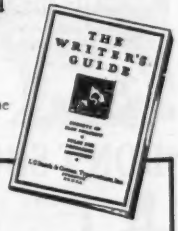
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land was worth when he bought it from Steve Bowers. She had forgotten Reef for the moment—forgotten him, and her sitting there listening to Seth Carew's sister—and liking her—and wishing she would talk some more!

But that was only for the moment. Now—she hated herself for listening at all. She hated Miss Hildreth and that other one, hated their bright crackle and smell of silk, and their talk of other Carews who belonged far, far back in the dark green past—like mirrors reflecting mirrors. She hated their nephew, Bayliss, raspberry-red, bored, staring at the cracked paper on the ceiling of the Bowers sitting-room. She hated her mother, docile, waiting, heart-heavy, listening. She flashed up out of her chair, and ran out of the house.

Where she lay among the crushed leaves in the pigweed house, Elsa heard her father's clear whistle from the other side of the creek, almost a half-mile away. He always came home at evening whistling in that high, piercing way of his, as if he wanted those at home to know that he was coming to supper. Ma always heeded the warning so as to have things ready for him to sit down as soon as he had washed his hands and face. "That's Pa now," she would say. "Get the dishes on the table—he'll be here in a minute." She would be expecting Elsa now to set the table while she finished her work about the stove.

Pa never wasted any time getting to the table once he was in from the fields. It would be different this evening, of course. He would have to go up and look at Reef first, as soon as he came in. After that he would talk to the Carew women and carry himself as if getting to supper was no great thing, after all.

Elsa could not go back to the house, even though she knew her mother must be waiting for her to help with the table. She would not face those Carew women again without her father. She stood up quietly and listened to the whistling, a clear, unbroken melody like the song of a meadow-lark. You would almost think the world was the same today as it was yesterday, as it had been days without number when Reef would come home from the fields with Pa, driving the team with his two strong hands and the weight of his shoulders thrown back against the tug of the lines. You would almost think he had forgotten that Reef wasn't with him now, to hear him whistling.

But that was the way with Pa. He could whistle and he could laugh, and all the time you could tell nothing about what was going on in his head. Ma would say, "What's the use in living!" But Pa would say, "What's the use in dying!" and go off whistling to his work.

Elsa slipped from the cover of the pigweed house and ran down past the barn to where the trail followed the edge of the wheat field. Where the creek with its fringe of willows crossed the trail and made another field, she waited in a tangle of grass and rank weeds that were already a little gray from the late summer and flushed faintly from the low sun. Her father's whistling had stopped. Perhaps he was thinking of Reef now. All at once she felt like crying. There was something that made you want to cry, waiting alone there in the tangle of grass and weeds and thinking about Reef.

She heard the heavy thud of the horses' feet on the soft ground and the sharp jangle of the swinging chains. In a moment now they would be crossing the creek and coming up out of the willows. "Come on, Blackie!" Her father's voice sounded very close there with the willows about him, and very soft, too, as if he hadn't been thinking of the horses at all. Then suddenly they were out of the willows, her father was sweeping her up in his arms and setting her astride the white horse beside old Blackie.

For a moment, then, she wanted to cling to him with her arms about his brown neck and make herself think that there was nothing wrong in the whole world. But her father went back to his place behind the team and Elsa, looking across the yellowing wheat, could see the house where the Carew women were still talking and the Carew boy still staring up at the cracked paper on the ceiling of the sitting-room. And above the thud of the heavy feet and the sharp clanking of the trace-chains her father's voice was asking about Reef, and had he slept well since the doctor left, and what had made her come out alone from the house when she might have been helping her mother?

When she told him that the two Carew women were waiting for him and were going to stay for supper, he said nothing and presently began whistling as if people like the Carews had been calling to see him every day of his life.

Uncle Fred was in the barnyard. "Those two Carew hawks are waiting for you in the house," he said.

"Elsa was telling me. Maybe they've brought the payment, though it won't be due for near a month yet."

"I guess a month don't matter much to a man with Seth Carew's money."

"Maybe Hildreth is down to get a good look at you, Fred. There's no telling where a woman's fancy is going to light."

Uncle Fred sniffed and plodded away with the team. Elsa's father laughed loudly and started for the house.

"We'll be getting you a new dress and some shoes and stockings to cover those bare legs of yours one of these days," he told Elsa. You could tell from the way he said it that he was thinking of the Carew women and their finery. "And your mother would be none the worse for a decent something to change into when people come calling."

To be hoping always for things that never happened, and to be meeting people for whom such things happened without their trying! Above all, to have dreadful things happen to you when others escaped who were better able to bear them! Was there nothing more to being alive than that?

Elsa's mother was in the kitchen. "You go in and talk to the Carews, Steve, while I finish getting supper," she said quickly. "And you, Elsa, get the dishes on. You have no call running off when you know I need you to help."

Through the open doorway, Elsa, laying the dishes, could hear the subdued voices of the visitors. They must know about Reef now, or why should Miss Hildreth's words come in a whisper? Presently her father's feet sounded on the stairs. He was going up to look at Reef before he went in to talk to the Carews. His step was slow, muffled, and Elsa set the plates on the table very softly so that she could follow the sound of his feet crossing the floor above to halt at last by the side of Reef's bed.

For a moment then she stood—heard Lenny calling to Uncle Fred at the barn—heard Miss Hildreth's sharp whisper from the sitting-room—heard her mother move something on the stove in the kitchen—but above all, heard her own heart beating clamorously as she waited for the sound of Reef's voice talking to her father. What if her father should speak once—and then again—and get no answer? People sometimes die in their sleep. Old Sarah Phillips said so. Her father's soft step moved across the floor. He was coming away again.

"The boy's having a good sleep," he said as soon as he reached the bottom of the stairs. Then he went into the sitting-room.

"Will you hurry, Elsa!" Her mother had come in from the kitchen, looking about her nervously, the red patches on her cheeks flaming now from her work at the stove.

It was hard to hurry when you had to listen to the talk coming from the sitting-room, low, serious talk that would be about Reef and how he had climbed up in the darkness to release the wheel that had not been working right for weeks and how the wind had come in a sudden gust . . . People *did* die in their sleep sometimes. But why couldn't you feel yourself dying and wake up before it was too late?

"Yes, it's a great loss to us. And he was getting to be such a help about the place, too. But we'll have to give him his schooling now and try to make up for it." As if Pa hadn't always said Reef would get his schooling, anyhow!

And then they were coming in to the table.

Elsa's father went to a small cupboard in the corner where he kept his papers.

"I'll give you the receipt now, Miss Hildreth, before I forget it," he was saying.

"Just sit in, now," her mother urged, making awkward motions with her red hands.

"And you can tell your brother for me, Miss Hildreth, that there isn't a better quarter-section of land within a hundred miles of Sundower," Elsa's father said proudly, coming to his place at the table and handing the slip of white paper to Hildreth Carew.

"The Carews, Mr. Bowers," she said, "know good land as well as anybody else. When they buy land, they buy nothing but the best. It's the same with their land as it is with their women. My grandfather used to say that a man had no right to an opinion on anything unless he was a good judge of women and horse-flesh. If they knew how to use what they get it would be a sight better for all concerned. It's the misfortune of good land, good women and good horse-flesh that a Carew's judgment stops as soon as he gets what he wants."

Elsa's father laughed. "Give them time, Miss Hildreth. They'll learn."

"Pht! Time! They've had generations of it. The Carew men have had their own way so long they'll never get over it. I ought to know, Mr. Bowers. I've lived the biggest part of one generation with them. Somewhere back in the history of the family there was a pirate or two and the Carew blood has carried the taint of it ever since. That's the only way I can account for it, and it's as good a way as any, to my way of thinking."

Elsa's father was chuckling to himself. "I hope your sister-in-law has a better opinion of the family than you have," he said.

"The Carews are a fine family, Mr. Bowers," Mrs. Grace Carew said, very mildly. "Hildreth sometimes——"

"Pht! I tell the truth, Grace! What's more, you know it. There might have been some hope for the Carew men when they took up farming, but they think more of a horse-race than they do of a harvest. They buy more land than they can farm decently—and then they put machinery on it to do the work they ought to be doing with their own hands. They're quite hopeless, however you choose to look at them. Their women know it."

The little fires were flashing again in Miss Hildreth's eyes and Elsa was watching, fascinated. Beside Elsa, Bayliss sat, quite bored. You would almost think he was too grown-up to heed any longer what a Carew woman might have to say about the men of the family.

Once, out of sheer deviltry, Bayliss moved his foot stealthily across and set the edge of his shoe on one of Elsa's bare toes. As he pinched the toe against the floor, he did not even look at her. She squealed sharply, but Bayliss continued to look straight before him. A moment later, however, he turned to her and grinned.

"I hope you're not casting eyes at our Elsa, young fellow," Elsa's father said, shaking a finger at Bayliss.

"Steve!" her mother protested.

"Lord forbid!" Miss Hildreth breathed.

"I married a Carew myself," Mrs. Grace said sweetly. "A girl might do worse."

"She couldn't!" said Miss Hildreth flatly.

In November of the year in which Elsa Bowers was fourteen, the man whom Dale Whitney had hired at harvest-time was found dead beside a fence-post that had been attacked by dry-rot. A green post which he had cut near the creek and carried to the spot to replace the old one was lying on the ground beside him.

"Just as if a man is meant to go so far and no farther with the work o' this world," old Sarah Phillips observed when she visited the Bowerses on the following Sunday afternoon. "Aye—like a thief in the night—that's what it says. And so it is, so it is!"

From the table in the sitting-room came Uncle Fred's sudden, "Je-hos-a-phat!" followed by Steve Bowers's roar of laughter. The Lord, Elsa's father contended, did not hold it greatly against a man that he played cards on a

In the Street of Romance

by

Joyce Lowell

I Find Beauty and Heroism in Philadelphia's Historic Byways



Just Chance and Curiosity led me to the most surprising discovery of my life!

Really, it was a most unusual experience. You see, I had gone to Philadelphia on a merely casual sight-seeing trip, just to glance about and see a few of the famous historical places I had heard so much about. And when I discovered this marvelous beauty secret being produced right in the midst of all that heritage of past but eternal glory, naturally, as a woman, I was thrilled to death!

South American Street is in that oldest section of the "Quaker City," South Philadelphia. Just around the corner, as it were, are the Powel House, famed of Washington, the grave of Edwin Forrest, the great actor, the birthplace of Philadelphia's first white child, and a host of other renowned sites. In that very street, Stephen Decatur, America's great naval hero, played as a boy.



Here, then, in this street where heroes were made, I found the "stuff that beauty is made of," Swan Down, and Henry Tetlow's establishment where it is produced.

You, dear reader, undoubtedly know this precious face powder, Swan Down, and its marvelous quality, but I, who like many others judged it by its surprisingly low price of 35c was as much stirred by its discovery as any collector who ever stumbled upon a da Vinci portrait! Such delightful softness, such delicate fragrance. Truly, I have used many powders and tried many more, but never a one, as exquisitely dainty as this Henry Tetlow's Swan Down that I discovered one spring afternoon midst the romantic byways of that "Land of Yesterday"!

Thirty-five cents is certainly a ridiculous price for such a marvelous product. By comparison it is surely worth many times that—and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if, in the near future, Mr. Henry Tetlow were to raise its price to 50c, 75c or perhaps $1.00.

You could not really call my find a secret, for Swan Down is sold all over the world. Yet I know there are many who, like me, have judged it by its low price, and thereby deprive themselves of a great beauty aid.

If you, too, have been one of us, and wish at last to find a truly satisfactory beauty powder, more exquisite than anything you have known before—by all means buy a box of Swan Down, today, at your drug store or department store. Or, if they haven't it, I'm sure that if you wrote Mr. Henry Tetlow, himself, at 235 South American Street, Philadelphia, enclosing the price, 35c, and giving your address, he would be pleased to send it to you.

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Sunday when he was too tired to play on any other day of the week. He and Uncle Fred had spent most of the afternoon over a game of pinochle. Elsa glanced through the sitting-room doorway. Her father was chuckling heartily at Uncle Fred, who clucked lugubriously as he reshuffled the cards. And from the kitchen came the thin voice of Sarah Phillips and her old-age cackle of the dying and of the gloomy mischance that lurks in the pathway of the living.

How readily life took on an air of festivity, Elsa thought, in spite of poor old Sarah's mutterings, in spite of the man who had lain all day beside a rotten fence-post, dead with his task half-done, in spite of the countless hurts that time somehow eases until you can finally forget. There was, for example, the horrible memory of that day in August, more than four years ago now, when Elsa had gone about all day in the fear that Reef would never awaken from the sleep into which he had fallen after the visit of Doctor Olson.

The sharp agony of that day had dulled with the passing seasons and might have been at last forgotten had it not been for a look that had come into Reef's eyes one day in the spring of the year now closing, when he had come in from school to tell them that Bayliss Carew had been chosen valedictorian of the class that was to be graduated a month later from the high school at Hurley. The honor was Reef's, by every right, but he was not a Carew.

The look that Elsa had seen in Reef's eyes was neither of disappointment nor of envy. It was the old look she had surprised there more than four years ago when Reef had taken the lines from his father and had started to drive the team to the field—only to surrender them a moment later because he could not hold the team in check with one hand, and that the left hand. "If I only had my two hands, now," he had said—and that was all. And then there had come that look into his eyes! The same look that Elsa saw there when he told them of the honor that had fallen upon Bayliss Carew.

They had been silent for a moment after he had told them the news and Elsa, watching him narrowly, was almost sure he had whispered, "If I only had my two hands, now . . ." With Reef away at law school in Minneapolis now, however, even that hurt was less.

With no more provocation than that it was a Sunday evening in November, with cold veal and pumpkin pie for supper, and with her father and Uncle Fred playing pinochle in the sitting-room, the house glowed and swelled with eager life. It was as if it said, I am here on the prairie, four walls and a roof, sheltering human creatures against the coming of night!

It was the white table-cloth instead of the one with the red checks that signified Sunday and the presence of a visitor, even though the visitor was no one but poor old Sarah Phillips. It was festive, too, when you placed beside the cut-glass berry-bowl—Elsa had once told Lily Fletcher that it was cut-glass, and now almost believed it herself—the silver spoon with the arched handle, which had been presented in a three-piece set to her mother at a farewell party given in her honor before they left Iowa.

Elsa's mother came to the doorway and gave the table a look of appraisal. "Water on the table, Elsa!" Her voice was quick, cheerful, in momentary contentment that she was caring for her own. "Come on, now—Steve, Fred! Sit in. Mrs. Phillips! Come, Leon. Bring the potatoes off the back of the stove, Elsa."

As she spoke, she moved the silver reflector behind the wall lamp so that it would shine directly on the table.

"Might as well bring that lamp in with you, Pa. I don't see why we shouldn't have a decent light on a Sunday." A touch of sad complaining shadowed Mrs. Bowers's voice at times, as if she expected but grudging compliance on the part of those she addressed.

They were all seated at last and Leon said grace, hostilely, a stiff, swift mumble. Then Elsa's father began to chuckle afresh, going over the points of the game to show Uncle Fred where he had lost. Uncle Fred was plainly nettled by his defeat. He wagged his head, looking very old and tired of body, Elsa thought. One of these days they would be finding him lying in a field, maybe, or beside a fence-post, his work suddenly at an end.

"It's goin' round that Florence Carew is goin' to marry Mahlon Breen, come January next," old Sarah Phillips observed to Elsa's mother.

Steve Bowers ceased baiting Uncle Fred to listen to the old woman's gossip.

"Florence Carew going to marry the banker?" he exclaimed in surprise. "Why—Florence is only a girl!"

"Old enough, I guess," Elsa's mother spoke up. "Near two years older than Bayliss and he's——" She turned to Elsa.

"Nineteen," Elsa told her.

"I know," her father went on, "but Mahlon Breen is in his forties, I'll bet."

Elsa's mother smiled, a wry, hard smile. "Steve Bowers, you never will get over thinking that everyone else in the world acts the same as you. The Carews have a way of getting on in the world and if Seth Carew marries his girl to the banker in Sundower, it's just——"

"Pshaw, Ma!" Elsa's father interrupted. "You talk like you had it in for them Carews all the time. What harm have they ever done us? And I'm sure I wish Mahlon Breen luck, the old gadabout, if it's true."

"Oh, it's true, right enough!" old Sarah piped up.

But Steve Bowers went on. "If I hadn't got that loan from Breen last summer, Reef would be plugging along on the farm today instead of going to law school in Minneapolis."

"While young Bayliss plays around home," Elsa's mother commented. Elsa saw that her mother was already over the excitement of making supper and was lapsing, as usual, into discontent.

"As if that was any business of ours," her father retorted, a little impatiently.

Uncle Fred stared down at his plate, then wrinkled his high, narrow forehead. "I guess there was doin's over to the big house early this mornin'," he said, "though that mayn't be our business, either."

Elsa's father looked furtively at her mother. He had a vast indifference to sustain, an altogether lofty indifference to anything the Carews might take into their heads to do. And yet—"Doings? What doings, Fred?"

"I met their hired man, Dave Miller, on the road this mornin'," Uncle Fred went on. "Seems Miss Hildreth drove the gray team over Hurley way before daybreak this mornin'. She come back at sunup with *him* in the seat beside her, not able——"

"Him? Who, Fred?" Elsa's mother interrupted.

Uncle Fred turned upon her querulously. "Who? Ain't I said who? Who would it be? Seth's gone to Minneapolis, what for nobody knows. An' it couldn't be Seth's boy, Michael, an' him away to college. An' it wasn't young Bayliss. Who would it be but Peter Carew?"

Elsa's mother sighed. "Oh, well! What happened?"

"A plenty, I guess," Uncle Fred resumed. "Miss Hildreth must 'a' picked him up some-'eres along the road to Hurley an' brought him home. Dave Miller says Peter's wife, Grace herself, come out an' dragged him into the house. An' Dave says Peter wasn't in Hurley last night a-tall, 'cause Dave was over there himself an' he never seen hide nor hair of a Carew in town all evenin'. You can make your own guess, if you want."

"Down south of Hurley, I'll warrant," Elsa's father exclaimed, forgetting himself for the moment. "Down with that pack of Bohemian dogs, I'll bet a dollar, and their——"

"Watch your tongue, Pa!" Elsa's mother said calmly.

Uncle Fred cackled knowingly. "Bet your life he was. An' what's more, Grace and Hildreth both know it an' are tryin' to cover it up. They was at church this mornin'—the two old ones an' the two young ones—up to Sundower. Dave says when they come back from church Peter was out lookin' over his horses, fresh as

a new-laid egg, just as if nothin' was wrong. An' Grace an' Hildreth goes up an' kisses him like it was a weddin' or somethin'. That's the way Dave puts it."

Sarah Phillips turned the talk to news of Nate Brazell and of Fanny Ipsmiller, who kept Nels Lundquist's house. Elsa listened to them, the murmur of their voices sounding far away as she thought of Peter Carew and the dark hints that Uncle Fred had made concerning where he had spent last night. To Elsa, Peter Carew had gradually become something at once sinister and splendid, with this oblique talk of him in the house and at the table.

He rode a horse as no one else in the county could. Peter Carew was bronzed and massive —and he was forever laughing, it seemed. He often rode past the Bowers place on his way to Sundower or Hurley. He always stopped for a chat with anyone who happened to be about. Once when Elsa was wading in the ditch along the road, Peter Carew had come by on his beautiful chestnut horse, and had called out:

"Look out there, little girl, or you'll get your feet wet!"

Elsa had looked straight at him and had called back, "I *want* to get my feet wet."

Then he had laughed and laughed, and had ridden away waving his riding-whip at her, laughing marvelously. Elsa had been mortified at her own stupidity, after she had had time to think it over. But later, when she thought of Peter Carew, it seemed to her that he had gone down the road only a little way and then had floated up into the air and afar among the great blue-white balloon clouds that had been in the sky that day.

On a Saturday that was brown with late November, and when crows were flocking in black, sorrowful companies over the stripped fields, and dead leaves were lying flat and still and clear under the glass of rain pools in the ditches along the road, Elsa drove alone in the old Bowers democrat through Elder's Hollow. Early that fall her mother had sent to the city for a knitting machine in the hope that she might be able to supply her neighbors with woolen socks and stockings and knitted scarfs and so have a little something in her pocket when she went to Sundower or to Hurley. It was more than a month now since she had gone the rounds of the district and talked with the womenfolk. On the seat beside Elsa lay the box of knitted goods tagged with slips of white paper on which her mother had written the names of the women to whom the articles were to be delivered.

The idea of spending a day among the neighbors had been a very pleasant one to Elsa until her mother had suggested that it might be profitable to call on the Carews and show them a sample of the work. "They can't do more than say no," her mother had observed defensively. But Elsa felt that they might, somehow, and dreaded the visit.

She set out early in the afternoon, dressed snugly in a red "stocking cap" and Reef's sheepskin-lined jacket, for there was no shelter on the democrat. The fields were swept by a high wind, fresh and wet from the rain of the night before, and running like a cool tide in the sea of the air. Wherever the wind was bound, Elsa thought, the whole world seemed to be going with it.

Below the knoll she crossed a bridge over the sluggish creek beside which cattails stood, then took the rough road that led up to the house in which "Doc" Petersen lived. It was said that Doc could raise nothing on that farm of his but children. As Elsa drove into the yard on this November day, children ran to meet her as if they had sprung up out of the stony earth about the door like some belated, dismal, weedy harvest. In their long, skimpy dresses or meager, frayed overalls, they followed her, staring silently, as she drove up. Five of them. And there was no telling how many more there were indoors. "My kids never seem to grow up where they can be of any use," Doc was often heard to complain. And people didn't like to remind him that two of them *had* grown



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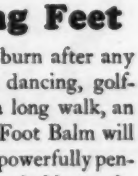
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up, because those two had left him and had come to no good.

Mrs. Petersen came to the door and received her parcel of stockings, embarrassed and eager. She'd send one of the boys down with the money, she said, looking at Elsa through the door which she held open only a few inches. A child with a red smear under its nose looked out from behind her apron. "Looks like winter's comin', eh?" Mrs. Petersen said. It was so nice of Mrs. Bowers to let her have the stockings cheaper. She had so many to buy for, goodness knows, it was like pouring water into a sieve. The child sniffed and stretched its upper lip downward. The door closed.

At the Magnussons' and Fletchers' Elsa stayed a little and talked with the girls of her own age, about things at the school in Elder's Hollow, about Thanksgiving, next week, and about the new teacher who had come to the Hollow that fall and whose "pincher" glasses the girls had all tried on at the first opportunity. Mrs. Magnusson paid Elsa the money for the stockings and remarked that the rain of the night before would likely be the last before snow. Nora Magnusson had a new dress to show Elsa, a dress of black and white checked wool trimmed with red braid and a red anchor on the sleeve. Pretty, Elsa thought, but it would probably be the only dress thin little Nora would have to wear to church and to school all that winter. The Magnussons lived, people often asked how, on a quarter-section of land no more than half of which yielded any crop at all.

At the Fletcher farm Elsa stayed a little longer, to talk with the girls, Lily and Clarice. She had come to look upon Lily as her "particular" friend at school. The Fletcher girls were both pretty. They "crimped" their hair and went to dances, although they were only a year or two older than Elsa. They walked home from school with boys, too, and they giggled a great deal and had secret signs. One of the Whitney boys had been expelled from the school in Elder's Hollow for saying something to them which the teacher overheard.

Out on the road again, and the wind blew and the clouds gathered and banked and grayed in long furls low on the horizon. The livid, whitish belly on a cloud—that was snow! The mark of winter had been set upon the sky.

And then to Fanny Ipsmiller's, or rather to Nels Lundquist's, although people had begun to say the other, Fanny had so taken hold there. It was Fanny Ipsmiller of whom Elsa's father and mother always spoke mysteriously and in whispers when they knew Elsa was within hearing. They did so even yet, although Reef had told her quite bluntly that Fanny had come to Nel's Lundquist through a matrimonial agency, as all the district knew. There was some difference of opinion as to why she had never married Nels, but Fanny herself had been heard to say that while she was willing enough to keep his house in order and to look after his growing boy, she would never marry a man as stingy as she had found Nels Lundquist to be on the very first hour she had spent in his house.

Although Elsa had learned to accept the situation with only a little wondering now and then, she felt strangely shy when she got down from her seat and went to the door. Fanny had ordered a bright yellow scarf.

When she saw it she exclaimed: "My sakes, ain't that the pretty thing, now! It'll be my Christmas present from Nels, that's what it'll be! He don't know it yet, though." She laughed heartily, and strode over to admire herself in the mirror, the scarf about her neck. She was back beside Elsa in a moment. "You got the stockin's for little Nels?" Her large hands pounced upon the stockings Elsa unwrapped. She thrust a hand into one of them, pulled at the ribs, scrutinized them closely.

"She looks at them as if she was hungry," Elsa thought.

Just then Little Nels came in, dragging his feet, soiling the spotless floor. He was Elsa's age, given to swearing manfully and throwing stones during recess at school. Elsa had always disliked him with all her heart.

"I want somethin' to eat, I do," he said, surlily flinging open the cupboard door, closing it without looking in.

"Yes, Nelsie, yes, now," Fanny said hurriedly. "But lookit! Lookit the nice stockin's Mrs. Bowers made for ye. Warm an' good an' thick. Them'll keep ye warm, Nelsie boy, won't they?"

"I'm hungry, I am!" was his cross response.

Fanny smiled indulgently and looked at Elsa. "I'll go over myself with the money to your ma one day next week," she said.

Elsa was out upon the road again, the gray of the air flowing low now, into the brown of the earth—a chill gray that flowed through your flesh and blood and on down, down, into the flesh and blood of the earth, she thought. She pressed her arms against her ribs, hunched her head down into her coat collar. That was what it meant to live in Elder's Hollow—you feared the winter. The land was poor between Elder's Hollow and Sundower, and scarcely anyone there had enough bedclothes to keep out the cold, fuel to burn all night long, or warm clothes to go out and tend the cattle in.

They had all, that day, remarked upon the coming of winter. They had all tasted the bitter taste of the cold, those people who had opened their doors to her. She was of them, she was of the dwellers in Elder's Hollow, living with them a small life close to the seasons, feeling rain and drought, heat and cold, wind of high noon and calm of stars. This it was to live in Elder's Hollow: that you went to bed early in winter to save fuel and light, and that in summer you looked up through the gentle lapping leaves of the pigweed house, up into a dream of blue—up into the Mediterranean Sea, the Bay of Bengal, and the Straits of Magellan.

There was Nate Brazell's house—shack, people called it. Elsa feared the place. Her mother had gone in to ask Mrs. Brazell for an order, but the woman, who had protruding eyes because of a throat trouble, had looked at her in a frightening way and said no, she had no money for such. Elsa's mother had hurried away for fear of meeting Nate Brazell himself, or one of his dogs. He owned a good piece of land and young Nels Lundquist had told at school one day that whenever Nate Brazell buried waste after a slaughter a bag of money went down with it, behind his house. Nobody would think of digging there.

Another little bridge, none too safe, crossed the creek which ran through the heart of the Hollow. The lonely squalor of the place rippled Elsa's flesh with fear and excitement. Here the wind whistled thinly through dead reeds and gnarled stumps, rotted and sour, and here the sharp smell of swamp water moved in the air. This in summer was the odorous haunt of red-winged blackbirds, king-fishers and snipe, and once Elsa and Reef had seen a hawk swerve down like a scythe and snatch up a water rat from the weft of reeds. The light here now was yellow, receding darkly, weirdly, in through the dense growth of the reeds and grotesquely shaped, upturned roots of trees. The water was clear amber, and deep down you could see the soft black earth bottom, cushiony and faintly veined with rotten roots. Now she saw a wild grape-vine trailing over a gray, barkless, fallen tree trunk. And then, with the white flash of an underwing, a water fowl flew up out of the yellow murk and away.

Out of Elder's Hollow at last, looking southward upon the fabulous world of the Carews. They might say, too, "It looks like winter," but they would be thinking of their shining cutter and their black bear robe with the red wool lining.

It seemed to her that traces of summer still lingered on Carew land; ghost of fresher grass in this pasture—ghost of sunnier sky in that pond. The bright green roof of the white house, too, surmounting its terraced lawn, was a living thing, knowing no autumn death. She scarcely saw the farm buildings from the approach to the house. The terrace and the fir hedge and the nursery trees obscured them from view on the north. The people in the district had come to speak of the place as the

Carew Mansion. The house was actually rather ugly, Reef had told Elsa. To Elsa it was merely awesome.

She entered the driveway between two rows of young elms that were in the days to come to make a plumy, arched vista, deep with shade, between the house and the road. Then she got down from her seat and walked up the terrace and across the lawn where a few brown leaves drifted, and where she felt the strangeness of a little fountain and a pool beneath it with pink shells and bright stones at the bottom, and the awe of a canvas-canopied garden swing.

The great brass knocker, shaped like a monk's head, was for one purpose she knew. Reef had told her about that, too. She stood at the door, squeezing the box of woolen stockings under her arm while the echoes of the knocker thundered within, on and on, it seemed, like great growing waves of sound. Ada, the youngest of Seth Carew's children, a girl of Elsa's own age, came to the door, stared for a moment, then with her slow, shallow smile asked Elsa to come in.

Elsa followed her into the dream-like living-room of the house where the women of the family were having tea beside an open fire. The farmers about Sundower rarely spoke of the Carew women without mentioning the fact that they always drank tea in the late afternoon, a function that—to them, at least—had small place in the lives of serious women, especially women who lived on a farm. Miss Hildreth had reminded one of them who had dared to mention it in her presence that the Carews were really English, only a generation or two removed, and if that was not a sufficient excuse for the habit, it was quite possible for the Carew women to drink tea of an afternoon without having to answer to the rest of the world for it.

Elsa, although she had been forewarned, sat on the edge of her chair and was abashed. She explained haltingly why she had come, fumbling with stiff fingers at the string that bound her parcel, keeping her face toward Miss Hildreth, in whose sparkling eyes there was always something kindly, however blunt and outspoken she might be in conversation. Not for a moment, however, was Elsa unconscious of the frankly staring eyes of the other three women, Mrs. Peter Carew, the wife of Seth's brother, Miss Florence, who was to marry Mahlon Breen in January, and Ada. Elsa had never seen them all together before and the effect was overpowering. She could not help wondering what it would be like if one had to live under their searching eyes. That would be punishment for your worst sin.

Mrs. Peter Carew was the first to speak when Elsa drew forth a pair of stockings and held them up to view. She put a soft hand to her cheek and exclaimed, "Mercy! We'd have no use for such heavy things!"

Florence said, "They make my feet tickle to look at them!"

Then Ada asked, "Do you wear those, El-sa?"

It was Hildreth who said sharply, delivering the mortal blow, "Hush! Have some consideration for the child! Come, my dear, have a cup of tea to warm you up before you start back home again."

Elsa laid her parcel aside and accepted the cup which Hildreth gave her. Then, through an intolerable heat that surrounded her, she heard the extraordinary conversation which her coming had unexpectedly provoked. The Carew women had begun to talk about legs.

"The Carew women have always had a fine leg," Hildreth declared. As if to add weight to her words, she stretched her foot upon a red plush hassock, drew her skirt up discreetly and revealed a bottle-shaped limb with a very small ankle.

Florence and Ada eagerly displayed their legs of the same general shapeliness, then all three looked to Mrs. Peter Carew. She thrust a neat foot forward.

"You have it, Grace!" Hildreth exclaimed in approval. "The Carew leg! I noticed it the first day Peter brought you to the house. I

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must say, though, I was surprised. You haven't the build that usually goes with a good leg."

Ada pointed at Elsa's slender limbs, withdrawn under her chair. "Yours don't go out where they should. Do they, Aunt Hildreth?"

Elsa's cheeks burned, but she thrust her leg out to one side to show that she didn't care.

When she got up to go, finally, Elsa felt that she had never before spent a half-hour in such utter discomfort. To make matters worse, when she got outside she discovered that she had left her package of stockings, and had to go back and ask for them, striking the door once more with the appalling monk's head.

It was when she was getting into her seat in the democrat that she saw Bayliss Carew, riding down the avenue of young elms, on a horse like Peter Carew's, riding as Peter rode. She felt shy, hurried. Bayliss was nineteen now, one of the grown-ups, really. He had stretched out in the past year and didn't resemble a raspberry any more, Elsa thought, although his cheeks were still tinged with red, as all the Carews' were. He drew up and took off his cap to her. There was something in the gesture that she could not help resenting. Why should he take off his cap? Reef or Leon wouldn't.

"Hello, Elsa Bowers!" he said quickly. "What's brought you so far from home on a cold day? Had any word from Reef lately?"

"Last week," Elsa replied. "He's all right. He says he's coming home for Christmas."

"That's good. I'd like to see him. I'll be going to college myself next year. They want to make a doctor out of me. How d'you like my new horse? Aunt Hildreth gave him to me for my birthday. Full-blooded. I'm going to race him in the spring, if they'll let me. Watch him rear!"

He tightened the rein sharply and the animal rose on its hind legs, weaving and dancing. Elsa watched horse and rider for a moment, scarcely knowing whether she more admired the picture they made or resented it. The horse was beautiful. An animal like that would make Reef or Leon proud to the end of their days. But in Bayliss's handling of him there was sheer arrogance. The horse waltzed from side to side on his slender legs until Bayliss, with a sudden jerk of the rein, brought him about so that he stood with his head close to Elsa. From his seat in the saddle, Bayliss then smiled down at her, drawing the rein taut to give a sharper arch to the horse's sleek neck. Elsa's eyes caught sight of blood on the bit.

"Don't do that!" she said quickly. "You're hurting his mouth. I can see blood on it now."

For answer Bayliss continued to smile down at her as he drew the rein still tighter. In a moment Elsa's anger flamed. She had sat for half an hour among the Carew women in the house where she had writhed helplessly in her resentment for the whole crowd of them. Now Bayliss sat there with a devilish challenge in his eyes. She remembered suddenly the time he had slyly pinched her bare foot under the table when he knew she dared do no more than whimper a little. Now they were alone in the open, with none of his women present to subdue her with a look. Putting out her hand, she seized the bridle-rein just where it joined the ring in the bit. With her other hand she snatched her whip from the democrat.

"Bayliss Carew," she said, "I told you not to do that. Let go!"

As she spoke, she swung her whip out, ready to use it if he did not obey her. Smiling still, Bayliss shook the rein loose.

"All right, Elsa Spitfire. You'd think he was your horse. Let him go. I'll be good. I guess it did hurt him a little, at that."

But Elsa, with a sense of some new humiliation, had already released her hold upon the bridle and was in her seat with the lines in her hand. As she turned down the narrow avenue of elms, Bayliss waved his cap and smiled. Elsa, glancing back at him, could not help knowing that he looked as handsome and as strange then as his uncle, Peter Carew. As though he had been smiling, not really at you, but through you, at something wonderful he had seen beyond. As she reached the road, the horse that Bayliss was riding curved and trotted back up the aisle of young elms, the boy sitting very straight with the fine naked branches etched above him on the sky. And the sky was the color of smoke and ocher from the setting of the sun.

A stranger comes to the Hollow; and love comes into Elsa's life. But beside it is that strange enmity for Bayliss, more vital than love, and destined to have dramatic consequences—in the July Instalment

The Hermit's Love Story (*Continued from page 81*)

her gathering acorns, for it was autumn-time, he said:

"Thou art preparing for a journey. Whither goest thou?"

"I know not the path that will lead me to a dwelling," she answered, "but we live in great Banva, where dwellings are met with outside of the woods, and at some dwelling or from a friendly shepherd I shall hear the way to a convent, where I shall be safe from sin forevermore. Alas, we were too near to sin last night, Dinoll, to trust ourselves together again. But we are free from sin, by Christ's help we are free; we are sinless still as we were in the old days in the woods that crowned Lough Riach."

"We were near to sin truly, Crede, and if Christ had not been watchful we would have sinned; and then if death had come——"

"Think not of it, Dinoll. We are still pure and can come before God without shame on our faces or doubt in our hearts."

"Was it thy fault, Crede, or mine?"

"There was no fault, Dinoll, either on thy side or on mine, no sin; and to keep ourselves sinless we part. But when my hair is gray I will return to thee, and sinless as I leave thee."

"So she knows that no man in the great world of Banva can tempt her but I!" said Dinoll, and he returned to his praying-stone to thank God that it was so, and to pray to God that he might forget the emotion that had almost overwhelmed them in the night and divided them from each other till they were gray-headed, lest they should be divided for all eternity. On rising from his knees he wondered at the sight of the trees growing among the rocks on the hillside, and the rocks, too, and the torrent bursting over them; for Glen Bolcane was no longer a familiar spirit to him but alien shapes, he having no thought for what he saw or touched, nor care even to go to the spring-head to gather cress for his meal.

So he withered bodily and became afraid lest he might die, for death, that once had no terror for him but was prayed for, had now become a consuming fear in his heart; were he to die he would never see Crede again. Years would have to pass before her hair turned gray, and she would not return to him as he remembered her: small and dimpled, with blond hair curling round her pretty ears and eyes that smiled always.

"Smiles and blondness will have gone from her," he said, "but she will not be less dear to me. But the waiting is long. The days will seem like weeks, and the weeks will seem like months, and the months will seem like years. Time will flow like the torrent." And listening, it seemed to him that he heard time flowing—slowly, oh so slowly, and he fell upon his knees and prayed that he might think no more of Crede as he remembered her, but of the Crede that would return to him sinless.

At the word sinless he bethought himself of her welfare, and one day, yearning to know what had befallen her, he left Glen Bolcane for his monastery, and from the porter he learned



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that she was in the south of Ireland where there were many hermits; and he said to himself as he returned to Glen Bolcane: "She will become the spiritual helpmate of some great old man." And some years afterwards he went again to the monastery, and got news of her—that she had acquired great fame for her piety and that the prayers which she composed were murmured in the churches by the people waiting for the priest to celebrate the mass.

On hearing these things Dinoll was glad, and then his gladness turned to jealousy which he had to bear, reproving himself for his weakness and his unbelief, for had not Crede told him she would return to him sinless?

But Crede had promised him once to become a nun, and if she had kept her promise he would be living contented in a monastery among his friars, and she too would be living contented among her nuns, a thing she was not now; for he knew that far from him Crede could know no contentment nor happiness, though indeed by living apart from each other they might be earning high places up in Heaven, where they would sit, their hands linked, looking on Christ, with His Mother beside Him in the midst of chaste saints, men and women.

Years passed away, and when jealousy began to gnaw at him again he set forth for his monastery, but before he came to the end of the dell his feet faltered and he said: "Twenty years bring gray into the hair, and if I should leave Glen Bolcane and Crede should find me gone, what despair will fall upon me!" And on his way back to his wattled hut the thought came to him that if Crede returned she might not know him. "So greatly changed am I," he said. "But this is not so; my hair may be gray and there are wrinkles, but gray hair and wrinkles will not hide from Crede's eyes the Dinoll she loves."

On coming into his dell the sound of water falling set him thinking that he might scoop a pool out among the rocks which would give him an image of himself; but he had neither pick nor crow.

"So much the better," he said, "for the work will last till time brings Crede back to me."

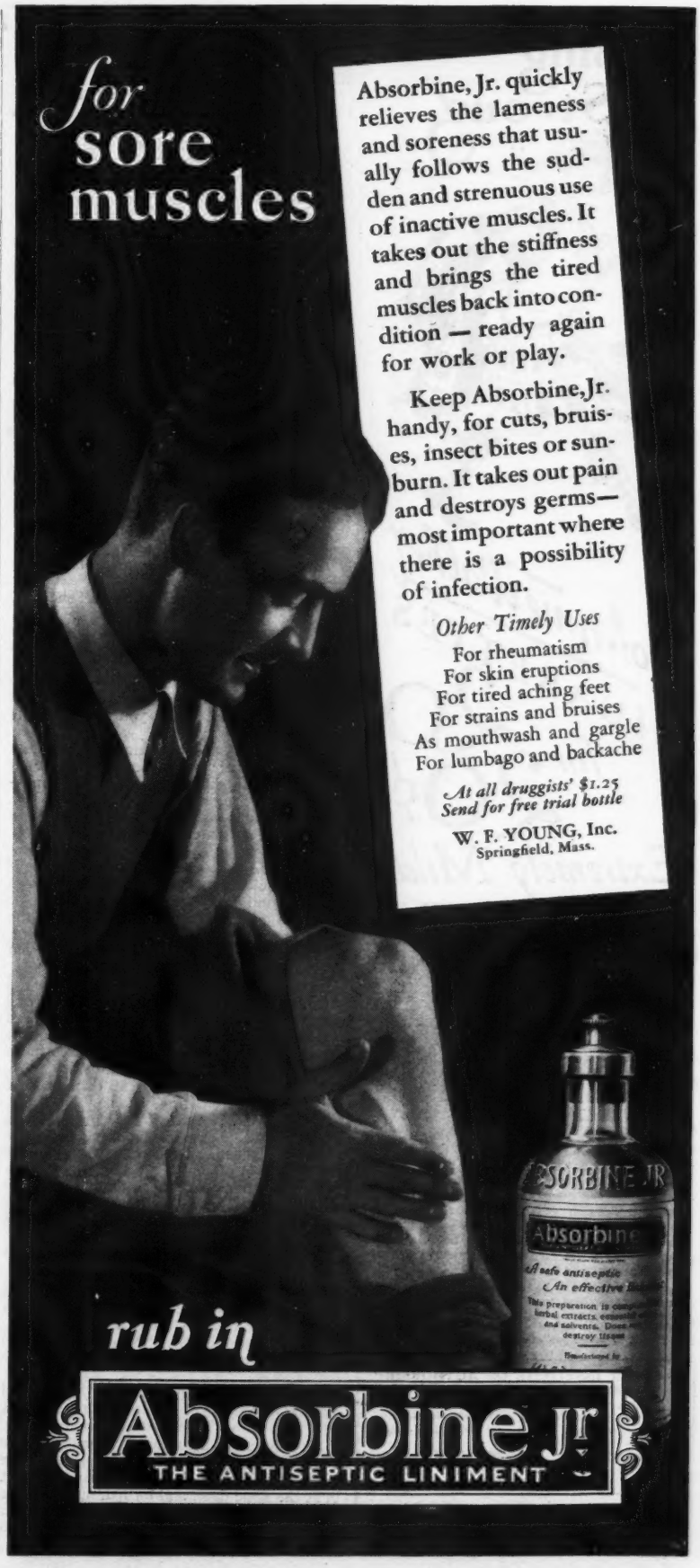
And for years he worked at the pool, and the image it gave back to him of an old man with long gray hair and wrinkled skin overjoyed him and he said: "If time has changed me that much, time must have changed Crede. She must be even as I am, yet she does not come. The sun rises without showing her upon the ridge above me, and the evening darkens and I hear not her voice calling."

And all manner of wonderings began in his brain lest Crede had sinned and could not return to him, or that some miracle had kept her hair as blond as primroses and her flesh white and soft to the touch as wool; and going to his praying-stone he prayed that God had not stopped the course of time for Crede, not wishing them to see each other again till they met in Heaven.

But he was to see her once more before Christ took pity upon them and released them from their bondage of life in the world, and it was on rising from his knees that day that he saw her coming down the hillside, finding her way along the path that wound among the rocks.

"The good Christ has answered my prayer! Thou hast come to me after weary wanderings, gray, with the darkness of age on thy face; and though thou hast lain with four men since we parted, thou returnest sinless to me. Thou art pure, without sin from man, and dear to me as thou ever wast and ever wilt be on this earth and shalt be in Heaven. Great is the welcome that I give to thee, and great will be the days that we shall live together, kneeling on the same praying-stone, lying side by side in warmth on the winter's nights without the dread of sin to keep us apart.

"Crede, I know all. The great world of Banva is full of thy fame. Far and wide thou hast wandered, leaving an example that earnest prayer to God is no fallacy. Then may God grant us peace and happiness; may the countenance of the King shine brightly upon us when we leave behind us our withered bodies."



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A Winter's Tale

(*Continued from page 89*)

as disagreeable as I know that you are?" was in her mind while she answered:

"Yes, certainly, I'll go. If you really think I can do the job."

Donald was looking at her steadily. "I've told Mr. Steck," he said, "how you hate the North—the cold and the storms. Are you sure? You would perhaps be about there for a fortnight."

"When do you want me to go?" she asked.

"At once," said Steck. "Tonight—that's the point. Why else have we summoned you to a secret conclave! I asked you to bring up some money, Lorme—it's her expense money!"

Donald brought out from his pocket a tight roll of new bills and thrust them toward her. In their six years of marriage she had never been able to rid herself of an atavistic thrill when Donald, at parting from her in public, had thrust money in her hand. With her mind she was furious at the implied "support," even the implied possession; but with flesh from a long line of women who had accepted money from their men, she had always felt and been annoyed to feel a certain remnant of what she called clinging-vine pleasure in this sign of his care.

"I'd much prefer to turn in my expense account afterward," she said now crisply.

"But you're starting before the banks are open," Lorme objected.

"I'm not inconvenienced, thanks," she said, and rose. "That is all?"

Steck gave her a name or two of those whom he wished her to see first, added a word of instruction, and Donald took her to the car.

"Don't you think it's absurd," he said as they drove away, "for me to call you Miss Belloy? Do you mind that I call you Edith, in the office?"

"Not at all," she told him. "Employers usually call their employees by their first names. But I shall call you Mr. Lorme—because you're my employer."

"Gad," said Donald, "isn't this queer? How did we come such a cropper—Edith?"

"I think we've been very wise," she protested. "We had our marriage—we've got it over with quickly—and now we can settle down to work—and life."

"You'll marry again," he said morosely, "in about twenty minutes."

"I *never* will!" she cried with such spirit that he laughed.

"Was it as bad as that?" he teased.

"But see," she said, "there we were sitting like quite nice people tonight—if we'd been meeting for the first time we'd have thought we were nice people. And yet we each know how beastly horrid the other can be."

"Thanks. But I know more than that. I know how beastly horrid I can be."

"Well—I too. And it's a great escape, Donald. We've done a big thing to escape from the whole marriage mess. Only of course you'll marry again."

"I don't think so," he said. "I honestly don't think so. Though I am pretty lonely sometimes."

"Where are you living?" she asked.

He told her the bachelor's apartment building where he was, and she said:

"Look here—don't you want your Adams chair? And there are a lot of things still in storage—I've taken out only a few."

"No," he said shortly. "None of our traps—thanks. There are some things I'm not hard-boiled about, Puss."

She was silent. The old name had slipped out and he seemed hardly to have noticed. "I hate that name," she said to herself angrily.

He said good night quite formally at the elevator door. She went up thinking: "Six years—two thousand and more days we went in at the same door, and for half of them were quite horrid to each other when we were alone. Really, we had to be divorced to learn how to be decent to each other."

There was no vehicle at Mill Station, so she carried her light bag and went down the rough snowy road, plunging into the wood. The timber which Steck owned bordered the state forest reserve; on one side of the road rose the great pines safe for the years to come, and on Steck's side the trees would be down in another twelvemonth. But now both rose in the same beauty, furred with white, drained of life, but murmuring in the silence, and clothed in a flowing vesture of dim light, spilling blue in the hollows and rising in soft crests of transparent white, as if curving lines had flowered. Edith saw it so, and she knew a sudden hunger for its quiet withdrawn beauty.

"Donald and I never walked in the woods in winter," she thought. "There were so many things that we didn't do" broke off in a wry: "How horrible he'd have been—all cold and cross." She recalled a summer camping trip on which he had been annoyed with her—but that was because someone else had been too admiring.

She began to run, irregularly and awkwardly in the rutted snow, but yet fleetly and with enjoyment. She rested, leaning against an old white pine. "This is no country to be alone in," she thought. "It's too beautiful." She imagined someone unknown, a tall, striding figure running at her side or waiting while she rested. She said: "You idiot! Are you going to be like all the rest?"

The Cutler cabin, where Daniel Steck had directed her to go first, swam into view behind its row of spruces, and Edith went up the almost untrodden walk to the house.

"If Jim and Anna Cutler are siding with the men, get 'em to talk," Steck had said.

No one answered her knock. She tried again and at last touched the latch and pushed open the door. Then she heard a deep voice saying:

"Get out. What do you want in here for?"

She entered and closed the door. A huge man in a wheel-chair pounded with his stick on the floor and shouted:

"We don't want any of your talk."

A little woman came in from the farther room, wiping her hands on her apron and saying: "Hush up, Joe, can't you? Just once? What is it?" she asked the stranger.

Edith saw a slender, gray-toned woman with eyes opened excessively wide, and asked: "Are you Mr. and Mrs. Cutler?"

The man instantly said in a loud voice: "No. Good-by."

"Still, Joe—just once," the woman begged. "Cutlers have gone down to the Mill House to work on the strike," she said. "They left us have their house a spell."

"Now will you go?" roared the man.

"Jo-o," said the woman in two syllables, but still imperturbably.

As Edith turned to go, she caught something in the woman's face—a question, a plea. It was as powerful as a signaling for help. Instantly obedient to it, Edith said:

"Would you give me a drink of water?"

"Don't give her any water!" the man shouted in a frenzy. From the kitchen where Edith followed the woman, they could hear him bellowing: "Don't you give her any water."

The woman closed the kitchen door smartly. "Crazy as a loon," she explained briefly, and as if she had understood that the mention of water had filled her own need, the woman turned to her own preoccupation and entered a tiny bedroom off the kitchen. "In here," she said only.

The room was clean, there was linen on the bed, and the little face on the pillow was as white as the quilt of snow outside.

A groan burst from the woman. "Oh, my God," she said, "seems like God sent you. Tell me what to do for him."

The child—a boy of fourteen—had been lying like this for two weeks. The Mill doctor had a crushed foot and there was no money to send the twenty miles to the next town.

"Joe's hardly ever himself any more," said

the woman. "And Jimmie's going to die. Nobody knows us here—we was put off the train when I was trying to get Joe to my folks—we didn't have the car-fare to go any farther. Mr. Cutler let us come in here—he was coming back, but I reckon he's too busy with the strike. Oh, Jimmie," sobbed the woman, "what can Mother do for you?"

A little moan came from the child. The two women listened and caught the words:

"Meat gravy and bread—meat gravy and bread . . ."

"Meat," said the woman. "We haven't tasted it in six weeks."

"Have you anyone whom you can send to the store?" Edith asked her.

"Pa could go," the woman said, "but it'd take him a good while."

Edith saw him now, sitting back of the stove in the kitchen—a gray man who rose and said indignantly: "I can shake a leg to the store in no time." He bowed elaborately to Edith, saying, "William Courtney MacGregor is the name."

Edith said to the woma . "I'm going to stay with you."

The woman's look was freighted with something unspeakable. Edith scribbled her list and put it inside a bill. "Pa, you couldn't, this time," she heard the woman say, enigmatically, at the door.

"Is there an orange?" Edith asked and the woman muttered: "There's nothing but cornmeal—and a little more stove-wood. If you'll sit with Jimmie, I'll go pick up some more dead wood."

Sitting alone with the boy, Edith tried to talk to him. She saw that he was half unconscious from weakness. "Meat gravy and bread," he said again.

Her heart stood still when she heard the inner door opening, with infinite caution.

"Alice," the great voice bellowed.

A look of terror came into the boy's eyes. She heard the dragging heavy tread on the boards of the kitchen. She rose and slammed the door of the little room and shoved before the door, which was without a key, the washstand on which she then sat. The great voice bellowed and cursed and pounded on the door. The man's shoulder came crashing against the panel, but the heavy old stand, burdened with her own weight, did not move. The boy's eyes closed again.

She sat quietly, looking into the snowy woods, watching the quick breathing of the pale boy, and hearing the lunatic cries of the man who pounded at the door. Abruptly life had showed itself to have another face. But she thought of nothing but the woman. "One couldn't leave her," she thought only.

Now the monotonous battering at the door ceased, and she heard the outside door swing open and then the woman's voice:

"Go back and sit down, Joe—just once."

He went, muttering.

Edith unbarred the door. "He don't do anything but yell," the woman said indifferently. She brought in the dry wood and they made up a fire in the kitchen. "Come and get warm, Joe," she told the man.

But he shouted: "I won't budge for you."

"It will take your father two hours to get back from the store?" Edith asked.

"More," said the woman. "Father moves slow." Into her face came a deeper shadow. She walked to the window and peered at the empty road. "It's beginning to snow again."

The wind had been rising, drawing through the loose windows in thin high whistling. It shook the panes and wavered into the chimney, complaining like a distant owl, a monotonous warning cry, flowing into the soft moaning of the boy and pierced by an occasional harsh iteration from beyond the closed door. Edith too went to the window, as if that way lay escape. She saw the snowflakes whirling down the wind, thickening against the gray of the low clouds. And abruptly she understood that the storm would come closing in on her, that she must spend the night in that house. But she thought only:



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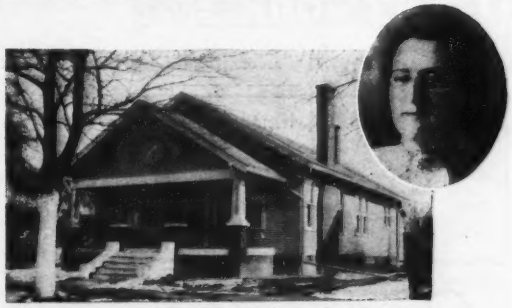
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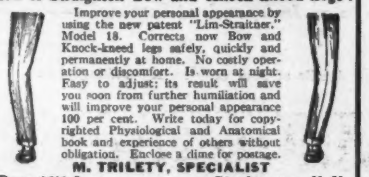


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"In any case, I couldn't have left this woman here."

From the deep of that strange sense of intimacy, of responsibility, she asked: "What is your name?"

"Alice Fox," the woman answered, and looked up with a sudden accession of some forgotten dignity. "I was Alice MacGregor."

To that worn, harassed, untidy woman Edith gave her own name with a sudden respect. Here was Alice MacGregor, who once had dreamed of a life like other lives—and who had come to this.

"Are the whole cursed lot of you dead?" screamed the raucous voice.

Alice Fox opened the inner door and said almost absently: "Sit still, Joe—just this once." Horror lost its mask through her indifference. "Sit by the fire," she bade Edith, and seated herself by the boy, still begging weakly for food. "Pa'll be along now."

But the dark had fallen, and the voice in the other room was a bellow when a step came at last on the kitchen porch, and something fell against the door which Edith opened. And Pa, William Courtney MacGregor, pitched into the room. His coat was open, his cap was awry, and he was smiling happily.

"Lady," he said, "I brought all stuff. And I brought li'l' whisky, 'count sickness."

He had faithfully brought all that they had sent for and a bottle of evil-smelling liquid besides. "No change," he said regretfully. "I invested it all into med'cine."

When his daughter cried, "Aren't you ashamed, Pa?" he bowed and corrected her:

"Proud, proud I got here. Wouldn't if hadn't been for med'cine." He buttoned his overcoat and sat down by the stove.

It was a glass of the juice of oranges, sweetened with honey and thinned with water, which Edith held to the boy's lips. He drank greedily, and suddenly smiled up at her—she suspected that his illness was the weakness of long hunger. When the odor of cooking stole about the house, Joe Fox pounded on the door and his wife let him out. He would have lifted the meat, hot and red from the skillet, if his wife had not watched him. It was terrible to hear him whimper like a child, and the boy moan like an old man.

At last he ate meat and bread from the kitchen table, and again the boy drank the fruit juice with sobbing breaths. Then they both slept, Fox with his head on the table, the boy like a tired child. William Courtney MacGregor refused food. "Just took my medicine," he explained with dignity. Then the woman ate, but sparingly, saving every crumb; and Edith, after her bit of fruit, went up to the clean attic room, quite without heat.

As she slipped between Anna Cutler's icy sheets, she thought about the strike. "What else could I have done?" she was asking Daniel Steck as she fell asleep. Then she asked Donald Lorme . . .

All the next day the storm fastened itself upon the forest, as if the snow meant to brim over the trees. Not a team passed the house, no person struggled through the piling drifts. Wind and snow seemed to break the air into fragments and to hurl them about like stones. But the rough current and curve of the storm without were peace beside the struggle that broke and died and rose within.

Food seemed to have revived in the great Joe Fox an energy which poured itself out in frantic anger. He roared at his wife as an animal at its prey, charged upon her with great fangs of words, and everything that she said was like the faint struggle of a little beast between his paws and a signal that he should pounce upon it afresh. Her "Keep still, Joe—just once," had no power; and at last her own nerves snapped and she snarled at him, berated him for his weakness, blamed him for their plight.

His retaliations were hideous, reached back to her youth, revealed hidden things, cut like missiles. Then she screamed at him in helpless misery, closed the door to the kitchen where

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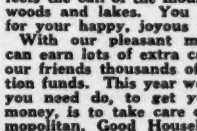
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Edith sat, and in there with him wept and railed, her thin high voice lost among his roaring tones.

From his seat back of the kitchen stove William Courtney MacGregor lifted his chin from his chest, and said with a sneer: "That's the peace and quiet I live in, in my old age."

"He is not himself," said Edith, "and she's ill and overwrought."

He became violently excited, rose and walked the floor, swinging his arms, held that he had been a decent man and should be well cared for. When his daughter, red-eyed, entered the room, he cried: "Alice! Where's my medicine?"

"I put it away," she answered, "where you'll not find it."

His nerves, in a sharp reaction from the indulgence of the day before, snapped and jangled; he demanded the bottle, cried out at her weakly and irritably, bowed grandly to Edith with an apology for his daughter's inconsiderateness in the presence of a guest, retired to his seat behind the stove and wept.

The boy, who seemed somewhat improved, lay looking from his inner room, his smile ready and sweet for Edith.

"But he'll be like these others, too," she thought, and ran up to her clean icy room, and opened her window to breathe for a moment the whirling storm. "Good God," she prayed, "let me help them, but let me get away from here to do that."

In a corner of her room a pair of snow-shoes belonging to the Cutlers held out a promise of escape, if ever the storm should lift.

After an endless day of incredible contention, the nerves of the woman now frayed beyond recall, and after a night of broken sleep, Edith woke to a sky of uneven cloud from which a milky sun was rising. She went down-stairs with the snow-shoes in her hand.

"I'm going to walk on to the camp," she told the woman, "and I'll send you some help."

Alice Fox stared at her. "I graduated from an academy," she said only. "Doesn't it seem impossible?" She added: "You can't understand."

Edith said: "Yes, I can understand."

She set out in the lemon light of the morning. After a few trials, snow-shoe technique came back to her. She waved good-by to the ravaged face of Alice Fox at the door, to the scowling face of her husband who did not respond, and to William Courtney MacGregor, who stood bowing behind the glass. With her light hand-bag, she struck into the unflawed whiteness of the forest road.

Intolerable distance, intolerable effort, the driving of one foot before the other in the intolerable whiteness and depth of the snow. The weight of the snow-shoes was one with the weight of feet, of legs, of aching body. She pressed on by the sheer power of her muscles and her will; the rest of her, body and mind, seemed in abeyance, save for that pain of weight. Six miles—and before half the distance was traversed, she was exhausted.

With the clearing clouds the cold had quickened, and now the wind, which had veered from the east, came cutting with the sharp blades of that first air blowing from the south, which was as cold as ever the north wind could blow. This wind went through her furs, swept her body, and in spite of her hard exercise, kept her chilled and shaken. Exercise, to which she was wholly unaccustomed, brought her fatigue such as she had never known, but she dared not rest because of the penetrating cold on even the most protected stretches of the road.

Interminably on before her the way wound, and when she was straining her sight for the first outline of the camp, a gaunt post rose and told her that she had two miles and a half more to follow. Not a cabin, not a shack, not a road-menders' shelter appeared, not a traveler to overtake, not a team to meet or to pass.

By the end of the fourth mile, as she estimated it, she understood that her strength would not hold to take her to the camp. She



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stood resting, not daring to lean against a tree lest the stealing drowsiness should conquer her—the drowsiness by which her body begged in every cell for sleep. She had known before the physical thirst of the body for a bath of water, but never this violent and insidious demand for sleep. She felt her knees giving way, her eyes closing. She staggered forward, swinging her free arm to shake herself awake.

Insanity not to have known that the unaccustomed cannot complacently conquer the North, cannot handle the snow-shoes save as a toy! She dragged herself on, then one of her snow-shoes caught on a fallen and hidden bough, she pitched forward into the incredibly soft welcome of the snow; and she had no strength to rise. She lay still, with unspeakable relief that the struggle was over, that now she could rest.

As the waves of sleep took her, she thought that she heard, far away through the woods, the swing and tinkle of sleigh-bells; but she felt only terror lest this should mean someone coming from the camp who would take her back to the Foxes for the night. Anything but that, she thought; then sleep came.

The sound of sleigh-bells, near and silvery, a broken voice, a shout to horses, and then the sense of being lifted and borne—these came to her as no more than her dream. Then there was the illusion of swift motion on a bounding surface, with luxurious comfort of support for her head, arms supporting her body, and an odor that she knew . . .

She struggled profoundly, opened her eyes, and looked up into Donald Lorme's face. And when she would have pulled herself free, he said, "Lie still," and shook her a little. They were in the bottom of a wagon-box set on runners, and the driver was shouting to his horses.

Edith closed her eyes. Donald. But that was impossible. She had died, and this was her dream of Heaven or of—the other thing. She began to laugh hysterically and to struggle up again. "Lie still," said Donald once more, and she obeyed.

Almost at once she opened her eyes and asked with determination: "How on earth did you get here?"

He said only: "What were you trying to do—kill yourself?"

"Not at all," she began with spirit; but it was impossible to be spirited from her position, and she struggled up: "I'm quite all right now," she protested. "I was walking to the camp."

"So I saw," said Donald. "Lying face down in the snow—it was a miracle that you hadn't smothered."

"I was resting," she said, and suddenly laughed weakly.

In a moment he joined her, and then broke off abruptly. "Suppose I'd picked you up, dead?" he demanded, and added: "And had to go back and tell Steck?"

"Why did you come?" she asked.

"We had the camp on the wire night before last, and all day yesterday, and no sign of you there. Last night Jim Cutler came down."

"Is the strike settled?"

"Much you care about the strike, strolling in the woods by yourself. When Jim said you hadn't been heard from, and the papers were full of the storm, I caught the midnight. Jim came down by the Twenty-Mile Station, but you'd come this way and I had an idea something like this had happened. I mustn't make you talk. But could you just please tell me where you were yesterday?"

She closed her eyes and sat silent.

"Forgive me," he begged, and in a moment she said, still with her eyes closed:

"I suppose you haven't a lunch-box with you?" He had an apple in his pocket, and she ate eagerly, apologized and explained: "You see, you are saving my life twice"; then she looked at him and cried: "You did save my life, you know!"

He grinned and assured her, "Quite by accident."

The sun had come out, and they drew merrily through the brilliant glitter, and arrived at the

camp in mid-afternoon. Before she had off her snow-shoes, she had arranged for supplies to go to the Foxes, and a doctor from the Twenty-Mile Station.

He made her go to bed after the hot drink which the women brought to her, and it was dark when she awoke. The little cabin was quite silent. She sprang up, made some simple preparations by the light of a candle, and emerged upon the kitchen, where a fire was burning in the range, beside which Donald sat.

"They've kept some supper hot for you," he said. "They've all gone over to the hall where their meeting is going on. I'm to feed you." He was serving her with a soup, savory in the kettle. "This is supper," he said. "I'm having mine now, too."

They sat at table in the bare snug kitchen, and the rest and warmth and food made Edith glow like a flower. When she asked about this meeting in the hall, he teased her:

"You're too late. When Cutler came down last night, he and Steck came to an understanding before I caught my train. That's just a ratification meeting over there." But they said little. He seemed content to see her eat, asked if she was warm, if she felt stronger. "I wondered if I oughtn't to have rubbed snow on your face," he said anxiously. "Does your face feel frozen?"

She laughed, thought: "I remember how he can take care of one." Then she remembered how once on a walk he had spoken sharply to her because she couldn't keep up. "Like Joe Fox," she thought, and began to weep.

"You asked where I was yesterday," she said. "Now I'll tell you." She told him, sparing nothing. "They wrangled like beasts," she said, "both men, and the woman. Every little thing—because they were ill or insane."

She wept on, and he leaned back from the table and stared at her.

"And you and I were neither ill nor insane," he said clearly.

She sprang up, ceased her weeping, and cried hurriedly: "Let us look in at that meeting, Donald. I must do something to justify coming up here—and having my life saved!"

He did not move. "That meeting," he said, "is going on in absolute agreement, absolute unity. Everybody has conceded something. I listened for a little while. I came away feeling as if I had had a bath."

She stared up at him. "Yesterday," she said, "in that house, I felt as if I were hearing you and me—if we hadn't been divorced—and if we were twenty years older, with no money. We—we've just saved ourselves!" She tried to smile.

He did not smile, and his eyes did not leave her face. "The first day that you were in the office," he said, "I learned something—that if I had had the self-control at home that I had in front of my desk, I could have saved our marriage."

She cried: "Self-control! It was more than that—it was consideration—that fifty-thousand-dollar mistake of mine!"

"Forty-four thousand," he reminded her. "I know that what I just said is true, and you know it," he told her grimly.

"I know it for me," she said gravely. "I knew it all day yesterday—every time those people snarled at each other, I remembered me—and then I thought how wonderful you *are* in the office."

He groaned: "In the office. Gad, and what I was at my own table!" He swept round at her and seized her shoulders: "Edith," he said, "Edith Lorme—will you try it again? I swear I'll be as decent to you at home as if I were your employer!"

"But me!" she cried. "Do you think I can be as good a wife as I am a secretary—if I really want to keep the wife job?"

He said only: "Gad, how I've wanted you back! Have you wanted me back? And do you dare try me again?"

She let him draw her to him, looking in his eyes, and then she closed her own. But first she said: "I knew this too, that first day at the office, Donald."

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Advertisement

The Mating Call (*Continued from page 73*)

to adhere to that attitude until she no longer pretended to look upon herself as an unwilling sacrifice.

But that was by no means all. He had not intended to marry a woman who would read books all day while her old mother did the work. Nor had he bargained to take Ivan and Anna into his own house. They were good, simple souls and he liked them, he was growing actually fond of them, but he vaguely resented their presence and their jealous guardianship of the girl, which was suggested in a thousand ways rather than revealed in any one. They were like two old wolves with a cub; they fawned upon her and they fetched and carried for her, but at a stranger's approach they showed their teeth. Actually they made him feel as if he had not married into the family at all but had been adopted as the girl's brother.

Catherine's habit of dress was still another thing that bothered him. Upon her arrival here she had promptly resumed her peasant costume. Probably that was because she resented the admiration she evoked in him when clad in the American fashion and she feared the result, but that was scarcely a sufficient reason for making herself grotesque.

He found the girl seated at the edge of the spring, staring with rapt attention at the miracle of that flow of sky-blue water, and when he spoke she laid a finger upon her lips.

"Sh-h! I have been talking with the little people of the underground. You will frighten them."

"Your mother told me you were here."

"Yes. Hour by hour I sit. Never such beauty was. When the sun is—so, and the shadows reach down, then the little shy people come out and sweem and wave their dress. Slowly they dance. Such grace! They sing, too, very soft." The speaker nodded. "It is a great blue cathedral. So still and pure and clean! This is a holy place. Only good people should come here."

"You must be fond of the spring. You spend most of your time here."

"Yes. It draws me. And see, every hour I read." Catherine held up a book. "Every day I learn more words."

"It is late. It is nearly dinner-time."

Catherine shrugged. "I have no hunger."

"But I'm hungry!" Leslie exclaimed. "And so is Ivan."

"Anna makes the supper."

"Hm-m! That's precisely what I want to talk to you about." As they went back up the trail beneath the arching oaks and magnolias he said: "When I asked you to marry me, I told you I was a poor man and I wanted a wo—a wife who would help——"

"Don't!" Catherine cried sharply. "I try to forget."

"Indeed?" Hatten eyed her from under lowered brows. "You seem to succeed admirably."

"I try but—I cannot. It is always there—a black shadow, a horror!"

"You're honest, at least. But what the devil ails you? What's wrong with me? Why did you consent if you hated it so? I didn't force you."

"No? What else?"

"At least you knew the bargain you were making."

"I knew, but what could I do? 'Bargain!' Marriage! Oh, how the man laughs!" Catherine herself laughed mirthlessly.

"What man? What d'you mean by that?" Hatten demanded. "*I'm* not laughing."

"I tell you. In here"—the speaker laid a hand on her bosom—"lives a little man, a very little man no taller as your thumb. Always he lives there—ever since I am a child. Years ago I used to talk to him—people said I was almost mad. But I could see him so plain—a wicked little man, in a cap with bells, like a—a clown at the court. A man who makes jests. Very well! When things do not go well with me he laughs. When the soldiers came to our place and robbed and burned and we fled, he laughed. In Constantinople when I lied to Anna and Ivan that I had no hunger, so they would eat of the food, he laughed. In New York when they told us the papers was not good and we should go back, he laughed. And he laughed—oh, how he laughed!—when you bought me."

"*Bought* you!" Hatten snorted. "I don't like that."

"He laughs now, that wicked little imp, when you speak of that marriage. *Marriage!*" Catherine voiced the word scornfully.

"You showed me from the start that you considered it no real marriage," the husband said morosely, "and I think I've acted rather decently, under the circumstances. If that's how you want it——"

"That is how."

"All right. We'll have no sentiment whatever. It isn't the sort of bargain I intended to make or what I had every right to expect, but I have as much pride as the average man, perhaps more. You appear to have none."

"No pride? I?"

"Exactly! You accept my name, my protection——"

"Dress, too! Second-hand dress."

Hatten flushed, his voice hardened. "You accept the shelter of my roof and my board and you give nothing. It's hard enough to wring a living out of the soil; a farm is no place for loafers. Everyone must do his share."

"So! What must I do, eh?"

"Work!"

"But Anna makes everything done. It is her pleasure."

"And it's your pleasure to let her do it—let her wait on you hand and foot." Hatten's resentment, which had been smoldering steadily for days, flared up. "I'll make another house ready for her and Ivan and——"

Sharply the girl cried: "No! Not that. She is my—mama. I go, too."

"You want them to stay? You insist on it?" Catherine nodded vigorously. "Humph! Afraid of me. All right. It would mean an added expense, anyhow, and I'm glad to avoid it. But there isn't enough housework for two women, so we'll have to find something else for her to do." He eyed the tall, strong figure at his side and resentment grew to anger. The girl was lazy, spoiled; she distrusted and disliked him. "Ivan is crippled. Anna can help him in the garden and you can do the housework."

When his hearer did not comprehend he took a malicious pleasure in repeating his words. His dictum was like a slap in the face. He had learned that she possessed a temper and he was prepared for an outburst, but none came. Catherine strode on at his side, her head up, her lips curled derisively. He wondered if that little man in her bosom was laughing now.

Why didn't she say something? Why was she always so contemptuous of him? And so resentful? It was her own fault that they got on so badly together; he wanted to like her and he could do so easily enough with half a chance, but did she give him the slightest encouragement? No. She actually seemed to consider herself aggrieved, injured.

How much pleasanter it would be if she would only surrender and really be a wife to him. With a bond like that between them, even though it was not sanctified by love, existence would be far more endurable. She was eager to learn, to make something of herself; he craved companionship, some sort of outlet for those twisted, tortured emotions he had so long kept in chains.

He had tried to be tolerant and forbearing with the result that she daily grew more haughty and unapproachable. The arrogance of ignorance! Well, if she had to be forcibly tamed, so be it; he'd break her down if he had to put her out in the fields with a hoe. It promised to be no easy task, for she had an

imperious disposition and her will was as stubborn as his and it would probably result in a battle without quarter asked or given. But so be it. He was in the right and the sooner the clash began, the sooner it would be over. Yes, and active hostility was preferable to this present unsatisfactory condition of affairs. For the last several nights he had lain awake thinking of her as she had been that first time he saw her in American dress.

Catherine stalked ahead of him into the kitchen where Anna was cooking supper and there Hatten beheld something which further increased his distemper. Anna had set the dining-room table as well as the limited supply of linen and china permitted, but she had set out dishes for Ivan and herself on the kitchen table.

Leslie halted with a frown. "What's the idea of this?" he asked.

The mother-in-law said something to her daughter and gesticulated amiably in Ivan's direction. The latter nodded.

"They wish it this way," Catherine muttered.

"Why?"

The girl shrugged. "It is more—easy. Two there—two here."

"I see! Easier to wait on the table; it saves footsteps. Humph! Why not one in there and three here?"

"Very well! If you wish——"

"But I don't wish. I'm no better than they are and neither are you. Please pick up those plates and put them on the dining-room table, where they belong." Catherine shot the speaker a look of startled inquiry. "Explain that I want your people to eat with us."

"But they prefer——"

"Explain, too, that in America healthy, able-bodied girls don't permit their old mothers to wait on them. Perhaps that's news to you, but it's a fact. Henceforth you'll take the steps."

The elder couple were quick to sense this clash and it distressed them the more because they had caused it; when, without a word, Catherine gathered up the dishes both parents tried to take them out of her hands. Leslie waved them back; by word and by gesture he tried to explain his desires; when Anna raised an imploring voice he silenced her:

"It's all right. You've ruined the girl, that's all." To Catherine he said: "You'd better tell them about our new arrangement and there's no time like the present. It begins now."

The wife did as directed; Leslie watched her curiously. It was high time he took a hand here. Why, she acted like an empress instead of the wife of a poverty-stricken dirt farmer. And her silly parents were worse than she was, they seemed to think that her marriage had made a great lady of her. They were appealing to him; he had to ask:

"What is it they're saying?"

"Ivan tries to tell you that he is strong and he will work two times so hard in the garden. Anna offers to make the housework for me."

"Yes, and by heaven, I believe you'd let 'em do it!" Hatten exploded.

Marvin Swallow obeyed Hatten's instructions literally and as a result the good women of Evergreen hastily put their best afternoon dresses back in moth bags. They were indignant. To confer his name upon an ignorant immigrant out of the steerage, then to bring her home and flaunt her in the faces of his lifelong friends—actually to boast about his marriage—deserved more than mere ostracism, for it was an insult to the decent ladies of his acquaintance and an affront to the entire community.

Some few were disinclined to put full credence in Swallow's words, but verification soon came from a source even more reliable. Judge Peebles went out to the Hatten place and his daughter Jessie related the result. Hatten, it seemed, had contracted a real eugenic marriage; he had deliberately selected a strong, healthy young European peasant woman for—breeding purposes! He proposed to raise his own stock! Could you beat that?



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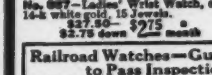
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Whether this information came direct from the lips of the man himself or whether it was merely Jessie's opinion based on a loose interpretation of her father's report nobody stopped to inquire. For that matter, after Jessie had repeated the story once or twice she herself could not have told whether she accurately quoted her father or unconsciously voiced one of his familiar theories. In any event, it was a good story and it excited sophisticated discussion—in which Miss Jessie delighted.

Among the flapper set and among the older people also it was generally conceded that Leslie Hatten had not only defied public opinion but that he had purposely gone out of his way to take a slap at Rose Henderson, and in this there was ground for universal satisfaction. He had behaved outrageously, of course, but everybody knew that Rose and Lon were at daggers drawn and that she would divorce him in a minute if Leslie would take her. And he had up and married a common hired girl! It was delicious. If that didn't put Rose in her place, nothing would.

Rose heard echoes of this comment and in the privacy of her home she smashed things. She could have smashed Leslie quite as ruthlessly. And Lon, too. It was her husband's inning and he lost no opportunity of showing his sardonic amusement at her humiliation. She wished she could learn what girl it was he took riding every little while.

As for Hatten, he was having no easy time with that arrangement he had outlined to his wife, for she did not take kindly to it. She turned out to be a wretched cook and a worse housekeeper. She knew nothing about the one and detested the other. Household duties confused and bewildered her; the meals of her preparation were atrocious.

Her failures would have been endurable had she endeavored to profit by them, but she did not, nor did her complete ineptitude humble her in the least. On the contrary, her failures enraged her, she grew ever more resentful.

Leslie realized that in one respect he had made no mistaken appraisal of the girl—she had a temper, right enough. She was a smoldering volcano and in her somewhere there was a Tartar strain. When, for instance, she burned herself at the wood stove, as frequently happened, she flew into a passion and flung things; her kitchen labors were punctuated by crashes and by outbursts of Russian which had the sound if not the meaning of frightful oaths. If a dish slipped from her hand she either threw another at it or viewed the wreckage with a dark and sinister satisfaction, obviously telling the dish that it had been served quite right. When she spoiled food in the preparation, and this occurred daily, she dumped it out. She was, in fact, as wasteful and as disorderly as a parrot.

Hatten's disapproval grew to include the old couple who were responsible for this utter lack of training and who displayed a docile eagerness to wait on their daughter hand and foot. They may have been something more than peasants, as Catherine declared, but he told himself that they had been something less than parents to spoil her so effectively. That a member of any Russian family, however poor or however prosperous, could have attained womanhood without more knowledge and experience in domestic science than Catherine displayed appeared incredible and Leslie began to suspect that this ignorance of hers, this clumsiness and stupidity, were feigned.

He found verification of this suspicion in the distress that Catherine's conduct caused the elder Azoffs. Her behavior filled them with apprehension; they argued with her and they pleaded; more than once the mother begged Hatten to let her do Catherine's work. But he firmly refused. That was no way in which to establish himself as master in his house, and his wife's behavior aroused all his opposition. He had learned something about malingery in the army.

Not only was Catherine indolent, but also she was vain and luxury-loving, as her husband discovered one night when he chanced to pass her window. She had neglected to pull down her shade and he saw that she had put on one of those gift garments which she pretended to despise. It was a lacy negligée and she was reveling in it; she was combing her hair, arranging it in various ways and studying the effect from one angle and another. While he looked on she stepped back and regarded her full-length reflection—a thoroughly feminine occupation. Dressed thus, she had reason for satisfaction and under other circumstances Hatten would have shared her admiration, but he realized that her refusal to wear those American garments was not prompted by the fact that they were second-hand. She was merely contrary.

More than once he surprised her with a book in her hand and with her housework half done and when he chided her she rose with sullen hauteur and began to bang things about. At times she trembled upon the verge of a passionate revolt but managed to subdue her impulse.

An explosion was inevitable.

Hatten entered the kitchen one evening about supper-time to find it filled with smoke and the floor strewn with cooking utensils and fragments of dishes. A pan of biscuits, charred to the likeness of coals and still smoldering, was upset in the midst of the wreckage. Catherine was nursing a blistered hand and stamping the ruin underfoot; she was in a tantrum more violent than any he had witnessed.

The story of the tragedy was easily read; she had neglected her oven, had snatched at the bake-pan in desperation and had dropped it. In accordance with her custom, she had sought relief by destroying everything in sight. In this tempestuous mood she was splendid, although terrifying.

The room was stiflingly hot, the coffee-pot was boiling over unheeded and in the air was the reek of burning things other than biscuits. Plainly the whole meal was in process of swift destruction.

Hatten regarded the scene in silent disapproval and at sight of him his wife's fury turned in his direction. Defiantly she cried:

"Always you come at the wrong time. And you look! Well, I was learning words and I forgot the supper. It is gone." He smiled crookedly and she raised her voice. "It is no good to try. I am no cooker. The fire is too big or too little. And you laugh! Look! I broke the dish—one, two, five! I am glad. Soon no dish at all. What you do? You strike me? All right! Strike me!" She moved towards him as if daring a blow; nay, as if inviting it.

Still he said nothing, made no move, and this drove her to distraction. She was seized with a madness. Snatching a knife from the table she brandished it wildly. "Never more I do this. Quicker I—I—keel myself. It is better I keel myself than do negro work. Maybe I keel *you!*"

In this frenzy she was capable of any violence, but Hatten checked the outburst by stepping forward and closing his fingers over her wrist. He moved smoothly and without haste, he did not twist the weapon from her grasp but merely held her while she strained and struggled against his strength. The rigidity left her muscles, the knife fell from her fingers, she sank into a chair, bowed her head and burst into tears. They were the first he had ever seen her shed. Her frame was racked and shaken with sobs.

Leslie hastened to the stove and attempted to salvage something from the wreck; removing the coffee-pot and a smoking kettle which had run dry, he then booted the pan of red-hot charcoal biscuits out of the open door and into the yard. He picked up the scattered cooking utensils, swept the broken crockery into a heap and disposed of it; methodically he put the place in some sort of order. He had not spoken as yet, his lips were grimly set.

The girl became quieter, she regarded him curiously and tried to catch his eye. When she finally succeeded her face puckered pathetically, her lower lip quivered like that of a hurt

child and she held her injured hand to her bosom, cuddled it.

Leslie strode to the sink, dissolved some soda in a cup of water and wet his handkerchief in it, then he turned to her and reached for her throbbing hand. She recoiled, pulled away, but he firmly took possession of the injured member. He bathed it and bound it loosely.

When he had finished, he did an unexpected thing; he lifted her hand and kissed it, pressed his lips to her flesh, holding her gaze meanwhile by the hypnotic quality of his own. Catherine gasped and sat back, color flamed into her cheeks, then died out, her eyes widened and glazed. It was the first caress he had ever bestowed upon her—never had he looked at her in this way; their brief struggle had brought them into physical contact for the first time and she realized with an overpowering shock that her display of passion had struck fire. Flint and steel! The sparks from her anger had ignited something in him. She experienced a sick, frightened impulse to flee headlong into the night. What had she done?

By and by she got unsteadily to her feet, all her defiance gone; timidly she offered to take up her work where he had interrupted it but he told her coolly:

"I can do better without your assistance."

"I will try harder to learn," she murmured.

"No. Hereafter Anna will attend to the housework. I fancy I can find something you're more fitted to do."

Blindly she found her way to her room and with unsteady hand turned the key behind her. A moment, then she took a chair and wedged its back under the knob. An hour later when her mother called her to supper she pleaded illness and refused to appear.

She was slow in falling asleep that night and therefore late in awakening, but sounds of activity in the kitchen brought her out of bed in a hurry. Anna was at the stove; this was the one morning when she should have been the first up. She was afraid to meet Hatten's eyes when she emerged but he greeted her casually. Breakfast was eaten in silence.

When the meal was over he turned to her and she braced herself; again she could feel the color drain out of her cheeks.

"Your mother will attend to the inside work," he announced. "When your hand is well you can take her place in the garden."

Catherine was stunned, but so overpowering was her relief that she felt no capacity for indignation. Here was respite if not escape. How she hated him and that relentless, masterful air of his! Hated and feared him.

The new arrangement proved to be no great improvement over the old one, for Catherine, it seemed, was one of those useless people who cannot adapt themselves to manual labor of any sort. Whether she was really as incapable as she pretended to be or whether she was merely stiff-necked and rebellious Hatten could not make up his mind, but in either event he alone seemed to notice it. Her parents, of course, shielded her in every way, and it was not long until she had made willing slaves of the colored help.

The average Southern negro is servile at heart and he is apt to respect authority whether real or assumed. Catherine's air impressed Double R and Kissie deeply and in time Leslie awoke to the realization that they regarded her as the mistress of the place and obeyed her wishes as implicitly as his commands. It was a peculiar triumph of an imperious personality.

One afternoon while he was at work near the road Rose Henderson's car drove in through his gate. She spoke to her colored driver, the car halted and she motioned to Leslie. He went reluctantly to meet her. Here was an embarrassment; as usual, Rose had done what he least expected her to do and he was at a loss how to carry off their meeting.

Not she, however. Rose's self-assurance amounted almost to insolence, and embarrassment was an emotion to which she was a total stranger. She announced that she had come to call on Mrs. Hatten.

Leslie eyed her suspiciously. "Why?"

"Aren't you the discourteous thing!" Rose lifted her brows. "Isn't it time somebody came? I'm making a round of calls. See! I've got on everything I own. And, Leslie, you'll be glad to know that Lon and I have patched things up. Isn't he broad-minded?"

"Very. And you, too, inasmuch as you are here on such a polite errand. Surely Marvin Swallow must have explained who Mrs. Hatten is."

"He did. I want to see if he was telling the truth. Don't pretend that your wife isn't at home. You can't keep her in hiding forever. Think of my curiosity."

"That's precisely what I am thinking about."

"I'm dying to discover your ideal of womanhood."

"Bless you! I no longer have ideals of any sort. And I have no desire to conceal my wife, either; on the contrary, I'm glad you came. Drive on to the house. She isn't there but I'll fetch her. I want you to know her and her people." He smiled peculiarly. "She doesn't speak very good English."

"So I understood. But what are mere words between lovers?"

"What, indeed?" He laughed and strode away between the orange trees.

Rose knocked at the door and waited; after a while a window curtain was pulled aside—it was one of the curtains Rose had cut and hemmed—and a dark Slavonic face peered out. The women eyed each other, then the curtain was dropped and the caller heard a rapid slap-slap of departing feet. A door at the back of the house slammed.

After a while there came the sound of Leslie's voice and that of a woman, doubtless the one who had run to get him; it was he who opened the door.

"I'm sorry you were left standing," he apologized, "but Mrs. Azoff is unfamiliar with American customs, and callers are rare. Allow me to present you to my mother-in-law." He indicated the creature Rose had seen and the latter smiled, dropped an awkward curtsy. "Mrs. Azoff doesn't speak a word of English but we get along pretty well with signs. In some ways she is an ideal mother-in-law. My wife will be here directly, and her father, too. Charming old fellow. He was wounded during the Red uprising and had to flee with his family. I'm afraid we have a mighty poor idea of what went on over in Russia during—— Ah! here they are. Catherine! Catherine, I want you to meet an old friend of mine, Mrs. Henderson. We have known each other since childhood and she has done you the honor to call. This is Mr. Azoff, Catherine's father."

For once Rose Henderson was genuinely astonished and showed it, for Leslie Hatten's bride whom he introduced with such a flourish was indeed nothing more than a common peasant and she was dressed in the commonest peasant garb. What is more, she was soiled with black muck; there were traces of it on her hands, there was a smear upon one cheek, her shoes were caked with it. She had come straight from the garden and her hair was damp with perspiration. Leslie had evidently put his wife to work. With hoe and spade! Good Lord!

Rose glanced only once at the old man, then her eyes returned and fixed themselves upon the girl in a fascinated stare.

Catherine, it seemed, was quite as startled as her caller and uncomfortably conscious of the contrast between herself and this exquisitely gowned stranger. Plainly she was unprepared for the meeting. Each measured the other from head to foot, then the Russian woman slowly stiffened herself. Without visibly moving she added inches to her height.

"Now I'll leave you to get acquainted and to visit with each other," Leslie said with the utmost cordiality. "Before you go, Rose, you must have a cup of real Russian tea. Mrs. Azoff has the knack of preparing it."

When he had gone there ensued a trying silence which Rose broke by murmuring: "I understand you are just learning our language."



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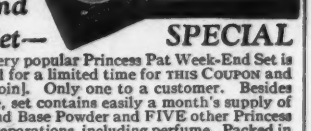
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"Yes. I am sorry I do not know more words. You speak Russian? Or maybe French? German?"

"Lord, no! I don't even speak good American and I'm too shiftless to try. Do *you* speak French or German?"

"A little."

Rose opened her blue eyes and her manifest incredulity was not flattering. "Well, I declare! I reckon we have a wrong idea about you people. I thought Russia was mighty backward. No schools or—or anything."

"It is not so different. In my part is not many school but many language is spoken. People from every place. Children on the street learn——"

"Oh, I see! Children pick up languages easily."

"It is now but five, six mont' I speak English."

"You must be quick. I couldn't do it. Nor Leslie, either; he's as dumb as I am at such things. How did you and he get acquainted if you didn't understand each other? How did he manage to talk to you?"

"How?" Catherine seemed puzzled.

"Yes. How did he ever—propose? Make love to you? But I reckon he got along like the rest of our boys over there. They seemed to make you girls understand what they were driving at without much trouble." The speaker laughed and Catherine smiled in vague agreement.

Another hiatus in the conversation threatened but Rose filled it in with a commonplace inquiry to which she received a commonplace answer. Others followed. In time the old couple slipped out of the room, leaving the two younger women alone.

Rose was voluble, and animated; after she had digested her first impressions she made no effort to conceal her curiosity and the more reserved or the more evasive her listener became the more inquisitive she grew. She picked and she pried, either failing to note the growing resentment her inquiries provoked or being too indifferent to heed it. She returned finally to the subject of Leslie's first meeting with his wife.

"He told me all about his travels over there but I never knew he was in Russia."

"Oh, never!"

"Then where did you get acquainted?"

"Here! In New York. It is now four week——"

"What?"

"Four week ago at Ellis Island I see him first."

"Why—I don't understand! I knew you had just come over but—didn't you marry him during the war?" The bride shook her head. "Then it's true about your coming by steerage and—and everything?"

Catherine's chin assumed a higher tilt, she regarded her caller with a curious expression. But Rose, in her turn, was bewildered; she clung tenaciously to some idea in the back of her head.

"D'you mean to tell me you never knew him before you came to America? That you met him for the first time at Ellis Island a month ago?"

At the affirmative answer she paled, her eyes blazed. Involuntarily she turned them in the direction Hatten had taken and her face grew stormy.

With a complete change of voice and manner Catherine asked: "You like to hear it? All how it come?"

"I certainly would. Tell me everything!" Mrs. Henderson spoke in much the same tone she used for her colored help.

"It is a story to make you laugh, for we came to this land of free people and they say we must go back. Back to Russia. Because we got no money. Only rich people can come into this free place, or women who will quick marry and have children. Good girls, no! But girls who will be wife to some stranger and work for him. What a lie, this America!"

"That happened when he was in New York? What was he doing at Ellis Island?"

"He go there to find a strong wife. He make three people to work cheap, because it is better I marry a somebody I never see than to go back."

"Were you—really married?"

"Oh, yes! A funny story, no?"

"Yes. Yes, indeed! I suppose it was love at first sight. Leslie has an eye for pretty women." Rose could not keep the passion out of her voice. "Is that the dress you were married in?"

"No. But another of the same. Russian girls is lucky to be married now. Soldiers take them. Much nicer to become American lady like you. Good luck for me, yes? Oh, and more good luck! A rich lady give him fine second-hand dress for me. Nicer as yours. Two time we go in American café and one time we walk-ed on Broadway Street and saw the window!"

"My! He gave you a wild time, didn't he? But why shouldn't he celebrate a—a real love match?" The speaker uttered a metallic laugh. "And of course you're both happy?"

"'Happy!'" Catherine gestured eloquently.

"Naturally. He has a way with women. Of course you're crazy about him by this time."

"And you are happy, too, for him?"

"Sure!"

"I can tell. In your face is such gladness. He is your so long friend and that is why you came here—to be glad with him."

"We were children together."

"And he was your lover?" Catherine now was the inquisitor.

"'Lover?' I'm a married woman."

"Excuse! I have said something? English words are so strange. And American women, too. No lovers! He is handsome and big hero; you are so beautiful and rich. How so you don't marry him, not me?"

"American girls don't marry men they don't love."

"Ah! You love your husband. That is good. America is nothing but happy people."

Rose made a movement to go. "I hope I'll see more of you, Mrs. Hatten. You must come to my house and meet some of the other women. I'll send my car for you any day."

"You are going, so quick? But the tea?"

"No tea, thanks."

"And you have made all the question? You know everything now, in spite of my too little words?"

Mrs. Henderson glanced suspiciously at the speaker, then said:

"Why, yes."

"That is good."

Leslie was engaged near the house when his wife's visitor emerged and she called to him.

"So, you lied, didn't you?" she inquired with a sneer. "Oh, don't pretend! She told me you picked her up at Ellis Island. A month ago."

"Call it a mild deception. Deception was general, that night when you were here. I fancy even Lon was faking a bit."

"And you brought her in out of the field just to—to humiliate me—just to show me how far you'd go——" The speaker choked on her own accusation. "Well, she's precisely the sort of creature you deserve."

Leslie smiled satirically. "So I told myself at first, but do you know, I'm beginning to think she's a heap better than that! And now that you've been here and learned all there is to learn, I dare say we shan't have the pleasure of seeing you again for a long while."

"Indeed?" Rose glared at him. "Well, you were never more mistaken. I'm coming often and I'm going to see a lot of her."

America has witnessed many "booms" of one sort and another—gold discoveries, oil rushes, and land excitements—but none was more picturesque or more significant than the stampede to Florida. At its height, interest was keener and more general, land values rose more swiftly and to higher levels than ever before under similar conditions, and speculation raged more feverishly than in the wildest of wildcat mining camps or the most fabulously

rich petroleum field. It was dramatic, too; fortunes were made and lost and made again with surprising rapidity; people who had thought and talked in terms of hundreds learned to think and to talk in hundreds of thousands and in millions; Florida became a magic word, a term to conjure with, and the timid investor who set foot in the state for the first time frequently became a speculator overnight.

Few visitors and practically no residents were proof against the dementia and the speculative frenzy ran a violent course. The state became a sort of wheat pit where men fought with each other for a chance to buy options. Men with hundreds contracted for properties worth thousands, those with thousands risked their all in first payments on purchases calling for millions. Parcels of real estate were not infrequently transferred half a dozen times before the original sale could be recorded, and often none of the parties to any of the transfers ever saw the land itself. Court-houses became jammed with instruments filed for record, the machinery designed to care for the ordinary business of buying and selling broke down, chaos ensued.

The excitement appeared to break out suddenly, but as a matter of fact it did not do so. It was the result of natural causes, of a ferment which had been steadily at work for a long while, and only the unobservant were surprised when the great rush finally started.

Generally speaking, the least observant and therefore the most surprised, were the Floridians themselves; as a rule they profited less than the newcomers. Most of them, to be sure, had faith in their state but, as a philosopher once said, it requires more than an opinion to build a Gothic cathedral: it requires a sincere conviction, and the people of Florida who talked loudest about this Temple of Beauty, this Taj Mahal which was going up under their eyes, were the most doubtful about its completion. Every column planted, every arch raised bore out some prophecy of theirs, but they confessed to a fear that it was the last which would ever be built. Every rise in prices meant the top.

Conservative residents of Miami, for instance, assured each other every year for something like eight years that their local boom was at its peak; nevertheless, each season saw more growth, more inflation, higher prices, new buyers. And meanwhile men with vision and with that faith which amounts to conviction poured fortunes into various projects and doubled, trebled, quadrupled their capital with a swiftness bewildering to the more cautious.

All leisure America, it seemed, had decided to play and would play nowhere but here, and people of moderate means expressed the same desire. Everybody wanted a winter home. Even poor people felt that they could afford a small place in the sun and the result was a scramble to acquire property so unlike anything of its kind that there was no yardstick with which to measure it, no history with which to compare it. There ensued a magnificent speculation in sunshine; prices increased until in many places it was cheaper to make land, to dredge it out of the sea, than to buy it.

Florida as a whole felt a thrill of life. This galvanic current did not penetrate to all parts of the state, however; some localities scarcely felt it, and Evergreen was one. And this in spite of the fact that Gulf City, some fifty miles away, was becoming another Miami and the towns beyond were growing into cities.

Rumors of this increasing activity reached Leslie Hatten, but he paid little heed. He did not share in the general disappointment that Evergreen was out of the path of progress, he rejoiced in that fact. He had failed to attain happiness, or anything like it, but he was more nearly contented than he had believed possible and he still suffered from that queer complex with which the war had left him—that repugnance to the heartless commercial warfare that men called business. He resented, therefore, the noise, the fuss and the fury which went on at Gulf City just out of hearing.

It was Double R who made him aware one day that he was likely to be drawn into the



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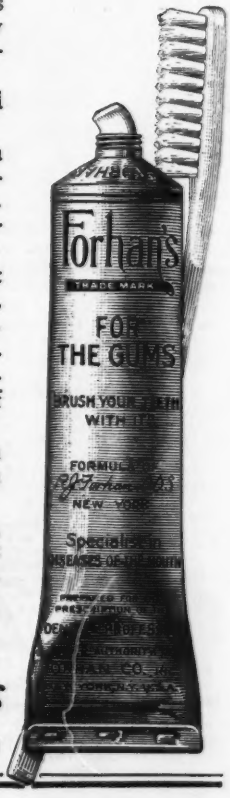
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turmoil in spite of all he could do. He asked the negro to go down below the big spring after supper and catch a string of bass and he was puzzled when the fellow made an excuse.

"What's the matter? You love to fish."

"Not lately I don't. I done surrender the habit," Double R averred.

"Indeed? Does that mean they've quit biting?"

"Man, fish don't have to be hongry to bite my hook. When I spits on a bait they belongs to me. But I got no call to fish that place."

"Why?"

"I can't tell you, Cap'n. It just happens thataway."

"Then I'll go myself."

"Don't you do it, less'n you want a conjure on you," the negro protested warningly.

"So? You interest me. Why not tell me what the trouble is?"

"I done promised, that's all, and my conshus goin' to trouble me if you tell I told you."

"I promise not to tell you told me."

After a moment of hesitation, Double R announced: "Cap'n, the Ku Klux done took that river! They done put a spell on it." Hatten stared in bewilderment. "It's a fact. Last week I'm fishin' brim in the spring and five Kluxers came through the hammock."

"There's no trail through the hammock except ours. Nobody can get through there without a machete."

"Yassir! Mr. Lon had a machete."

"Who?"

"Mr. Lon Henderson. Him and fo' mo'. They supprised me so I hid out. They took my boat and paddled out over the bile, him all the time hushin' 'em and tellin' 'em don't rattle the oars. Then they conjured the place."

"How?"

"Well, I couldn't make out, but they done things. Mr. Lon lowered away something on a cord—dead bones, I reckon—and he swore 'em to the oath. He made 'em lay on their belly and look in a bucket and drink till they most busted and then he filled up a jimmy-john."

Hatten laughed. "What makes you think all that was a part of the Ku Klux ritual?"

"Ain't Mr. Lon the chiefest Kluxer? What for he puts a charm on that spring and totes off a jimmy-john of water? But wait! You ain't heard nothin'. You know that fordin' place about three-quarters below the spring?"

"The old cattle crossing?"

"That's him. The creek sprangles out just below it, and—man, that's a fishin' place right! there's trout in there could put fear in a shark. Last Thursday, or maybe it was of a Saturday, I skulled my skiff around the bend and—glory be! Yonder was Mister Lon and them fo' Kluxers makin' voodoo medicine at the crossin'. They got it rigged up with stobs and strings and tape lines and one man is settin' on a limb droppin' bark in the creek. Mr. Lon is countin' numbers off his watch. He's mighty mad at seein' me and he asks how come I'm spyin' out the mystic rites and if I don't know the penalty is death to darkies. He allowed nothin' is goin' to make him rest easy till he strop me, in the name of the Invisible Empire."

"Did he do it?"

"He most did, but I talked hard. No, Sir! There's plenty fish in that creek and they fears me, but—trout, I don't need you!"

Leslie pondered over this story and it was brought to his mind a few days later when a stranger drove into his place and asked him to fix a price on it. The owner answered civilly that the property was not for sale, whereupon his caller asserted that anything and everything is for sale.

"How many acres have you got?"

"Three hundred and twenty, more or less. Twenty in grove."

"All right, what d'you want for it?"

After an instant Leslie said: "Five hundred dollars an acre."

The stranger snorted. "What have you got here? A gold mine?"

"No. Merely a home that I want to live in."



"She was fair—divinely fair —fit love for gods."—MILTON

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"I told you I didn't care to sell."

"Well, no harm in asking. But you'd better think it over. This boom won't last forever."

"And neither will sixteen thousand dollars," Hatten said with a smile.

This inquiry coming on the heels of a surreptitious attempt to measure the flow of water from his spring induced Leslie to call at the county court-house and look up his taxes. He found that nearly two years before his farm had been sold at auction to satisfy the tax lien and that Lon Henderson had bid it in. Followed a conference with Judge Peebles, who explained the law. Inasmuch as there still remained some time in which to redeem the property and the amount involved was more than Leslie felt able to pay at the moment, there was nothing to be done.

That night at Three Bold Oaks the Judge referred to Hatten's visit and spoke regretfully about the ruin he had brought upon himself by his eccentric behavior and his unwise marriage.

"Have you heard what Rose Henderson is saying about Leslie's wife?" one of the Baker sisters inquired.

"Why, yes. And in a way it agrees with my opinion."

"It's the strangest thing! Rose came to see us and she was so—so nasty about Mrs. Hatten that Sister and I decided to call on the poor creature."

Peebles shook his head. "Leslie's mighty likely to resent curiosity. I've had to threaten Jessie with a whipping to keep her away."

"It wasn't curiosity that took us. The way Rose talked made us sorry for——"

"She was positively bitter," chimed in the other Miss Baker. "It was in such bad taste that we put on our nicest things and drove out there. It was Sunday; Leslie wasn't there."

"A kindly impulse which did you credit!" exclaimed the Judge. "Another manifestation of true nobility of character! But I fear your pity was wasted."

Miss Irma inquired curiously: "Did you talk to her?"

"No. A word or two only."

"Well! We did. We were never more surprised. She's a lady."

"A—what?"

"She's a charming, gracious woman." When the Judge showed his incredulity Miss Irma went on: "She was stiffer than a ramrod at first, but she turned out to be lovely."

"Sister and I are crazy about her."

"Her English isn't good, but she speaks several other languages and made us ashamed of our ignorance. We told her our Cousin Martha Purdy spoke Russian and we promised to have them meet when Cousin Martha arrives. She's coming over from Palm Beach in a little while. That got us started on Russia and Red Cross work and——"

Miss Norma explained further: "Martha was all over Europe with the Red Cross, you know. She outfitted ambulance trains and hospitals and did all sorts of noble things. She was decorated nearly to death."

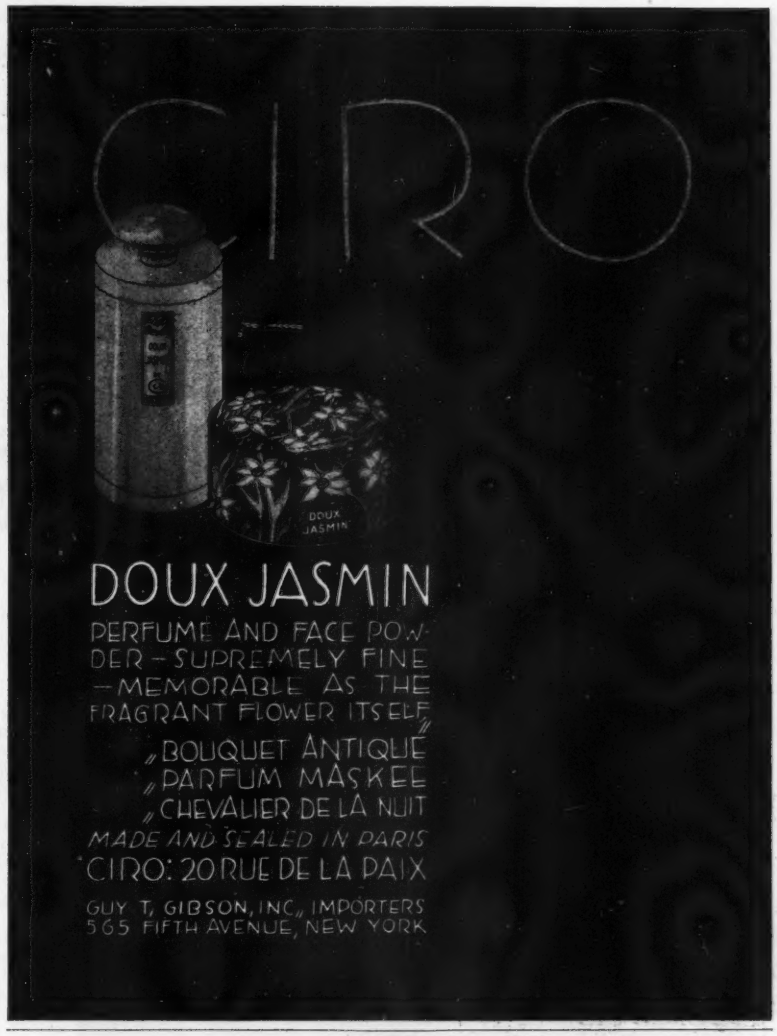
"She's a very important person and we're terribly proud of her. She's the only member of the family who ever did anything worth while."

"What you say about this Russian woman astounds me," Peebles declared. "But isn't it possible that your extreme charity has invested her with—er—refinements invisible to the ordinary eye?"

"She's more of a lady than Rose Henderson."

"But her parents! You saw them, I reckon."

"Yes. Mr. Azoff, it seems, was the overseer or superintendent of some large estate or farm. I suppose she comes from peasant stock, but—heavens! Look at us. Grandfather was a common sailor. Look at Rose Henderson. Could any stock be more 'peasant' than hers? Why, her father couldn't read until after he was twenty-one. Anyhow, this girl shows that she had advantages."



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"Is it true that she married Leslie at Ellis Island, just to get into the country?"

"We don't know. Rose pretends to doubt that they were married. But what if she did?"

"It's incredible that Leslie would permit his wife, a woman such as you describe, to work like a negro farm-hand, and yet I can't believe—the other." After a moment, Peebles explained the reason Hatten had come to see him that day.

The sisters were deeply concerned.

"Do you mean that Lon Henderson may take the roof over their heads?" the elder asked.

"Something like that, if Leslie doesn't redeem it. Lon has an idea the spring would make a fine hotel site and I advised Leslie to sell, if he could."

"Yes, and then Lon would turn around and sell it for hundreds of thousands. It isn't fair to that woman. Why, she told us something about what she and her people endured. They fled to save their lives—went on foot in disguise for hundreds of miles. Only for the Red Cross they'd have starved. No wonder she married to get into America. Who wouldn't?"

"It is a blessing to enjoy the friendship of two such ladies as you; you renew my faith in the Christian virtues and—I wish Jessie could share this roof with you."

"She could if she would."

"Of course. But you needn't worry about Jessie."

"Um-m! Possibly. I once said some unkind things in your presence about Marvin Swallow. I am sorry I didn't leave well enough alone."

"Surely you wouldn't permit her to——"

"'Permit'?" Peebles exploded. "What authority has age and experience in this day of revolt? A parent's prohibition is an incitement to disobedience. Marvin is doing well, by the way; he has made several deals already."

"And you?"

The Judge shrugged. "Opportunities present themselves daily. There are too many, in fact, and they come too often; no man with vision could fail to make himself rich, but—at present Jessie's welfare concerns me to the exclusion of everything else."

Mention of his domestic problem appeared to plunge the speaker into a despondency from which the sprightliest efforts of the Dolly Sisters failed to rouse him, and when he left he still wore an abstracted frown.

A song came from the garden. Hatten followed it up to find Catherine stretched luxuriously upon her back, in the shade of a tree. Near by her father was toiling. The girl looked up as Leslie approached and said defiantly:

"It is too hot. I am tired now."

"It *is* hot," he agreed, "and I've struck, too."

"Ivan says I am no good. Always I hoe wrong, for I cannot learn the weed from the plant. It is better I sing."

"A little singing would help all of us, but—— You're quite a problem, aren't you?"

Catherine agreed, her white teeth flashed in a smile. "It is not that I wish to spoil: I cannot learn. Ivan tells me, but it is all so foolish and I forget. Only new words I remember. Anyhow, tomorrow it must be done again, the same thing. What is the use?"

"You aren't actually lazy——"

"No. So many thing I wish to do."

"What?"

Catherine shrugged, then she sat up and new determination shone in her face. "I am bad. I do better."

"Wait. I'm tired and—I was going fishing. Want to go along?"

With a shudder of disgust his wife exclaimed: "Nothing but feesh Anna cooks. I like better to sweem in the spring."

"You can swim while I fish."

She shot a swift glance at him. "I have no bath dress. Only at night I sweem."

"Then come along and keep me company. Our spring is becoming a matter of interest to people; perhaps you can tell me what they see in it."

Catherine rose with alacrity. "I do not wish strangers to look in that spring. It is mine. Only I can see things there. You must not feesh in it and hurt my little people. Double R I have forbid, also."

"So? Your little people?"

"Yes. Friends. Little fat people of the underground. I show you."

Arrived at the water's edge, Catherine uncovered a rusty tin can in which she had cached some crusts of bread. These she crumbled and cast upon the surface. In an incredibly short time the place swarmed with hungry blue bream; in their eagerness they fairly crowded each other out of the water.

"They know me, I am their general and they follow me. See!" Catherine moved along the bank and the school followed her. They even fed from her fingers. "Sometime is two turtles, also, but perhaps they sleep. In the day they are feesh but in the night little people. Little soldiers with helmet and spear. In the water I sit still and they touch my flesh. It hurts very nice. Toes they like, best, for people of underground have not any toes of their own. Only—sweemers."

"You're a good deal of a child, aren't you?"

"I?" Catherine looked up, slowly she shook her head. "I am old—older than Anna and Ivan. They are my children. It is—sad to have children so old. So helpless. When you are good to them I thank you."

"You were singing, just now. I hope that means you are not altogether unhappy."

"What difference, if *they* are happy? And safe? It likes Ivan to hear song of our country, so I sing."

"Sometime perhaps you will tell me about your country and your life and what you endured when the crash came. I know almost nothing about you and—of course I can't talk to your parents. It's a queer situation."

"Sometime, perhaps. But now I like better if you talk to me, for I learn words."

"All right. Get into the boat and I'll tell you the thrilling story of my misspent life."

That proved an interesting afternoon to Leslie Hatten, for his wife let down some part of her reserve and for the first time he began to get acquainted with her. He realized that she could be likable if she chose, and interesting, too.

On their way back she surprised him by announcing: "Some day I make call. I go see the two nice women who came."

"The Misses Baker?"

"Yes. They are my friend. I will wear my nice dress of the second-hand and be pretty."

"I wish you would——" Hatten checked himself. "By all means go whenever you wish. Your time is your own."

"I must not work all day with Ivan?" The questioner looked up eagerly.

"Hereafter I'm not going to tell you what you must or mustn't do. We four people are a little company; we are four partners——"

"So?"

"And our problem is to make a living, to make a home, to make each other as happy as possible. I shall do my share."

"Four partner! Never I think of it so. But to be happy——"

"I said as happy as possible."

Catherine nodded. "To be a little bit happy is much. But I am no cooker and I cannot hoe. No good! Maybe I run away."

"You are free to do exactly as you wish," Hatten repeated gravely. "I've pretty well spoiled my own life and—I don't want to be held responsible for spoiling another."

Mrs. Martha Purdy was a woman of fifty-five; her name was in the sundry Blue Books and Who's Who's devoted to people of national importance. Her goings and her comings were of sufficient consequence to be recorded in society columns, and her opinions on matters of current interest frequently found expression in the news of the day. Her biographical sketches, the accounts of her various activities, together with the lists of her clubs, women's organizations, charitable undertakings and the

like occupied much space in those reference volumes, for she was identified with numerous feminist movements and her philanthropies were many.

In Boston, which claimed her as a distinguished daughter, her name was coupled with such public-spirited enterprises as the Purdy Foundation, a model garden apartment project for the housing of working people, the Purdy Girls' Home and the Martha Purdy Mothers' Hospital. Her residence on Cape Cod had once been used as the summer White House and her winter home was one of the Palm Beach show places.

To entertain a guest of such prominence was a good deal like entertaining some foreign potentate, and when the time came for her to visit her cousins, the Misses Baker, those emotional ladies were stricken with panic. For several days before her coming Three Bold Oaks was a bedlam. Upon her arrival Mrs. Purdy was installed in state.

Although the sisters were ardent admirers of their distinguished relative, they stood in considerable awe of her and they feared her, too, for Mrs. Purdy had never approved of their eccentricities and she was blunt in her speech. To entertain her in a befitting manner and at the same time to avoid bringing upon themselves the penalty of her boredom was a task that filled them with concern.

The editor of the Evergreen Pilot was the first to call; his interview filled two columns. It was a flattering, deferential interview, loftily worded. The writer perspired over it.

The women of Evergreen called, of course, not only those whom the Dolly Sisters had carefully chosen to invite, but others as well—women who were practically strangers to them. Some of them brought along their sons and daughters, "who would consider it a proud distinction indeed to say that they had met and shaken hands with Mrs. Purdy." Mrs. Purdy graciously shook the limp and clammy hands of many tongue-tied young people.

One night Whelpley Peebles came to dinner and in him Mrs. Purdy evinced genuine interest. His vigor pleased her, his volubility was amusing and she was fascinated by his mustache. Miss Irma and Miss Norma played the parts of absorbed and enthusiastic auditors and declared, later, that it had been the most interesting and inspiring evening of their lives. Judge Peebles was so intellectual and Martha was so brilliant.

"He's a lovely little old-fashioned fire-eater," Martha declared. "Always fighting windmills, of course."

Miss Irma was somewhat bewildered at this; vaguely she protested: "Why—he's a splendid lawyer and a heavenly orator. He speaks at all the celebrations."

"I'll bet he does. He spoke tonight. He should be in Washington under a wide black hat and wearing a string tie."

"Oh, he is far too honorable for politics!" asserted Miss Norma. "He has the most rigid code. Really!"

Mrs. Purdy nodded and smiled. "A doughty little knight-errant in a pasteboard helmet." Curiously she regarded her cousins. "He comes here often, doesn't he? Which one of you is Dulcinea, that most beautiful and most virtuous of ladies?"

This inquiry plunged the spinsters into deepest confusion, they blushed and stammered until their outspoken cousin exclaimed crossly: "For heaven's sake, don't titter! If anything infuriates me it is a tittering, twittering woman. I actually believe he's enamored of one or the other of you and doesn't know which it is. Well, what could be more in keeping with his character than to sigh for the favor of two peerless princesses? I suspect I know how he feels: I've never been able to think of you as two people."

This remark hurt the older sister and she said so, whereupon Mrs. Purdy told her: "Why, that's a compliment, my dear. I have inherited all of the faults of my particular branch of the family along with a few of its virtues, whereas you and Norma have preserved most



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of the virtues of your branch and the faults are divided between you. You are two pictures on one card, a sort of double exposure; but you blend awfully well and it would never do to separate you. I'm sure little Don Quixote wouldn't like it. But—we're all too old for actual romance. Speaking of romance, what's this story I hear about some shell-shocked hero and his peasant wife?"

The sisters explained; when they had concluded, their listener remarked: "Pretty mean and sordid for a man of his type, I should say, but I don't blame the girl. I know what those poor Russian refugees went through. No doubt she'll make him a good wife."

"We promised her that she could come to see you," Irma ventured diffidently. "We told her about you, said you spoke Russian, and the poor thing was so eager. We were—going to send our car for her tomorrow."

The visitor groaned. "That means another tale of horror and homesickness. Another wet shoulder. And I came here to rest!"

"She's really quite superior. She speaks several languages."

"Many of them do."

"We'd hate to disappoint her."

"Oh, you needn't! I'll talk to her and I'll let her weep on me. But—it's terribly depressing to be a real, blown-in-the-bottle philanthropist. It has changed me into a hard-hearted, thoroughly unpleasant woman, as you've probably noticed. All the world is in a fix and everybody brings his troubles to me. If I had it to do over again I'd be stingy and flippant and—have a good time. I'd go in, head over heels, for vice."

In spite of this reassurance the Misses Baker were much concerned and on the following afternoon they asked themselves if they had acted wisely in sending their car for Mrs. Hatten.

But when the car returned, the timid sisters acknowledged a feeling of acute relief, nay, a triumphant thrill, for their visitor was clad like an American woman of fashion and carried herself with simple dignity. For a moment they almost failed to recognize her.

Cousin Martha was finishing her afternoon nap, the sisters explained, but she would be down directly. It was so sweet of Mrs. Hatten to come. She and Martha would have so much in common to talk about.

Catherine seemed scarcely to hear them. After the first greetings were over she stood motionless, entranced at the beauty of Three Bold Oaks. She raised one hand to her bosom, slowly she turned in first one direction, then another, there were tears in her eyes when she recollected herself and exclaimed: "Excuse! I am in a dream, so beautiful it is here. This hill, the roses, the trees! In America I did not know there was such beauty, for I have seen only ugly things. You will let me look, yes?"

"How perfectly sweet of you!" Miss Norma gushed. "It's our dream, too: our miracle, for we made it. When we bought this hill there was nothing here except the live oaks—and the view. We've planted everything and watched it grow; we've watered it and tended it and our hearts are wrapped up in every living thing. Would you like to look around?"

Together the three women left the porte-cochère and passed into the grounds.

Three Bold Oaks, as has been said, was locally famous; the labors of its owners had transformed it into a horticultural garden, a real paradise of growing things, and upon it each had lavished the tender care and the yearning affection she could, and would, have lavished upon a lover, a husband or a family. No wonder they responded warmly to the heartfelt emotion of this stranger.

Roadways and walks, bordered with roses and ornamental shrubbery of brilliant foliage, rambled about the place; they were shaded by lovely, lacy Australian pines, that wonder tree of the South, and by stately palms with sweeping fronds that stirred and rustled softly even on the stillest day. These roads and paths were carpeted with thick rakings of clean, fragrant pine needles and they led past flower beds, informal plantings of queer, unfamiliar shrubs and bushes, to arbors smothered beneath flowering vines.

Nowhere had nature suffered violent interference, everywhere she had been encouraged by a cunning expenditure of time and labor and ingenuity.

It seemed to Catherine that she had strayed into paradise. The Dolly Sisters beamed upon her and chattered like two of their own birds, they snipped roses and filled her arms with them, they led her up the winding stairs of the water-tower from the top of which the rolling countryside lay visible for miles, then back down to a retreat thatched by a canopy of bignonia vines, where was waiting an iced pitcher of bitter-orangeade. The visitor's ecstasy had changed into a reverent delight.

To this rendezvous Mrs. Purdy came finally and her cousins ran to meet her with a fluttering introduction to their guest. The elder woman paused at the entrance to the bower and there followed a scene so utterly unexpected that the Misses Baker were stricken speechless.

They never tired of repeating, later, that it was the most thrilling moment of their lives.

Mrs. Purdy, it was plain, had come hither more than a little impatient at the prospect of an interview with this foreign woman, but at the first sight of her she halted, raised her head; an expression of incredulity spread over her face. Mrs. Hatten had risen to her full height and stood poised in dignity. She said something in her native tongue, then slowly she raised her hands, palms upward, and extended them towards the newcomer. It was a gesture eloquent of yearning, of appeal.

Then she and the great Martha Purdy were in each other's arms. They were talking rapidly, breathlessly: embracing each other, voicing some outlandish jargon. The sisters had never seen their cousin show such emotion.

Mrs. Hatten was the first to address them. "You see! We are friends. Old friends. When you spoke the name I could not believe, I did not dare. So many disappointments have come——"

"Good heavens!" Mrs. Purdy exclaimed. "So it is *you* the girls have been telling about? Is it *you* who married this—this man you never saw? It's just beginning to dawn on me. But—your mother and father? They told me you did it so they——"

Catherine made a swift gesture. Again she spoke rapidly in Russian and Mrs. Purdy listened. Manifestly the elder woman was even more startled now than before, for she broke in with an occasional question. The two sisters looked expectantly from one to the other, then for a second time Catherine apologized.

"Pardon! But I speak so poor; the words in English are so few and they come so slow. You see, I am one of many to bless this angel. She was friend to my people. Hundreds she saved of hunger and despair."

"This is extraordinary!" Mrs. Purdy exclaimed. "I *must* be dreaming. To find you again, and here, of all places! Girls, I want to talk to Mrs. Hatten and—she can't express herself in English. Would you mind if we spoke as if you weren't present? Or—or if I take her away? I hope I can be rude to my own cousins . . . There! I knew you wouldn't mind. You're a couple of dears and—I'll tell you all about everything, later."

"There's nothing so remarkable about this encounter, when you come to think about it. I knew Catherine hoped to come to America and I even tried to help her, but it was impossible to do much at the time. As a matter of fact, I had to be very careful what I did. All the time I was over there I was meeting people, parting from them for a day or a week and—never seeing them again. We were like chips floating in a torrent; we were flung together, borne apart; hurried away by the rush of the current."

Mrs. Purdy was speaking. She and Catherine had spent a half-hour together, then they

had rejoined their hostesses and finally tea had been served. The car was waiting.

"To placid people like us it seems tremendously dramatic," Miss Irma declared.

"I'm glad you didn't say it is a small world," Mrs. Purdy smiled.

Catherine nodded. "It is a big world. Monstrous. Only a miracle sent you here."

The Dolly Sisters had heard the matter-of-fact story of this girl's flight and her wanderings at the time of their visit to her home; today they had heard it again with more detail and with more color and they had heard, too, something about the heroic but pitifully incomplete and harrowing efforts of the Red Cross to succor the hordes of refugees that persecution had driven from Southern Russia and certain of the Balkan States.

When their caller had gone Mrs. Purdy turned upon her two cousins and put them through a virtual third degree. Who was this Leslie Hatten? What sort of man was he? What was this old romance between him and Mrs. Henderson? What was his eugenic theory about raising sons to till the soil? Was it eccentricity or spite that had driven him to Ellis Island, there to select a wife as a horseman selects a mare for breeding? She listened, frowning, while the sisters told her what they knew and what they had heard, then she broke out:

"It's outrageous! Breed his own stock! Put that girl to work in the fields! It's no marriage at all. He must be a monster."

"But he isn't."

"He's a very charming man. He could have married almost any girl in Evergreen."

Mrs. Purdy actually snorted. "Too bad he didn't. He should have married that Henderson woman who is so wild about him. Good heavens, what a—tragedy! The unbelievable irony of it! Catherine doesn't know the half of it yet, but—you must drive me out there. If I'm lucky enough to meet that scoundrel I shall tell him what I think of him."

Leslie Hatten, the "scoundrel," was having no easy time of it these days, for his matrimonial venture, which had seemed so simple in contemplation, was becoming steadily more involved and in spite of himself his opinion of his wife was undergoing a decided change. That indifference, that contempt which he had felt for her had changed to respect and he no longer regarded her as mere chattel.

Furthermore, she was not a sexless individual, just a mere member of his household, but a healthy young woman with a positive and at times a disturbing feminine allure. Recognition of the slow alterative process which her mere proximity had wrought in him enraged the man. He felt degraded by it. Fortunately for his sense of decency, she appeared to detest him as thoroughly as ever and she remained a problem; nevertheless she was a distraction and threatened to become a positive torture.

Following their afternoon together on the river he had set himself the task of overcoming her dislike—distrust, if that proved to be what it was—but in this he made no great progress. It was a queer wooing, for his legal status, the fact that he was actually her husband, proved to be the barrier most difficult to overcome.

There were times when she seemed, briefly, to forget this fact, and then, like soldiers under a flag of truce, they ventured out and met upon that no man's land which separated them. Leslie was surprised to discover that she was not a woman of another species and emotionally attuned to a different scale than his; after those periods of armistice he experienced a fierce desire to crash through, cut the barbed wire.

When these impulses had spent themselves he reasoned cynically that there could be no profit in such a conquest and that he would find nothing worth fighting for if, or when, he broke the deadlock. It was better to save what self-respect he still maintained.

He began actively to interest himself in her thirsty quest for knowledge; he read to her and they discussed what he had read. Then

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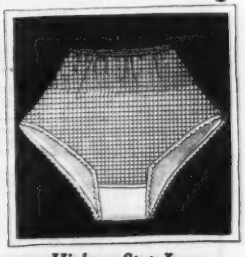
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she grew warm, grateful, and she surprised him by an occasional flash of impulsiveness. He managed, after many diplomatic attempts, to get her to talk about Russia and her past and in that way, strangely enough, he caught his first glimpses of the real Catherine Azoff. Those fleeting glimpses bewildered and disturbed him.

Bit by bit the girl unrolled before him a panorama painted in bold futuristic strokes. It was hard to make out at first, but in time he began to visualize her pictures. They were of strange peoples who lived a life unlike anything he knew.

She told him about a land of plenty sloping downward to a pleasant sea; about a gay city with a wide boulevard at the ocean's edge commanded by a row of gleaming palaces and stately public buildings. She spoke of band music, officers in gorgeous uniforms, the gay pageantry of military and government life. This city was flanked by mountains and here and there through the cypress groves peeped marble villas, châteaux and pretentious country houses. It was a fruitful country, too. And along the ocean were bathing places for the people of fashion.

Hatten was surprised. This was quite contrary to his conception of Odessa. He had visualized it as a drab and uninteresting city which served as a sort of catch-basin for the dregs of those many races that peopled the Black Sea coast.

Such, however, appeared to be the general background of Catherine's experience. She described with more particularity a farm in the foothills where fruit and grain and sheep and goats and cattle were raised. It was a Muscovite barony, the estate of a landed proprietor—one of the lesser nobility—and Ivan Azoff had been the "*starosta*" or overseer. From what the girl said her father had been practically a lord in the owner's absence. This was her birthplace and here the deluge had overtaken her and her family.

It was a proof of Hatten's ever growing interest in this woman he called his wife that the minutest and most trivial detail of her girlhood life fascinated him, and had he stopped to consider the matter he would have reasoned that it was probably a similar interest in him which had prompted her long since to learn all she could about his boyhood. But he was too deeply concerned with his own feelings to analyze hers.

That country house the girl described as a great sprawling building, or cluster of buildings, made of squared pine logs, pegged and dovetailed and calked with moss and pitch. It had lofty rooms with rude furniture and plastered walls washed green and blue and brown. Hung here and there were framed engravings and paintings on silk. Large stoves, ornamented with tiles, were set in the walls between the rooms.

Whitewashed brick arches, long corridors; doors secured with colossal hand-made padlocks guarded storerooms filled with roots and casks of half fermented cabbages and beets, or of salt meats and fish and butter and oils; rows of hams and bacons, smoked mutton and geese, ramparts of cheeses. All these Catherine told him about. It seemed there had been sixty to a hundred mouths a day to feed. A brick-paved kitchen with an oven like a furnace; three dining-rooms for the employees of varying rank. Across a cobbled courtyard were the "*izbas*"—houses for the peasants. Truly this was Tartar feudalism of the old style.

From her accounts the daily domestic life of that establishment had been carried on to the accompaniment of a sort of joyous pandemonium, a babel of laughing, scolding, threatening voices thoroughly Russian. She had loved it. Gradually Leslie began to appreciate the rôle his wife had played in this establishment. She had been a favorite of the family, they had seen to her education. No wonder she had been spoiled! Nor was it strange that she had been slow to adjust herself to this new existence into which he had introduced her.

Often Catherine referred to a certain Serge and at the mention of his name her parents pricked up their ears. Serge was frequently on the lips of one of the three, but Leslie could learn little about him beyond the fact that he had met a violent death. Nor could he induce his wife to tell him much about the final calamity that had made wanderers of her parents and herself. Her grief was still too poignant and thoughts of the tragedy plunged her into brooding melancholy.

In spite of the generally satisfactory progress of their acquaintance there were times when Leslie felt convinced that his wife actually hated him and when he despaired of ever overcoming that hatred. But she managed to restrain her venom. Never since she had tried to stab him had she permitted her emotions to get out of hand; her passion on that occasion had kindled a conflagration in him the memory of which even yet caused her to go white.

Her moods were many and changeable; once or twice she sent a galvanic thrill through him by some act, some look, some gesture so unlike anything he had learned to expect that he wondered if she were not upon the point of surrender. At night she invariably tried the door that connected their rooms and sometimes he fancied she stood there, listening. He did not dream that she clutched the key, desperately fighting the desire to turn it back and leave the way open for him.

He had never tested that door since the day she closed it and he swore that he never would. Nevertheless, it was always in his mind. It was a frail door and easily forced. His weight would spring the fastenings; he could feel it give way. Thoughts like these kept him awake.

A few women called on Catherine, and Rose Henderson made good her promise, or threat, to see considerable of her. Once she drove Catherine back to her house. Leslie wondered how they hit it off together, but he did not ask. He did observe, however, a certain change in his wife; he caught her regarding him with a curious expression in her dark eyes. Rose, of course, was apt to do anything, say anything, but in view of the unsatisfactory status of affairs in the Hatten household it seemed unlikely that she could accomplish much mischief, no matter how she tried.

That old nervous depression began to trouble Leslie again; daily association with this woman so desirable and so unapproachable had its inevitable effect. He slept less than usual; oftentimes he buried his head in his hot pillows lest he should hear her turning on her bed in the next room. The familiar feeling of frustration plagued him, the unremitting effort at restraint left him nervous and exhausted.

One morning when he had arisen early he found a sealed note thrust under his front door. It was typewritten on a sheet of plain paper and the reading of it gave him a disagreeable shock. It was brief: it ran as follows:

> Tar and Feathers!
>
> This is a decent community. The woman who is living with you is not wanted here any longer.
>
> First and last warning.
>
> K. K. K.

Hatten was swept by a sudden murderous rage. The woman who was living with him! Tar and feathers! So this was the Klan. Whom did they propose to tar and feather, him or Catherine?

Anger was succeeded by incredulity. This must surely be a hoax. It was too crude, too—childish to be genuine. In the first place, the Klan did not act on false information and, whatever might be said against it, its proceedings were characterized by a certain dignity. So far as he knew, it had never taken the law into its own hands, unless forced to do so by some signal breakdown of the legal machinery or some atrocious miscarriage of justice. Why, Judge Peebles, Rowe Knight, Marvin Swallow were Klansmen! So, too, were both local ministers of the gospel, according to report. It was easy to prove that he and Catherine were married. No, this was the act of ruffians who used the Klan name as a bugaboo—the

very ones, in all probability, who had visited his place before. When the Klan issued a decree it was delivered in a manner more subtle than this.

Such a course of reasoning reassured Hatten but failed to lessen his anger, nor did he feel that he could afford to ignore the threat.

Tar and feather his wife, would they? He ground his teeth and cursed.

But who could have sent this note? Rose and Lon Henderson were his only enemies. "The woman who is living with you!" There was a spitefully feminine sound to that; a man would have been more likely to write, "The woman you are living with."

Leslie reasoned that his numerous discouragements, the frightening away of his help, the attempted flogging of Double R and this threat of tar and feathers had doubtless sprung from one and the same source. Lon hated him and resented his presence, he had bought the farm at a tax sale and, for some reason, he was interested in the spring. Soon the time for redeeming the property would expire. What surer method of acquiring peaceable possession than to force an abandonment? Or a sale at a sacrifice—say, sixteen thousand dollars?

Leslie went to town that afternoon and bought a revolver. Having done so he walked across to the court-house and told the sheriff what he had done. He decided that it might be well to serve public notice that he proposed to use the weapon if he were molested.

Upon his return home he found Ivan and Anna in quite a flurry of excitement, the reason for which Catherine explained. During his absence the Misses Baker had called and they had brought with them a relative, a Mrs. Purdy, who spoke Russian. For the first time since their arrival in Florida the elder couple had been able to talk with somebody besides their daughter.

Leslie nodded. "It must be pretty lonesome for them. I've often thought about it."

"They are simple people. They are quite happy."

"I'm glad. I wish you were as—contented as they are."

Catherine regarded him gravely. "It is too bad I am different. Too bad that your so fine plans I have all spoiled."

"My plans usually go wrong. What plans do you mean?"

"To marry a woman of the soil; to bring forth many sons——"

"Who's been talking to you?" he demanded.

"I hear. It comes to me."

The man flushed, slowly he said: "You don't understand. I was lonely. A fellow gets crazy notions when he lives too long alone."

"It was a cheat, our bargain. I cannot work good. I am not even a cooker and without love children are wicked. Perhaps you wish to throw away that bargain?"

"Does that mean you would like to end it?" The girl made no answer; after a moment he acknowledged: "It *was* a cheat, on my part, and you don't know how I've hated myself for taking advantage of you. Sometimes I think I couldn't have been in my right mind. In fact, Thurber insisted I was insane. All I know is that I was desperate, defiant, reckless; and I didn't stop to think of right or wrong. Nor of you. And I've behaved very badly since. I would like to have your forgiveness, but I don't deserve it and if you wish to leave——"

"I think also of Anna and Ivan. They are old and helpless."

"You needn't consider them. They're safe here. But, Catherine—don't go until you feel that you must. I'm pretty lonely, too." Leslie felt a great desire to take his wife's hand, clutch it tightly, but he could not trust himself to touch her.

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The Secret of the Sioux

(*Continued from page 43*)

an Indian's religion to be fearless, and therefore they respected Custer for his own personal daring and learned to regard him as a "Great Chief" among his own people—a man whom they could never have tortured had they captured him; for such indignities were reserved only for the weak and the cowardly.

In 1876 General Custer was sent up into the Dakota Territory to serve against the Sioux. And it is here that we resume the thread of the long-guarded secret of the Sioux—the truth about Custer, his famous last stand, and the mystery of exactly how death came to him.

I first heard bits of it being whispered around the Indian camp-fires of the Montana prairies when I was a boy.

Years later, in 1910, while I was attending Carlisle Indian School, I heard more from Wesley Two Moons, son of Chief Two Moons, who commanded the Cheyennes who were with Sitting Bull in the Custer Massacre. But the story was always incomplete, unsatisfactory. The mystery of it fascinated me then just as it did when I was a boy. And through all these years it has been on my mind to find the whole, true story and record it.

This winter that has just passed gave me my opportunity.

On two small reservations at Oak Lake, Manitoba, and Moosejaw, Saskatchewan, I found the remnants of Sitting Bull's intrepid band who have for more than a half-century been refugees in a foreign land. Though I had known them for years, I had never before presumed to speak to them about the "massacre"; for even now fear of some reprisal by the American government motivates their silence on the tragedy of the Little Big Horn. They do not understand that the frontier wars are now a thing of history and that the present generation of Americans accords the dignity of war to battles that were formerly referred to as "Indian massacres."

I came to them as *Tonh-shee*—a cousin—whose appreciation of civilization has not marred his loyalty to his own race or to the warriors who once so gallantly defended its liberties. After lengthy deliberations, these old warriors decided to break their tacit pledge of silence and honor me with a full council. In this council they gave me the "seat of the friendly visiting chief," next to their oldest head-man.

It was mid-winter on the Northwestern prairies. A council fire flickered sullenly against the indoor eddies of a forty-below-zero wind which moaned across the top of the lodge. The old braves, once known as "Sitting Bull's Ghost Warriors," were seated in a large circle around the fire, their legs folded in front of them, their bodies straight and motionless, their blankets closely drawn, their long hair encased down their chests in ermine skins.

As the pipe of faith and friendship passed from lip to lip, all that is strong and fine and distinctive in Indian character was embossed on their features by the red glow from the dancing flames. Only an Indian could read their masks and interpret the emotions which their faces were so well fitted to express. Obviously, each old brave was going over in his mind the part he played in the momentous tragedy of 1876, which sent them flying across the border into the Northwest Territories, never again to lay eyes on the country that gave them birth.

We were all silent for many minutes. It required time to go back from this cold, howling night of the Northland to that hot, dusty, powder-smelling day of June, 1876.

The pipe completed the round and was solemnly laid to rest on the ground in front of the head-man, Pakadoshen, who lifted his gaze from the fire and uttered a low, gruff "Hoh!"—an explosive expulsion of breath, expressively indicating that the council was ready to proceed.

And slowly the following remarkable story of Custer and Sitting Bull was unfolded by the men who wrote this tragic page of American frontier life. George Pakadoshen, Sitting Bull's chief scout and trusted aide, spoke for the most part, though now and again he would call upon some wrinkled old veteran to amplify or elaborate some important point in the remarkable narrative.

"We had made peace with the Great White Father, but as always it had been broken," Pakadoshen began. "Settlers and miners came into our lands and there was trouble. Sitting Bull, our Chief, say we must leave our lands and go to other hunting grounds. But even this the Blue Coats did not understand, and they came to kill us."

History records that on June 22, 1876, General Custer with his Seventh Cavalry Regiment set out from the mouth of the Rosebud to follow the trail of "a very large band of hostile Sioux," which was traveling up that river westwards towards the Little Big Horn. At the same time General Terry, with five companies of infantry, four troops of cavalry and the Gatling battery, started to ascend the Big Horn, aiming to assail the Indians in the rear, thus hemming them in and striking them on all sides at once.

But Sitting Bull was too crafty a soldier to be pocketed so easily. He knew what was in the air—his scouting system was perfect. So, doubling back on his own trail, he settled down in the ravines along the banks of the Little Big Horn and waited. Two thousand lodges were concealed in these ravines for three miles down the banks of this river. He kept in touch with the advancing troops. Scouts were thrown out in all directions, relaying their signals back to the main camp by a series of "calls," imitative of the night-calls of the coyote and the Arctic owl—the Indian's code of telegraphy.

Pakadoshen himself kept in touch with the Seventh Cavalry. He observed on the night preceding the cavalry attack that "the Blue Coats were drinking, and were going about their posts yelling like the Indians." He lay on his belly and watched them, and then returned to Sitting Bull on three relays of fast ponies and reported that "the Blue Coats would come against them tomorrow."

From these "queer actions" of the white soldiers, Pakadoshen had gathered that they were "working up a strong heart for the attack," just as the Indians war-dance all night before an attack for the same purpose.

Incidentally, it is only fair to state here that the court of inquiry, following the disaster, contradicts this verbal testimony of drinking by the soldiers; and it is quite possible that their lively actions were wrongly interpreted by this scout.

Immediately upon receipt of this news, Sioux war-drums began to boom through the hills and buttes of the Little Big Horn Valley. The Indians stripped themselves for battle and painted their bodies green and yellow, to make themselves less visible against the local landscape. They donned their "enemy hats"—buffalo horns—and flung themselves into the war dance—all but Sitting Bull. He sat motionless in his tepee, with his aide-de-camp, Pakadoshen—smoking and saying nothing to denote what was going on inside his brain. Then abruptly he arose. He called for a "camp crier" and instructed him to go through the camp, stop the dances and call a council of war.

When all the warriors had gathered, Sitting Bull faced his command. He was grave in demeanor. He said:

"I am Sitting Bull, your Chief. Hear me. Tomorrow we fight. We fight *Pay-hee-honska* (Custer). To us it will be a great day. But I am not happy. A thing has been hurting my heart; and when a man's heart is hurt he cannot fight."

Here he paused a moment, as though he could not find his tongue. Then he continued with slow emphasis:



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"It is this I want to tell you: kill every Blue Coat but *Pay-hee-honska*. He was once my friend. He is my *Weh-hunka-wanzi* (Blood Brother). Harm him not. That is all I have to say."

As dawn changed into broad daylight, the Indians sat quietly and awaited the oncoming Blue Coats. The sun had climbed high when the lookout scouts, lying with their ears to the ground, caught the first distant rumble of the approaching cavalry. They raced back into camp waving their blankets, signaling readiness for attack.

"*Aye-yah-h-h-h-h*"—far up the valley rang this long-drawn battle-cry of the Sioux. The Indians threw off their blankets and slid their naked bodies onto the backs of their ponies, shouting to their womenfolk:

"Take the children and get out of the way. We are going to have a hard fight!"

Sitting Bull, astride a gray-and-black pinto, rode up and down the first line of warriors, shouting out his final instructions. Mounted in this deadly array were five of the most formidable Indian Chiefs who ever gathered under one command—Chief Rain-in-the-Face, Chief Crazy Horse, Chief Two Moons, Chief Gall and Chief Sitting Bull, the commander-in-chief.

Presently a long cloud of heavy yellow dust rose on the eastern horizon, and the roar of the horses' hoofs became one long pattering thunder, about which a solitary bugle call was heard.

Then at the far end of the little half-mile plain which was to witness this startling thing, came Custer riding at the head of his command, with not a single scout in front of him!

He had divided his command into three columns and was leading the middle column himself. His men were galloping along behind him in a happy mood, many of them laughing and joking, and according to Pakadoshen, obviously still under the pleasant effects of the night before.

But let the old scout, Pakadoshen, resume the story:

"*Hanh!* We let the soldiers get up close to us, then—'*Aye-aye-yah*'—we gave our war-cry and charged them. When our fire struck them they went like this"—fanning his ten fingers wide open and pushing them forward—"in all directions. Some went this way and some that. Some of them did not take their guns off their shoulders, but just pulled the triggers and fired them up into the air as they rode.

"They were too surprised. Their brains seemed to go like this"—Pakadoshen twirled his forefinger around his temple.

"We circled around and around them, firing into them and circling in closer and closer. Pop-pop-pop-pop—rifles. '*Whee-hagh-ha*'—horses make cries like that. Indians whoop; white men shout. Big noise all over the place. We fight hard. Blue Coats falling everywhere. Bugle sound again.

"Blue Coats get off horses and run up into ravines; other bunch follow Custer on across the river.

"We put bullets and lances to those in ravines and then ride hard to catch Custer's men across river. When they come out on other side Custer lead them to left down the bank, and then they turn to right and go out of sight behind some buttes. We follow into buttes. Find Custer and his soldiers all in line for battle; ready to fight hard in good fighting place—buttes all around make it good shield for Blue Coats.

"There on highest butte we see Custer and his brother (Lieutenant Thomas Custer) and six of his big chief officers all in little circle on top this high butte, ready to fight Indians. Custer he shouting loud to his men below. He stand up and shoot and shout; other officers around him squat down and shoot from knees.

"Blue Coats all firing at us now. No longer do their heads go round; they fight strong. Make Indians glad—good fight now—lots



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by LETITIA HADLEY

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of sport—Indians whoop louder and fight harder.

"One Blue Coat was a big brave. All the time he run up and down in front of soldiers, shouting something to them. He had long black hair and was all covered with dirt. He had stripes on his arm. His 'medicine' was good—he would not fall for bullets and arrows. We had to go and get him with lance. One Blue Coat almost got away. We saw him running down ravine. When his head was going out of sight, one Indian took long aim and got him through the head. That was the last man.

"Now we had to go get Custer. He was fighting like big brave. But we must not kill him for Sitting Bull. We had to charge in and kill his Chief companions any way we could—with knives, arrows, lances and bullets—not many bullets, though—we were afraid we would hit Custer.

"When his officers started to fall Custer got down behind a dead horse and started to fire at us that way. He had his long hair pushed up under his hat. We made believe we did not see him, and went on killing the others.

"He fought bravely, and he got six of our chiefs—we left them on the river-bank in a funeral tepee.

"Just as we finished all the killing and were going to make the peace sign to Custer, and then go out and get him, we saw him stand up and peer hard all over the battlefield, with one of his hands shading his eyes. Lots of smoke and dust everywhere, and he was trying to see if there were any live Blue Coats left. When he realized he alone was alive, *he put his gun against his body and pulled the trigger.*

"He was dead right away. Sitting Bull went up to where he lay and stooped down and picked up his pistol and looked at it; and then he strapped it around himself and came back. Sitting Bull did not say anything then, but when we got up into the Land of the Red Sun (Canada) he used to be sorry that Custer had done that.

"He had lots of sorrow because he believed that Custer died there because he thought that he was being spared so that the Indians could torture him—like they used to do sometimes. But some of us believed that Custer died there because he wanted to die with his men and did not want to return to his people alone.

"Anyway the American government chased us all over the country with their chiefs and spies, trying to find how he was killed.

"Maybe they knew that Custer did not die like the rest because his clothes were burned from his gun.

"Our Chief and councilors commanded us to keep quiet and to speak not of Custer to anyone, because the American government would believe that we had spared him so that we could put him to torture—maybe that is what they took the burns for. So we kept our tongues in our mouths. But they got Sitting Bull later because he would not talk about it.

"Sitting Bull was so angry at the Blue Coats then that he did not care to show his soft heart about General Custer."

Again the peace pipe was loaded with kinnikinnik and slowly passed around the circle. A long, contemplative silence followed, broken only by the plaintive bleating of the wind. Then I asked for the story of Sitting Bull's death—a story almost as shrouded in mystery and fiction as that of his friend and brother, General Custer. I piece the story together from what these old warriors told me and from what I have found out from other Indians and the records of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

Following the "massacre," Sitting Bull and his band fled across the border into Saskatchewan, where they roamed the plains in a fugitive existence for five years. The American government made many efforts to get them to return, without avail. The sparsely settled country of the Northwest Territories—now Alberta and Saskatchewan—was gravely frightened at the presence of these warlike Indians in their midst—fresh from the bloodiest Indian battle in the history of all the Americas. And the Canadian government also tried to persuade Sitting Bull to quit the country. But to all he turned an unresponsive ear.

To the American envoys who were escorted into his camp in the Cypress Hills by the Canadian Mounted Police, Sitting Bull said:

"You are sent here by the Great White Father at Washington to ask me to return to the United States. Your country is my country. It is the land where all our forefathers are buried, the land where we spent our happiest days as children. We are from its soil; we love that country.

"Yet so long as we live we shall never return to the land of the Blue Coats.

"We make treaty with your government; give you all of our hunting grounds. You give us reservations to live on and tell us on paper that it will be ours 'as long as the sun shines, the waters flow, the grasses grow and men walk on two feet.' Then when your settlers come out in their wagons and take back our treaty lands, and we fight, you would chase us like wolves and hang us like dogs. If you are brave men you would hate us if we did not fight you. We are going to remain in this country and raise our children in peace. Anyone who thinks I am a fool is a bigger fool than I am."

Then turning to the Mounted Police, he said:

"Now we are ready to go to the country of the Red Deer River and live with harm to no one as long as we are left alone. Sitting Bull has spoken."

Sitting Bull kept his word. Though they lived in the Northwest Territories for five years, they caused no trouble. This peaceful attitude in Canada was carried out with great cost to their physical well-being. While the other tribes, the Crees, Blackfeet and Assiniboines, were nightly raiding each other and living off the richest fruits of the land, Sitting Bull and his warriors roamed the plains gaunt and half-starved.

Many times during these five years Sitting Bull and his band would turn up at some prairie mission in the bleakness of winter, to trade their horses and buffalo robes for a few sacks of flour to save them from starvation. Each time they called their horses were fewer and poorer and they themselves were more shabbily dressed and emaciated from lack of food.

Still they refused to break their pledge of peace by raiding or hunting the buffalo in the territory of other tribes.

Finally, in 1881, the American government, through General Nelson A. Miles, promised Sitting Bull and his band complete amnesty if he would return to the States. Sitting Bull ultimately accepted this offer, and persuaded the majority of his band to return with him. They were a sorry picture of their former selves as they recrossed the American border and slowly trekked their way towards their future home at Standing Rock, North Dakota, where they could remain under the watchful eye of Fort Peck.

Coming into Canada from the "massacre," they were the finest-looking Indians ever seen in this part of the country: extremely tall, powerfully built men of remarkably good arm and leg development.

Their horses were the best riding bottoms anywhere on the plains. They returned with nothing left but the impressiveness of their personal bearing, which to this day has not left them.

But peace was not to come to Chief Sitting Bull.

On December 15, 1890, the Indian Agent of the Standing Rock Reservation called into his office the head constable of the Indian Police, a Sioux of another band named Bull's Head, and said to him:

"I want you to take your forty policemen

and go out and get Sitting Bull. Tell him that four of us—including himself, one of his headmen, you and myself—are to go to Washington to talk about the 'Ghost Dance' "—the official dance of Sitting Bull's band, which was being restricted.

"When we get him to Washington we will make him tell who killed Custer and all he knows about his death, and if he doesn't we will get him for it."

The agent told Bull's Head—according to this constable's own words—to be sure to wait until Sitting Bull was asleep before entering his lodge.

Under the cover of darkness the Indian Police proceeded to Sitting Bull's camp that night and hid themselves in a little bluff until he had gone to bed.

Then two of them crept up to the lodge and slipped inside the door—Bull's Head and his lieutenant.

And here we take up the story of Sitting Bull's son, Sitting Eagle, who with Black Bird, a brother, was lying on the other side of Sitting Bull's lodge that night.

"When Bull's Head was well inside the lodge he straightened up and shouted: 'Sitting Bull, get up and come with us to the agency. The agent wants to talk to you.'

"Sitting Bull raised himself on an elbow and said:

" 'If the white man wants me, tell him to come after me himself. I shall have nothing to say to you Indian Police.'

"The constable and his lieutenant grabbed Sitting Bull by the arms and started to struggle with him. They tried to pull him out. I and my mother got up and went out of the door without making any noise. We went through the camp and told each lodge that the police had come after their Chief."

Pakadoshen took up the story here:

"We all got up and wrapped our blankets around us and hid our rifles beneath them—and then slipped through the darkness over to Sitting Bull's lodge. We gathered in big circle outside, all around lodge—sh-h, make no sound. We stand like this"—arms folded on chest—"rifles hidden under our blankets. Nobody say anything—keep quiet.

"Pretty soon we see the head constable and one of his men come out of door with Sitting Bull struggling between them. When they get outside one constable, lying on his belly in the bush with other constables, shout to Bull's Head:

" 'Bring him a little closer!'

"Bull's Head led our Chief towards this man. When they go few more steps—pop!—we hear shot.

"This constable lying in bush shoot our Chief straight through his heart. Pop—another shot same time. Sitting Eagle, Sitting Bull's son, shoot this fellow that killed his father, and they both fall dead same time.

"Then we all threw our blankets off and started fighting. We killed all Indian constables who did not get away in darkness, and some of us were wounded. Sitting Bull's son had his hand shot off, and that is why he has no right hand today. We fought till daylight. We follow running policemen and kill them wherever we come upon them. Every one of us wanted to get one dead constable for the Chief we lost. *Hanh!* We pretty bad people those days."

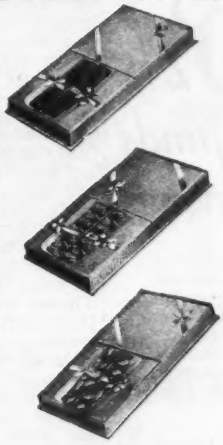
Here he paused. A somber, far-off expression came over his features. Then he said slowly in a voice barely audible:

"That ended our fighting days. We never fought any more after that. Now we are old men. No longer do our women bear us children. We have nothing but our wisdom left, and our kind of wisdom is no good for our sons. And so we have nothing to live for but to die and go to the Spirit World. There we shall again meet our Chief, Sitting Bull. Maybe Custer, too. But we shall not have to fight there.

"Custer will understand now what Sitting Bull meant when he called him *'Weh-hunka-wanzi'*—Blood Brother."



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The Bacchante

(Continued from page 85)

in it. What d'you say to that? Money for you, eh?"

"But how can you leave the Central Theater?"

"When I take her starring I'll let it. But not a word of this to my wife. You know what women are. And she's a regular type. Hands you out sugar-plums one minute and drives a knife under your ribs the next. Not that I care. My ribs are as tough as an old sailing ship's. But we don't want any more fuss just now. Tell you the truth, we've had the devil lately over Maud Eden. The older they get the more they're jealous. And my wife's at a critical age. For the moment it's smooth water, because she knows Val Morris is a draw, and Val Morris coming into the theater means Maud Eden getting the kick. But though I've stuffed her mouth lately with those pearls she's wearing tonight, I don't trust her a yard. So keep your mug shut about the traveling."

At this point in the conversation Dale realized something that he hadn't suspected before: he realized that Campion had been drinking heavily. This strange incaution in a slyly cautious man proved it. Within a few minutes Campion had told a lie, or a half-truth, and had followed it with a truth that showed it up. He would never have done this, Dale was sure, if he had been in full command of his faculties. Dale understood now Mrs. Campion's attitude towards Valentine. It was her jealous hatred of Maud Eden which had led to this ardent welcome of Maud Eden's rival.

"Of course I'll say nothing," Dale said.

"The longer my wife keeps friendly with Val Morris, the better for all of us," said Campion. "I've settled with old Carrie Geean for Val."

"Miss Geean told me that when I met her at Monte Carlo."

"Oh, blabbed to you, did she? Not a word to my wife about that. If there's one thing she can't stand it's my spending money on 'em."

"Of course Miss Morris will pay you back," said Dale stiffly.

Campion poured himself out another glass of port. "In time, in time, boy! But five thousand pounds isn't paid off in a moment by a woman who's hard on the rocks. Val's got other debts besides the one to me and she hasn't got a bean at this moment. She's let her house at Birchington. She's getting rid of her house in London, or trying to. And she's selling every blessed thing she's got."

"Then she'll soon have plenty of money."

"And blow it all again! Women like that, born artists, are never any good as financiers."

"I suppose you'll pay her a good salary."

"As I intend to travel her, I'm giving her more than I'd give any living actress whom I was going to keep in London. It isn't here, it's in America that I expect to get my money back hand over fist. I'll travel her in your play right through the States, from New York to the Golden Gate. I know what I'm doing, boy. I'm a business man, but for all that I can rise to the real thing in art.

"Val, and I, we're going to work in together. She's got over hating me, boy. She's got over calling me Caliban. She's getting to know me. A woman like that, as proud as Lucifer—it is Lucifer, eh?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so."

"Lucifer—doesn't let a man fork out five thousand pounds for her if she don't mean to pay him back."

"Of course she'll pay you back."

"No, what I mean is if she don't feel something for him. Don't you care for that port?"

"It's excellent, but I've had enough, thank you."

"Well, I'll just have one more and then we must join the ladies. You can take it from me, boy, that Val's changed her opinion of



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me. I'll allow I'm pretty tough at times. But didn't she give it all back to me during the run of your play? Didn't she?" Again a heavy hand came down on Dale's knee and gripped it.

"I really don't know."

"Well, I do. Didn't she cut us, me and my wife, out of that party she gave? Didn't she?"

"If you say so."

"I do say so, boy. But that wasn't all. She labeled me Caliban. And if you'll believe me, I'm known as Caliban today right through the theatrical profession. You hear?"

"Yes."

"And yet I've forgiven her, boy. I've overlooked it. I've paid her back good for evil. She chucked me for Mark Trever and Carrie and when she was down and out, when she hadn't a bean and was on the curb, as you might say, what did I do? What do I do?"

"Oh—well——"

"I take her back. I offer her a salary I've never offered before to anyone—I don't care who it is. I pay her debts. I put her on her feet. Talk of the good Samaritan! He isn't in it with me. And she knows it, she knows it, boy. She called me Caliban but now she sees——"

"I say, don't you think Mrs. Campion will be wondering whether we are ever coming?"

"Let her wonder! She called me Caliban, boy, but——"

"Yes, but Miss Morris will be missing us, too, don't you think?"

"Miss Morris? Val? Will she? Boy, you're right. I was forgetting." He got on his feet. "We'll just have a glass of old brandy——"

"No more for me, thanks!"

"What? You're a confounded teetotaler, are you? Can't carry your liquor? Well, I can, thank the Lord!" He lifted his glass. "That's the stuff! Now then, boy!"

He took Dale confidentially by the arm.

"Not a word to her of all I've been telling you, boy! Not a word to her! You and I—we're friends, pals. But there's no friendship with women. You've got to master 'em, boy. You've got to train them to it, and then it's all right. I know. You're a Joseph, boy. Anyone can see that. But I'm not. If Potiphar's wife had fallen for me, *I* shouldn't have bolted and left my combinations—no, that's not it, but you know what I mean—behind me. So not a word, boy! I've trusted you because you're my friend. But with a woman it's—well, here we are, ladies! I'm afraid we've been rather a long time, but we've been having a talk over business."

"And Miss Morris and I have been having a talk over you men. Haven't we, Miss Morris, dear? She doesn't believe in you any more than I do. But we both agree that we can't get along without you."

And Mrs. Campion opened her eyes very wide, and looked very young—or tried to—and conjured up an airy smile, and was fascinating and pink and intolerable. And Dale, glancing at Valentine, received a glance from her which frightened him. For there was in it something

IMPORTANT

The July *issue of* Cosmopolitan *will be mailed to reach subscribers on* June 10th. *If you are going to change your address before this day please send us your new and old address not later than* May 10th, *to insure prompt delivery. The wrappers for our magazine are addressed* 30 days *in advance to effect prompt delivery throughout the country.*

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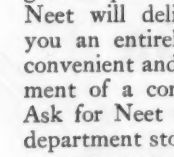
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desperate, something even, he believed, fanatical, which suggested to him an underneath personality never fully seen by him until now.

When a buhl clock on the high marble mantelpiece struck the half-hour after ten Valentine got up resolutely to go.

"I get tired rather easily just now," she said. "And I want to build up plenty of strength for what is in front of me."

"She's right!" exclaimed Campion.

He insisted upon ordering Mrs. Campion's car to take Valentine home. When this was done he added, "No more of that bacchante business now, eh, Miss Morris? No more dancing till three and four o'clock in the morning!" He fixed his excited eyes on her. "We've got to be careful of you now. Looks mean a lot in the theater. We'll take care of yours. From now on you belong to"—he stopped short, seemed to reconsider something, then finished—"to your art." She said nothing. "Ain't I right, eh?" he persisted.

She frowned, then lifted her narrow eyebrows. "I suppose I ought to say yes, in order to fall in with your opinion of me. Am I an artist, Mr. Dale?" She shrugged her shoulders and tightened her lips. "Art! Art! Art! What is it? A simulation! An endeavor to escape out of life." Her voice took on a darker shade. "Too often a pretense that life crushes to powder—dust—drift dust."

"The car is at the door, Sir."

"Will you see me home, Mr. Dale?"

"Do turn out the light, will you, Martin?"

Dale touched the switch and the interior of Mrs. Campion's gaudy car faded into dimness. They were silent. Once Dale heard Valentine sigh faintly. He glanced at her and saw her head turned away from him. She must be looking out of the window into the world of night. He felt that she was sad and, perhaps, exasperated. To him it had been an atrocious evening. And she, though much more authoritative and capable of dominating a situation, was as sensitive as he was.

Why had she tied herself up to Campion for five years? Campion's abrupt revelation of his plans for the future had startled and alarmed Dale, had alarmed him because he realized the under force of Campion, the coarse determination to carry things through.

Valentine, Dale believed, even seemed to know at this moment, would not resist Campion's decisions with regard to her future as an actress while she was under his management. Under all her authority, her wilfulness, there was something submissive. Dale was afraid of that trait in her.

"May I come in for a little while when we get to Tatford's?" he asked presently.

"Yes. Though I have a sitting-room, it may shock the powers that be. But you may. Oh, Martin dear, what a dreadful evening!"

As they got out she said:

"This is awful, but do you know, Martin, I'm not sure that I don't prefer it to the suffocation of Park Lane."

When they were in her sitting-room, he said, "You can't stay on here much longer."

"No. I realize that now. I shall have to take some little hole where I can be private."

"Why a little hole? Why not something simple but pretty?"

"Why not? Why not? But something in me keeps saying 'Why? Why?'" She lighted a cigaret after giving him one. "Simplicity, bareness, austerity! The Park Lane life makes me long for that. And silence, peace, *awayness*. Do you know what I mean by awayness?"

"I believe I do. I had a feeling of it in Egypt. But it was spoilt by something."

"What?"

"By your not being there with me."

After a rather long silence she said, "You don't know exactly what I mean by awayness, Martin." She had sat down near the window, which was partly opened.

"Do you mean absolute solitude, then?" he asked, sitting down by the table.

"Some people might call it that. I shouldn't."



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"I believe you are thinking of—what shall I call it?—of solitude in religion," he said, a fear creeping suddenly about his heart.

"You are intuitive, Martin."

Dale was horribly full of fears tonight. Her answer seemed for a moment to set Campion and his determined intentions at a distance. Till now Campion had stood up, had loomed up, a threatening figure in the foreground of Dale's mind. Now he faded and Dale saw a priest, Father Bexland. The eyes of Campion were sensual, determined, dissipated. The eyes of the priest were wonderfully sincere, kindly and steadfast. But now Dale feared their gaze, feared the soul behind them, more even than he feared the nature—he didn't choose to name it soul just then—behind Campion's. He felt himself to be a prince of cowards at that moment, but his awareness of cowardice drove him to decision. His very fears spurred him to action. A swift thought pierced him—"I'm like a terrified soldier going over the top before the word's given, just to get it over."

He got up, went to Valentine and said:

"I don't believe you love me, Valentine. I know you are fond of me. I think you trust me. But I don't believe you love me. All the same, I ask you to marry me. I love you. You know that. But it isn't only that, the fact of my love, which makes me ask you to do this. I honestly think that if you will marry me I can make life much safer for you.

"You aren't happy in the unsafe life. You've suffered very much through living it. You've got audacity, but it's mixed up with something the reverse of audacious. Often I believe you shrink inside when the outside is bold and commanding.

"You've just broken with a past that has made you very miserable. You had the moral courage to break with it. You've got to start again. In fact, you have started again. All this is a new departure. Why not give me the chance to keep by your side as you go? I won't bother you. I won't ask you for more than you wish to give. My eyes are open, I think. Evidently I'm not the man you could ever fall in love with. I wish I was. But if you'll marry me, there's one thing I surely can do. I can make things safe for you. I shall know how to do that. Wouldn't you be happier in the life made safe than you are now?"

She looked up at him and he thought that her eyes were full of inquiry. "You talk about safety, Martin. But what danger am I in?"

She saw that he hesitated. Then he said:

"There will always be dangers for you unless you have someone with you who has the right to protect you."

She sat very still. Her face changed. She seemed to be thinking deeply. As she didn't speak he said presently:

"There's something I wish to tell you. I'll manage to pay in my check for the contents of the house tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! Really tomorrow!"

"Yes."

"I can pay him—Campion—tomorrow! Oh, Martin!"

"Valentine, if you could only tell Campion when you pay him that you are going to marry me! If you could pay him and tell him!"

"Yes—I know! But, dear Martin, you wouldn't be really happy with me unless I really loved you. Nowadays heaps of people seem able to get along—I won't say happily, for who is happy? I'll say cheerily—get along cheerily without love. But you aren't like them. I dare say you sometimes think you're cynical. You look on often, and you see, and you laugh. You've got a watchful brain that doesn't make many mistakes. But all the same *you* want love, Martin. That's the trouble with you. And you want it because you have deeps in you, as I have, and so you *know* it's the great thing and should be the basis of life. And I can't give you what you need."

"Perhaps you might be able to eventually?"

"I don't believe I could. I am terribly sensual, Martin. That's what has spoilt my life.

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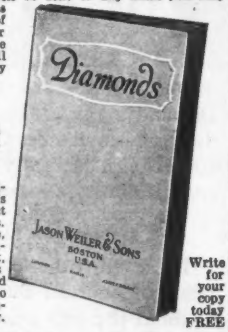
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You must have often been puzzled by me. Haven't you?"

"I have been puzzled."

"The hard thing for me is this, that I'm terribly sensual and yet I have something in me which hates sensuality, and rejects it, and wants to get far away from it and to stay always away from it. And that thing in me loves purity, as a dedicated virgin with a vocation might love it. And so I am always at odds, and troubled, and can't ever be calm and at peace. A woman like me, if she marries at all, ought never to marry a man who doesn't attract her body as well as the rest of her. I am speaking brutally, Martin, but I am being absolutely sincere with you. Perhaps I am hurting you very much. But as you love me, you have a right to my sincerity."

"I don't mind suffering if you'll only allow me to keep you out of danger."

"I don't believe you could keep me out of danger."

Dale felt this remark as a spear point which made the whole of him quiver. But, by an effort which seemed to him supreme, he hid his hurt and said in an unchanged voice: "Perhaps not. I can't know that yet, and perhaps even you can't. All I ask is this—let me try to. I will keep you from money troubles. I will work for your talent. I will help you—I know I can do this—to develop it."

A gush of impatience broke out of her.

"And Campion says—he is always saying it—that he will help me to develop my talent! But I don't want to be helped by men. Always helped, helped, helped! And always by men!"

"Well, what about Father Bexland?" exclaimed Dale.

"Father Bexland!" She was obviously startled by this question.

"Yes—Father Bexland!"

"That's—that's utterly different."

"Isn't he a man?"

"Father Bexland is a priest," she said. And then she added, with a sound in her voice which Dale was never to forget, "Keep your hands off him."

There was something, to Dale, actually terrible both in the expression of her face and in the sound of her voice as she said that. He felt that his whole body went pale like a thing stricken. And his hands trembled.

"I'm sorry I've—there's no need for you to—I had no intention of saying one word against——"

"No, no, Martin! Of course not! But you can't understand, having no definite religion, what I, as a Catholic, feel about my confessor. Don't let us talk about it."

"No, we won't. Well, I must go. It must be pretty late." His hands were still trembling.

She got up and put her hand on his arm. "Don't go in anger."

"I'm not angry. It was you who were angry."

"Was it anger? If you ever believe as I do, you will know."

"Well, good night, Valentine. Anyhow, tomorrow—sometime tomorrow—you can settle with Campion."

She pressed his arm. "I will do it, thankfully. You believe that?"

"Oh, yes."

"Martin, you make me feel I'm a brute. Mustn't I be sincere with you? Can't you stand it? Can't any man stand a woman's sincerity?"

"Probably not!" he said. "Unless he's gone into retreat from the sexual life."

She bowed her head and stood looking down. "Unless he's a priest."

"Yes."

"That's rather sad, Martin."

"Life is sad, I think, in its depths. Good-by, Valentine." He moved to go away, then suddenly came back, put his arms round her shoulders, pressed her and said, "I shall never be able to love another woman, never."

Then he released her and went.

Two days later, when Campion was at the Central Theater in the evening with Grant, who was giving up management at the end of June, Meyer came in with a letter. "Just come for you, Mr. Campion."

"Give it here," said Campion carelessly. "Well, Grant, as I was saying, I envy you."

Meyer slipped out. Grant softly sucked his false teeth.

"If you envy me, why don't you do the same? There's nothing to prevent you that I can see. You're five times richer than I am."

"What? After the money I'm putting down to——"

"To get rid of me and have the whole thing in your own hands! Yes, to be sure! Why——"

"Now, Grant, you know perfectly well I don't want to get rid of you. You've said again and again you were sick of management and wanted a rest."

"That's all very well, Jack, but now the time's nearly come for me to clear out I believe I'm a fool to go."

"Well, it's done now!" said Campion.

He hadn't looked at the letter he had taken into his hand, and now he laid it down on the big writing-table.

"You're very keen to get me out, Jack. You want to have Morris all to yourself. That's what it is."

"That's as much as you know about it!"

"You won't find it all plain sailing with Morris even when I'm no longer here."

"Plain sailing's confoundedly dull. Every great actress is temperamental—bound to be."

"Still think she's great, do you?"

"She soon will be, under my management."

"You'll have trouble with her, Jack."

"That'll be all right. She understands me now."

"She may. But I don't believe you understand her. She'll give you surprises yet."

"Not she, Lez! She's quieted down. She went through a lot at the London Playhouse with old Carrie Geean and Trever. And then the loss of her kid! She knows now who's her real friend."

Grant twisted his thick lips in a grimace that seemed to be half a smile and half a sneer. "I say, Jack, it's rather late in the day for you to bleat about your friendship for women to me."

"When it's a question of art——"

"Give it a rest, Jack!"

"I'll bet a thousand to one I care more for art than you do."

"You wouldn't care much for it in an ugly woman, Jack."

"It's no use talking to you," said Campion angrily. "You're the biggest cynic that ever tried to run a theater, and that's a large order. Just because a man can be a hard-shell when his interests call for it, you think he's no fine feeling for anything. Well, you'll see different when once I get to work with Valentine Morris. She and I understand each other now, and we shall work in together like——"

"And what about Dale?"

"Dale!"

"Yes, Dale. Mean to say you don't know Dale's in love with her?"

"And let him be in love with her! Keep him quiet! Dale's all right as an author, but he's no good as a lover. His legs are three inches too short."

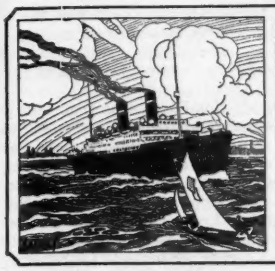
"Think women only care for long legs, do you?"

"Depends on the woman! Val Morris may be as mental as they make 'em, but for all that when it comes to certain things it's the body that counts with her. Don't you try and tell me anything about women I don't know, Lez. Dale may talk like a Prime Minister, and write better than Shaw can, and come the romantic and highbrow till Judgment Day, but Val Morris'll never think of him as a lover unless he can grow a new pair of legs. I ain't afraid of Dale." He turned his cigar round in his big mouth, and stretched out his hand for the letter Meyer had brought. "Hullo!"

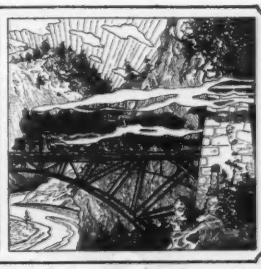
Grant, who was watching, saw the big face change completely. The hard expression went out of it. Suddenly it looked eager, full of keen anticipation.

"A love letter, eh, Jack?"

"Love letter! What rot'll you say next!



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It's from Val Morris—about the play. I was expecting——"

He stuck a large finger under the flap and tore the envelop, pulling out its contents with rough swiftness. There were two things inside, a letter and something else.

"What's this?" Grant heard him utter.

Then he stared, and his face became mottled with a dull reddish color. He didn't say anything, just stared and went on staring at the slip of paper he held. Finally he folded it, bunching up his large lips like a man making a determined effort not to speak, put it away in the inside pocket of the double-breasted jacket he was wearing, looked at the letter. His face was still mottled with red, and a ferocious expression had come to it.

"For the Lord's sake, let's have a whisky!"

"Right-o, Jack!" Grant's thumb went to the bell. Meyer came. "Whisky, Meyer!"

"Certainly, Mr. Grant." Meyer went out.

"I wish I'd had a success to finish up with!" said Grant plaintively.

Campion had got up and was standing with his hands thrust deep down in the pockets of his wide trousers.

"You're well out of it!" he said roughly, in a voice that matched his face. "The bloody theater's more bother than it's worth. Sucks money out of you and keeps you restless all the time!"

"Then why d'you want to have the whole burden of it on your own shoulders?"

"Because I'm a fool." He squared his shoulders. "But I'm not one to be ruined. Never fear! I haven't got where I am by letting people play me up. No, Sir! It's funny how women always think they're cleverer than men, ain't it, Lez? The stupidest woman ever foaled always thinks she can walk round a man when she wants to and he'll never see where she's going. But my eyes ain't shut like a newborn puppy dog's. Tchar! Come on, Meyer! Give me the bottle!"

"I say, Jack, that's a pretty stiff drink!"

"So I meant it to be!"

"Well, I'm off, Lez!"

"Off already! Aren't you going to see the return?"

"Confound the return! This play's on its last legs. It's coming off. Who cares for the returns? You wait till I get to work with the new play. Then you'll hear the box-office humming. The public's going to dance to my tune, Lez. Don't you make any mistake about it. And there's others going to dance to my tune, too!" He poured out some more whisky.

"You're a fool to drink it neat, Jack."

"That's all you know about it. So long!"

"Wonder what that was in the letter?" Grant said to himself. "Looked like a check. But she's on the rocks. More likely she'd be getting a check from him!"

Campion hailed the first cab he met and drove to the Automobile Club. He sat down at a table and wrote the following note:

Dear Miss Morris,

I have just received your check for five thousand pounds and beg to acknowledge receipt of it with thanks. I am not sending you a formal receipt herewith, nor am I paying the check into my bank straight away. I want to see you first.

Our arrangement was that you were to pay me the money owed gradually week by week out of your salary at the theater. There was no hurry about the matter. And I don't care to take this money from you in a lump sum like this. I'm sure you have need of money. Believe me, I'd rather stick to our arrangement. So I'm holding the check till I see you.

My wife wants to know if you won't dine with us—nobody else—tomorrow night in Park Lane at eight. Do please come. Then you and me'll have a bit of a business talk after dinner and straighten this little matter out. You might telephone me. I'm sure you'll say yes. Really I can't go taking thousands off you like this when I know you're on the rocks.

Cordially,
Percy J. Campion

Having written this letter, Campion sent it off by a messenger and then walked home to Park Lane. Mrs. Campion was away. She had gone to stay with some "cronies," as she called them, who had a house on the Thames. So Campion was alone in the big house. But Val Morris didn't know that, and if she accepted his invitation it would be very easy to vamp up some excuse for his wife's absence.

He went into his library, poured out one more drink, lighted a huge cigar, sat down in a deep leather chair, then took out Valentine's note and check. He reread the letter carefully, then slowly tore it up and dropped the fragments into a litter basket. Meanwhile the check lay on the writing-table. Now he took it up, stared at it with angry eyes, and seemed about to tear it like the letter. But presently he took a tin box out of a drawer, opened it, dropped the check in and locked it away. Then he went on smoking and drinking.

Soon after ten o'clock the telephone whirred. Valentine Morris was speaking.

"You're coming tomorrow night?" he asked. "My wife's expecting you."

"Can I speak to her?" Valentine asked.

"She's out tonight. I'm home by myself."

"It's kind of you, but really there's no business to discuss, is there? I'm only too thankful to be able to pay my debt to you so soon."

"I don't half like it. I'm sure you need money."

"It's quite all right. I've unexpectedly got rid of the contents of my house as I told you in my letter, sold them *en bloc*. I'm able to pay you without any difficulty."

"Anyhow, I shan't pay in the check till I've seen you. That's sure. I mean it, and you know I'm an obstinate man." There was a pause. Then Campion said, "We must have a talk first."

"I can't see that there's anything to talk about," said Valentine's voice.

"Just as you like. But that check don't pass into my account till I've seen you."

"There is somebody here who wants to use the telephone."

"Well, then—may we expect you tomorrow to dine?"

"If Mrs. Campion really——"

"She does. It was her idea. She's dead keen on it."

"But I thought you wrote from the club."

"So I did. She was there with me on her way to Covent Garden. She's at the opera tonight."

"But does she——" A pause, then: "I must ring off really."

"We're to expect you?"

"Very well—thanks!"

She rang off.

Campion smiled grimly and went heavily back to his chair. He sat in his library till late smoking incessantly, taking a drink now and then, but not reading. It was long past midnight when he went to bed.

On the following day he sent for his chef and ordered dinner, choosing the menu himself, and being very "particular"—as the chef said afterwards to the butler—about it. Later he went to the theater and saw to business, lunched with a couple of city men at Ciro's, returned to the theater and studied, with Hawkins, some plans of scenes for Dale's new play.

His mind was full of the future, full of this piece which he was going to put on the stage without Grant's help. He would show everybody his true value as an artistic producer, and he would show Val Morris how much more than a clever business man he was. She would learn to realize his more delicate, his finer side.

There was going to be no more breaking of contracts. He would know how to show who was master. He knew how to deal with a woman, however difficult and capricious she might be. She had reason to be grateful to him and he wasn't going to let her forget that.

False delicacies and supersensitive refinements were not for him. And in spite of all her whimsies and all her disdains, Val Morris had been through the mill. She had tramped the provinces for years. She had had lovers. He, Campion, would know how to deal with Val Morris. And he thought of that check for five thousand pounds and smiled grimly. He'd settle that matter tonight.

He went home eventually from the theater full of fierce purpose, the slave-driver keenly alive in him.

At five minutes to eight he was dressed for dinner, and ready with his lie about his wife's absence.

It was five minutes past eight when the drawing-room door opened and the butler announced, "Miss Morris."

Valentine came in. Directly she was in the room she looked round it, obviously for Mrs. Campion.

"How are you, Miss Morris?" said Campion, coming to her with outstretched hand and a cheery smile. "I've got to throw myself on your mercy tonight."

"Why?" asked Valentine.

"My wife isn't here. She had to go down to Cookham quite unexpectedly. You know she's got a great friend there, Mrs. Jervoise, one of her few real friends. Well, she got a line this afternoon, and it seems Lil's been taken suddenly ill and is all alone in the house. She begged Virginia to go and be with her. Virginia didn't want to. In fact she wired to refuse. But then her conscience smote her, and she ordered round the motor and went off. She left endless messages with me begging you to forgive her. Perhaps I ought to have telephoned and explained how it was. But—well, I didn't do that because I was so darned afraid you might throw me over if you knew I was alone. Would you have?"

Valentine, who had stood looking at him rather too steadily while he spoke, answered, "Yes, I think I should."

"Then I'm glad I had the right instinct—not to telephone."

"Dinner is served, Sir," said the butler.

"After all, we must both dine somehow. Why not together?" said Campion cheerily. "And we can talk things over thoroughly. I've been planning out the sets with Hawkins only this afternoon. You know the play. I'll just tell you our ideas."

He kept the conversation—or rather the monolog—going as they walked to the dining-room, to which Valentine went after a moment of obvious hesitation and with a faint reluctance which didn't escape him; he kept it going till dinner was well under way. But she didn't respond. When she came into the dining-room she had looked weary; more than tired, weary with a weariness that was surely rather of the spirit than of the flesh. And now, sitting opposite to him (reluctantly?) at the large oval table under the shaded lights, elaborately draped and trimmed with hanging crystals, she looked critical, detached, uncordial. He even thought that at moments she had a wary expression, like one treading a path in which she suspected an ambush.

"Didn't she believe what I said about Virginia, confound her?" he thought uneasily.

But he talked on with loud and steady cordiality.

And the butler and the very tall footman offered them delicious food cooked by a chef who was nearly a master of his art. But she had evidently a very poor appetite. And she drank no wine at all. So he was all alone with the champagne, and was angrily conscious that the change food and wine were operating in him found no echo in her.

This reluctant and surely aloofly critical attitude of his guest presently got on Campion's nerves and began to irritate him, at first obscurely, but after a while with a definiteness almost savage. As he went on talking he looked across the too-many flowers at the haggard but beautiful woman for whom he had done, and intended to do, so much, and believing he detected even a suspicion of disdain in



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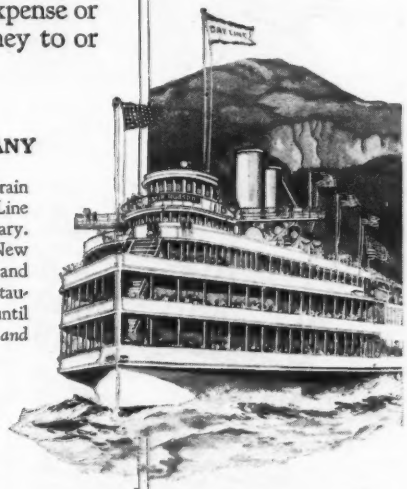
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her often down-looking eyes and silent lips, he told himself what her record was, as he knew it.

She was a woman who had been during the greater part of her life poverty-stricken, unsuccessful, completely "out of it." She was probably of humble birth. For years she had knocked about in the provinces acting in third-rate companies and living in theatrical lodgings of the poorer class. Campion knew all there was to know about that kind of life. In that life she must have found the lover who had given her a child and deserted her. And of course he hadn't been her only lover. There had been plenty of others, no doubt. Why, even within the last year there had been Trever.

And on that record she gave herself these airs of refinement, of critical aloofness, almost at times of disdain. It wouldn't do. It wouldn't go down. He wasn't going to put up with it. If it hadn't been for him she'd be wandering in the provinces now, unknown, unheard-of, poor, despairing. And now he had got her out of the awful hole she was in with old Carrie Geean. And for all this that he had done for her, what had he got from her?

And now there she sat, merely playing with her food, refusing to drink, and keeping always that air of aloof detachment, as if she were a superior being and he were the last of nobodies.

"And she owes everything to me!"

He said that to himself as he labored to keep some talk going. And presently he added savagely, "And by the Lord, she's going to pay!"

The butler offered her ice pudding made with peaches. She took about half a spoonful.

"I say, you must take some more. My chef's great with his ices. You've eaten nothing. If you go on like this you'll be a skeleton. And who likes a skeleton on the stage?" He laughed painfully. "Makes 'em think of what they'll come to some day."

She stared. He knew she was thinking of her boy and cursed himself for a fool.

"Come now! Have a little more!" He helped her himself. "It's good, isn't it?"

"Delicious!" But there was no satisfaction in her voice.

When they were in the library alone with their coffee before them Campion pushed out his chest.

"I say, what's the matter tonight? You don't seem a bit interested in what's doing with the play. Where's your spring?"

"My spring!" she said, as if startled.

"Yes, your snap! This is a new start you're making with me. We've got to put our backs into this, you and me. The management's new. The play's new. We've all got to be bright and busy. Ain't you looking forward to it?"

"Tell me something!" she said, looking at him with a fixity which made him feel uncomfortable under his mask of assurance. "Does your wife know I'm here tonight?"

"Of course she does! Didn't I tell you——"

"Yes, you told me. But that doesn't make it true. We pass half our lives in listening to things that are *told* us and that are just simply lies."

"Why should I tell you lies?"

"Haven't you told me one tonight?"

There was something in her large eyes, a peculiar expression, which inhibited him from playing a part very natural to him, the part of a bold liar.

"Well, I have," he said, unexpectedly. "Truth is, my wife doesn't know. She's away on the Thames, as I said, but she doesn't know." Valentine was silent. "What does it matter? What is there in your dining here with me?" He laughed. "If a manager mayn't eat a bit of food with his leading actress, things are coming to a pretty pass! What's the matter with you?" His mind seemed to tear at her record. "I'll bet you've dined alone with Trever plenty of times."

She ignored this remark. Nothing in her pale face showed that she had even heard it.

"If it's so simple and ordinary, why lie about it?" she said.

"Why? Why?" He paused. "Why, because you're so confoundedly odd. A man never knows what you're up to. If I'd said I was alone you mightn't have come—though Lord knows why you shouldn't. You wouldn't have come. You said so just now!"

"Why were you so anxious that I should come just tonight?"

"Because of that check." He got up, went over to the writing-table, took out the check Valentine had sent him. "I can't take this check from you."

"Yes, you must. I'm able to pay and I pay. Honest people pay their debts."

"Haven't you got plenty of others not paid yet? Our understanding was that——"

"Please," she interrupted. "Don't go into all these unnecessary things. You were very good to me. Now I'm able I pay you back. There's an end of it."

"But I don't see it that way. Here are you living in a one-horse boarding-house in Bloomsbury——"

"I wish to live simply. I'm not going to stay there long. But anyhow, please, all that is my own affair."

"No, it isn't. You're my leading actress now and I won't stand for your living in such quarters——"

"Please—I shall always live as I like."

An inexorable sound in her voice increased the nervous irritation he had been feeling all through dinner. The longing of the slave-driver to be absolute master, to be arbiter of fate, grew within him, and with it an acute sensation of being wronged by this horribly independent creature, who wouldn't let him thrust her neck under his yoke. He looked at her with half-shut eyes.

"Seems to me you think of no one but yourself," he said.

"Haven't I a right to live as I choose?"

"Who's interfering with you?"

"My contract with you doesn't stipulate that I'm not to live at Tatford's Hotel," she said, now faintly smiling and in a lighter voice. "My contract stipulates that I am to act for you, not that I am to live according to your ideas. We don't want to quarrel, do we? And we shan't, I'm sure, if——"

"If what?"

"If you'll always remember that it's hands off my *life*."

The last sentence sounded to him like a threat. It stung him. He felt it as a defiance. It made him long to break her.

"Gratitude don't trouble you much, I must say!" he said.

"Am I ungrateful?"

"Well, I've done my best by you. When you first struck me I may have been a bit rough, perhaps. But once I saw your worth I worked hard to put you where I thought you ought to be. You made your first success with me. And when you'd made it you didn't half walk over me in my own theater. Theatrical London calls me Caliban at this minute because of you.

"I don't mind that." He shook his huge shoulders. "I've got a broad back and can carry a lot. But you hurry to pay me off as if I were some pawnbroker and you'd put something up the spout with me and were mad keen to get it out. I've had some rough times in my life and seen a pretty good lot of human nature, as they call it, with the lining turned the wrong way out, but upon my word you've been able to teach me a new lesson. What's the good of trying to do the best for anyone? That's what I say. All you get in return is a kick that a Spanish mule couldn't match."

He said the last words with a sort of cynical savagery.

"Fact is," he added, after a pause, "if you want to get anywhere in this world you've got to get your kick in first. And that's all there is to it."

"But why, just because I pay a debt——" she began, in a low, hesitating voice, looking up at him as he stood before her with her check twisted up in his big fingers.

"I don't want you to pay it. I was pleased you felt able to let me settle for you." He stared down at her. "Who's given you all this money?" He paused, drawing down his brows. "I'll—I'll bet it's Dale!"

"It is not given money," she said. "It comes from the sale of practically everything I possess, except some clothes, a few books and trifles, and the bungalow at Birchington which I've let furnished, as you know. My things are valued at six thousand pounds."

"And might I ask who's bought 'em—the whole lot of 'em?"

"Mr. Dale has bought them."

A dull brick-red appeared in Campion's face. "So it *is* Dale!" he said.

"Mr. Dale is taking my house just as it stands."

"What, the house too!"

"Why shouldn't he? Hasn't he a right to take a house if he likes it?"

"Ain't he got a good house of his own and furniture too? What should he want two houses in London and two sets of furniture for?"

"Mr. Dale has chosen to do this. I didn't ask him to do it. He came home and arranged it all before I knew anything about it." Campion laughed. "What are you laughing at?" said Valentine, with a sharp edge to her voice.

"Well, it's all pretty thin, isn't it? Seems to me this debt's just floating about like a child's air ball. First it's old Carrie you're owing to and I who pay up. And then it's me you're owing to and Dale who pays up. And then it's Dale you're owing to and—who comes in next?"

"I have just told you that Mr. Dale has entered into possession of my house and practically everything I owned."

"And do you really mean to tell me a fellow like Dale would ever have taken that house if it hadn't been that it belonged to *you* and that he knew you were in the devil of a hole?"

He stopped. She said nothing.

"Dale's just making you a present of the money same as I did, and taking over your things, which he don't want, to get people to think he isn't, to get people to think what isn't true. As you're so keen on truth, I wonder you care to stand for that.

"But I won't have it. Our bargain was that you were to pay me back gradually, out of your salary, week by week. That's why I offered you such a big one, so as you could pay me back without feeling it too much. I'm not going to take this cursed thing. I'm not going to take a present from Dale. You're bound down to me for five years and——"

She shivered violently.

"What's the matter?" he said, as if startled, the blaze of his jealousy abated by this abrupt, and strange, physical demonstration on her part.

"Nothing!" she said. "Go on!"

"Why d'you look at me like that?"

"To show you I'm listening to what you are saying to me."

"Well, isn't it true? Haven't you and Dale figured it up between you that I'm to be paid off because you prefer your debt to be owing to him instead of to me?"

"I have told you that Mr. Dale receives an equivalent for his money," she said, in an obstinate dull voice.

"You're all for truth in a general way," he said, with sudden savage contempt. "But directly a thing touches you personally, then you're as ready with a lie as anyone else is."

He was staring down at her, and when he said that he saw what he thought of afterwards as a silent drama in her eyes. He saw it as a sudden tremendous impulse checked for a moment, a pause in which a conflict took place, a conflict which he didn't understand, then decision, an onrush to destiny.

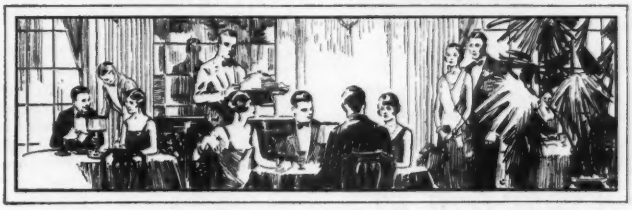
"You think," she said, speaking in a calm, steady voice, "that though Martin Dale is getting something for his money, getting my house and all there is in it at a value fixed by an independent valuer, he's really doing all this merely to get me out of my debt to you. Very well! Take it that way. But there's something I haven't told you. Martin Dale has asked me to marry him. And I've decided to do so."



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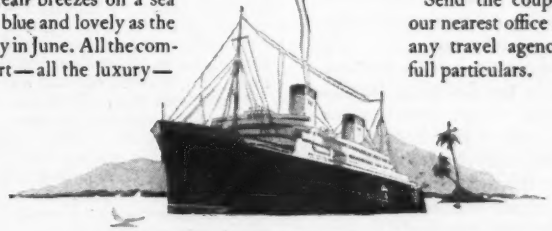
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"You—marry Dale!" he exclaimed. "Go along with you!"

"I am going to marry Martin Dale."

"Rubbish! You're talking to bluff me. When you came into this house tonight you no more thought of marrying Dale than you thought of marrying the Emperor of China."

"I shall marry Martin Dale."

"Have you told him so?"

"I am going to tell him so tomorrow."

"No, you don't!" he said. "Believe me or not, Val, but I come first in this frame-up. You don't know me yet if you think I'm the sort of man who plays second fiddle to a fellow like Dale with any woman.

"Dale'll never understand you as I do. He don't know what an actress's life in the provinces with third-rate companies is. I do. I've run companies in the provinces myself with pretty girls in 'em. I could teach Master Dale a lot that he doesn't know yet. He's got a gift for the stage, all right, and we're going to use it and do the best with it, me and you. But if you think I'm paying you two hundred and fifty a week for you to turn it over every Saturday night to 'my husband, Mr. Dale, the famous author,' and for him to stow it away in the bank along with his royalties from me on the play, you're mightily mistaken.

"I've never let a woman walk round me yet and I'm not going to begin with you. So don't you think it. I gave you your chance. You owe everything to me. But that's only the beginning.

"I've got plans for you that I haven't told you yet. I'm going to take you traveling. I'm going to take you over the world, but not with little Master Dale, I can assure you. We'll leave him at home with his writing-table, and a stool to put his feet on so's his legs don't hang out in the air. The idea of you marrying Dale!" He let out a big laugh. "Why, d'you think I haven't jumped to what you are by this time of day? Dale isn't the sort of man you care for, not by a long way, not by—let's say a good seven inches at least. You like 'em bigger than that. You like 'em——"

She held up her right hand in a curious sudden gesture as if she wanted to put it over his mouth. But he went on.

"Come, now!" he said brutally. "You're all for truth, according to you. You were down on me just now for telling you a white lie about my wife. But what's the truth about *you?* D'you think I'm a fellow who knows nothing about the world and can't see what's slap in front of his eyes? What's the use of this touch-me-not pose with me? It may do very well with Dale, who's an intellectual softy, clever as you like in his writing, but a softy for all that. But it won't do with me.

"I'm a male man, Val Morris, and I've been out in a knockabout world since I was sixteen, same as you have. I know what women are under their skins and you know what men are under *their* skins. You've got a bit of genius for acting, and I've got a bit of genius, or talent if you like, for finance. I've got there. You've been pretty near getting there once and come away from it. But you can get there again with my help. But don't you think you can get there alone, and don't you think Dale's the man to get you there. He isn't. He's too soft, too sensitive. He can write about women well enough, or draw one if he gets the right plot. But as to *knowing* women—why, he no more knows you than I know—than I know, let's say, Cleopatra.

"He thinks, I'll bet he thinks, that you're all for poetry, and refinement, and highbrow notions in a man, that when you're with a man you're looking about for his beautiful soul, and asking for splendid ideas from him, and wanting him to go with you way up in the clouds, and that the more sensitive and subtle and all the rest of it he is, the more you think of him. Well, I know different, Val."

He gazed at her with an ugly smile. She looked steadily up at him.

"Yes?" she said. "What do you know?"

"*I* know that when a man like Dale's spouting about his ideas of art and his notions of Life with a capital *L*, you're thinking what a pity it is his legs are too short for his body. And when he plays up as hard as he can to prove to you he's got a powerful brain, you're thinking that a Greek athlete's got a shaped head that'd suit your fancy a sight better than his does, whether it had brains inside of it or whether it hadn't. There's women that don't bother much what a man's make and shape are. I'll allow that. But you're not one of 'em, Val! Not you! You're a sensual woman!"

Suddenly he made a forward movement, and dropped down beside her, and put his big face near to hers.

"You're a woman who's governed by the body. You're not out only to get money from men, like half the pretty girls in London are. Half—say three-quarters and you won't go far wrong! *You* ain't half sexed, or not sexed at all, as lots of them are. You're a full-blooded, lus——"

"That's enough!" She had spoken in quite a low voice, but it stopped him. "I don't want to hear any more."

"Well, ain't it true what I say?"

"Some of it is true."

"Some of it! There's not a word that isn't——"

"The ugly part of you can read the ugly part of me. That's all."

He put a great hand on one of her hands. "Don't tell me when I lay hold of you it doesn't mean more, a sight more, to you than when Master Dale——"

She drew her hand away quickly and some red came into her face. "Don't speak against Martin Dale."

"I ain't speaking against him. I'm telling you the truth about yourself." Again he got hold of her hand. "It's no use, Val, it's not a bit of good your pretending with me. I can rouse things in you Dale could never get near, and I've always known it, even when you walked over me with nails in your shoes in my own theater. You and me may talk about art and genius and all the rest of it, and have our feelings about 'em, and know what they are when we run up against 'em, but when we get down to the basis, and it's a question of man and woman, why, we know very well what we both put before 'em."

He put an arm round her waist. She didn't struggle, but neither did she give him the feeling that she was yielding to him. Her body felt passive, as if waiting—inexpressively.

"I mayn't be as good-looking as Trever. I don't say I am. But for all that, I'll bet I could make you feel as he never has."

He felt her body suddenly stiffen against his arm and knew that he had made a mistake.

"But that's an old story," he added hastily. "We don't want to——"

She moved, still keeping her body stiff. He tried to keep her. He could of course have kept her, being enormously stronger than she was. It was something moral in her, not something physical, which made him let her go. She got up. He saw that she was going to speak to him, to say something striking, perhaps even terrible. The expression in her eyes and about her lips told him that. But just as she was going to speak he became aware—she, too; he could see that—of something happening in the house, something not expected by anyone in it. It was as if he felt this without hearing it. He seemed to feel movement, to feel new presences suddenly introduced into the fastness which was his house in Park Lane. And evidently she felt movement, new presences too.

For a brief instant they stood looking at each other, linked by this startled knowledge, startled expectation. Then the library door opened and Mrs. Campion walked in, with a large blond woman made up white, like a clown, and a large blond man.

The woman whose heart has been a battleground for the love of three men in the July Instalment *makes the Great Decision that revolutionizes her life*

Then and Now

(*Continued from page 69*)

wasn't for the Griffins. Isn't it a darn shame that a man can't get away from business even on his vacation when he hasn't had one in three years? With love, Irma

Miami, Fla., Feb. 11.

Dearest Esther:

You will probably be surprised at me writing to you from this place. I arrived here by boat from Nassau this morning and was sick all the way and now I am waiting for train time. I leave here tonight for home and will arrive there Thursday forenoon. I am crazy to see you Esther and I am writing to know if you can't come and visit me for a few days next week. We will go to a show every night or do anything you want to do. I just want to see you and have a nice visit.

Bob is staying on at Nassau for two more weeks as he loves it there and it agrees with him so well. I love it too and think it is the most heavenly place I ever went to, but there is so much to do there that a person simply gets worn out and both Bob and I agreed that I wasn't strong enough to stand the pace and would be better off at home.

I will be expecting a wire from you as soon as you get this. Wire me at home and I will try and get tickets for things I know you will want to see. Please come Esther. Any day will do and the sooner the better, but don't disappoint me. Your friend, Irma

Liquor Makes You Smart

(*Continued from page 35*)

the middle age generation and looked quite fatherly. And he and Dorothy arrived at the table just in time to save me from having to give a Cuban a push.

But when he sat down, insted of interperating other peoples thoughts, he started right in to tell us how famous he was all over the world for his motto, which was

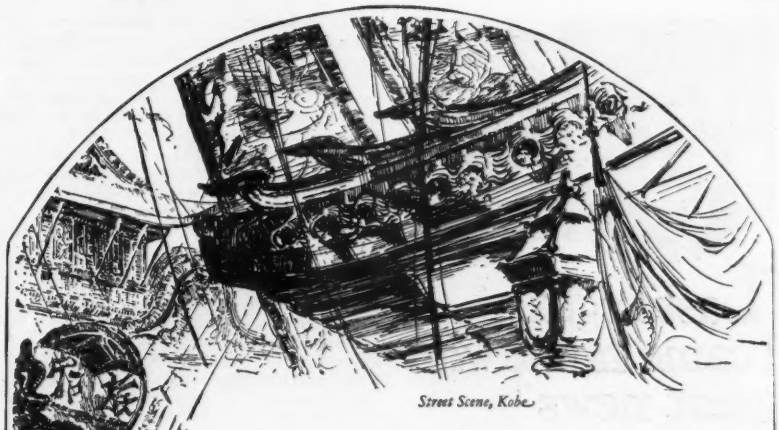
"Any man from any land
At any game that he can name
For any amount that he can count."

So I really began to be nervous and I told him that I thought he was quite dangerous and I would be afraid to leave my Cuban gentleman friend alone with anyone like he. So he said "Thats all right girlie. I pay my commissions and you'll get your 10 per cent." So I did not make any reply to such a mersenary remark but I held my dignity. So then he went on to tell Dorothy that he could always tell by the look on a 'suckers' face what he was good for in dollars and cents. So he looked over my Cuban friends expression and he said it would be about $30,000. And I really have to admire his training, after all, because that was what it turned out to be.

So then we all decided to go to the Gambling Casino for dinner. So Dorothy and I went to our rooms to dress and we had quite a little quarrel. Because I told Dorothy that I did not seem to care for an interperator who not only made his living at cards, but could not even talk Cuban. But Dorothy said I should have reverants for the elder generation that had to use cards because my own game might go out of date some time. So then I only gave Dorothy a look, because the law of nature always teaches that the feeling gentlemen have for girls goes on forever. But then I decided that if it was going to be rivalery between an elderly gambler and I over a Cuban, we would see who got 10 per cent at the finish.

So when we went downstairs to meet our escorts they were in the barroom of the hotel playing dice and my Cuban gentleman friend had won practically every time, which made him feel very very good.

So we all went to the National Casino of



Street Scene, Kobe

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Gambling for dinner and it is really very very unusual to see a gambling Casino with policemen at all of the doorways to protect the gamblers, insted of visa versa as policemen do in America. I mean in America policemen are always smashing in the door with an axe. So life in Cuba is really much more restful.

And the Casino at Cuba is very very beautiful with quite a lot of Art and marbel statuary and windows that look out on the scenery, which is quite novel because in Casinos at America all the windows have to have blinds to cover it up.

So after we had quite a delicious dinner we all went into the gambling rooms and my Cuban gentleman friend bought Dorothy and I $100 worth of checks each to gamble with. So of course Dorothy gambled with them. But I do not believe in gambling. So I put my checks in my hand bag, because our Cuban gentleman friend was very very busy gambling himself so he did not notice what we were doing.

So when he came over to Dorothy and I to buy us some more checks, I could not tell him I was apposed to gambling on account of not being able to talk Cuban. So when it came time to go back to our hotel Dorothy had lost everything, but all I had to do was to cash in my checks for $500. And I think that is the only refined way girls can act at Casinos and hold their dignity.

But the Frisco Flash did not gamble either, because he said he was apposed to any kind of gambling which could not be controlled. So he spent the evening holding a conversation with a croupier to see what he could find out about our Cuban friend. And this croupier knew the histry of Havana so he told him that our Cuban friend could never get any money from his family, but he had just sold some horses for $30,000 and had it in cash.

So on the way home I became quite indignent at our interperator because he made an engagement with my Cuban aquaintence to come up to his room and play a game of piquay, which was the only game of cards the Cuban gentleman knew how to play. So the Frisco Flash told Dorothy that when she saw him in the lobby in the morning he hoped she would show proper respect due a newly rich man. So we said goodnight, but after they started away he had an afterthought and he came back and got Dorothy off on one side and said "Say how does that game of piquay go, anyway?" So Dorothy did not know but the Flash told her not to worry because he was always prepared for any emergency.

So Dorothy said, "Good luck. Don't let him freeze his fingers on a cold deck." But the Frisco Flash answered back with another one of his mottos which was

"A good horse never stumbles
And a sucker never tumbles."

And the last Dorothy and I saw of them they were going down the hall into the room of the Frisco Flash which was nothing but a gambling den in disguise.

So then we went to our room and we had quite a little quarrel. Because I told Dorothy that she should not mix the upper classes with the lower classes in our aquaintenceship, especially when one of them was likely to take all the money away from the other one and practically spoil everybody's enjoyment. But then Dorothy said why didn't I study the Flash's methods and learn something new. And I told Dorothy that I did not see what anybody could learn from someone who had to sit up all night and work hard to win money at a game he did not know.

Well, when Dorothy and I went down in the lobby in the morning, the Frisco Flash was sitting at a table drinking champagne alone to celebrate winning $30,000 at piquay. And he had $15,000 of it right in his pocket, because that was all of the cash the Cuban had the night before. So he asked us to sit down and have a bottle of champagne and celebrate to. But I told him I did not care to drink, because I had a luncheon engagement with my Cuban gentleman friend and I did not want my brains to be unstrung. So then he said that I was foolish because liquor makes you smart. So then Dorothy said that she always noticed that liquor made her smart to. So they had a few drinks.

And the more drinks they had, the more smart they decided they were becoming. And Dorothy finally got to feeling so smart that she made a suggestion that they go out to the Casino and win back the money she had lost because she said that if the Flash added his smartness to her smartness they would wipe out the joint. But the Flash could not go, because he had an engagement to meet his Cuban aquaintence and get the rest of the $30,000. And he was afraid to leave him loose around Havana with all that cash when he had such an open hearted Cuban nature.

So Dorothy and the Flash had some more champagne and Dorothy finally got to feeling so smart that she said she had decided she could buck the Casino single handed. So she started off alone with all of the money she had in the world.

So then the Flash had more champagne and decided that he ought to do something more than a commission for a little girl like I who had brought him all that good luck. So I told him that if he really wanted to do something he could do it at the jewelry shop next door.

So we went into the jewelry shop and he was feeling so full of exileration that he told me to select my own choice. So my own choice turned out to be quite a cute bracelet for $10,000. So he paid the money and we went back to the lobby to wait for the Cuban to arrive and pay the Flash his $15,000.

So finally our Cuban aquaintence came in and he brought a gentleman friend of his own along to be his interperator, because of the ineficiency of the Flash in talking Cuban.

So then the Flash ordered some more champagne and while they were all drinking it I really began to feel very very sorry that my Cuban aquaintence had to give up $15,000 more to a gambler that I had really been responsable for introducing to him. So while they were all drinking champagne I began to think up ideas.

So I finally thought up one and I opened my pocketbook and I took out my box from the jewelers with the bracelet in it and I showed it to the Cuban gentlemen. So they admired it very, very much and finally my Cuban aquaintence asked his interperator to ask me where I got it. So then I told the interperator to tell him that the jewelry store next door sent it in to me on approval, but it was much to expensive for a girl like I to pay for, so I would have to send it back.

So then quite a look of askance seemed to come into the countenance of the Frisco Flash. And he kept right on looking at me and looking at me. So then my Cuban aquaintence wanted to know how much the bracelet cost. So I said it cost $15,000. So when my Cuban aquaintence heard it he took out his wallit and he started in to count his $15,000 out. And by that time the expression on the face of the Frisco Flash seemed to be practically paralized.

So my Cuban aquaintence gave me the money to pay for my bracelet and I thanked him very very much, because, after all, it was all he had. But he promised the Flash that he would get $15,000 for him as soon as he could ask for it from his family. So then the Flash said, "Gentlemen, if you will pardon me, I'll pay my respects to this little lady and go out for air." So he kissed my hand with reverants and went away.

So finally Dorothy arrived back from the Gambling Casino and I had to lend her $3 of my money to pay for her taxicab.

So then we all had luncheon, but at luncheon I decided that I had really seen enough of Cuba because when an honest interperator got to interperating my Cuban aquaintence it turned out that he was nothing but a bore. So we told them we would see them at dinner, but we really took a boat at 4 oclock for Miami and the next morning we were quite delighted to be back where a girl speaks her own landguage and knows what is going on around her.

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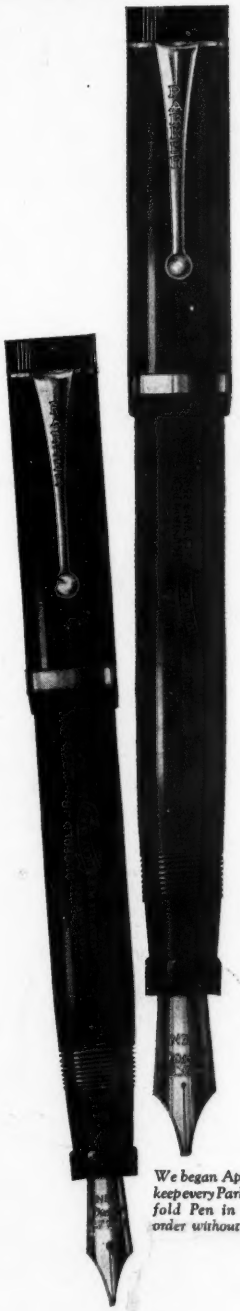
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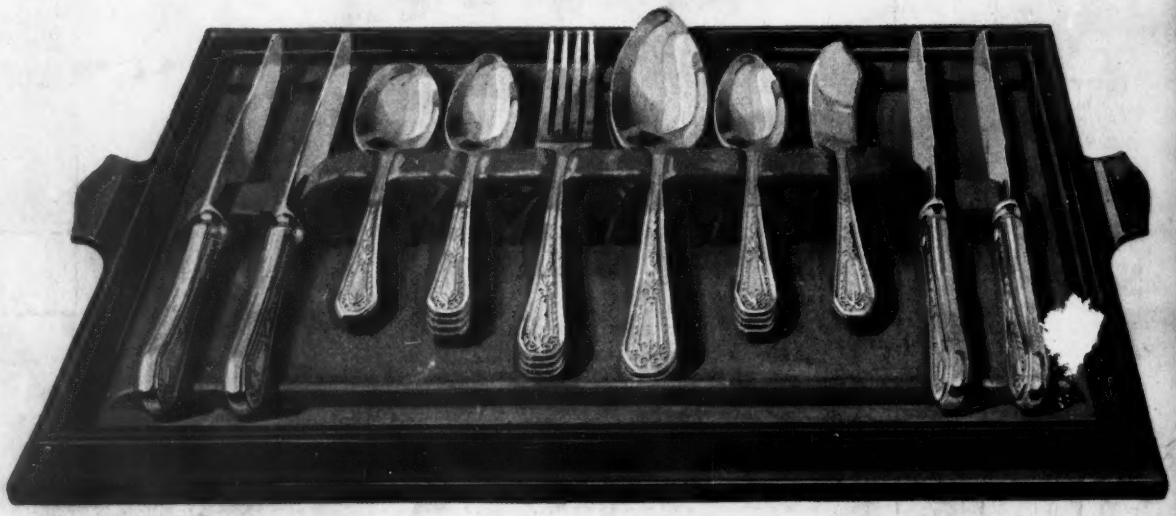
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